

# THE CORNHILL MAGAZINE.

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MAY, 1862.

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Philip.

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CHAPTER XXXV.

RES ANGSTA DOMI.



O reconcile these two men was impossible, after such a quarrel as that described in the last chapter. The only chance of peace was to keep the two men apart. If they met, they would fly at each other. Mugford always persisted that he could have got the better of his great hulking sub-editor, who did not know the use of his fists. In Mugford's youthful time, bruising was a fashionable art; and the old gentleman still believed in his own skill and prowess. "Don't tell me," he would say; "though the fellar is as big as a life-guardsman, I would have doubled him up in two minutes."

I am very glad, for poor Charlotte's sake and his own, that Philip did not undergo the doubling-up process. He himself felt such a wrath and surprise at his employer as, I suppose, a lion does when a little dog attacks him. I should not like to be that little dog; nor does my modest and peaceful nature at all prompt and impel me to combat with lions.

It was mighty well Mr. Philip Firmin had shown his spirit, and quarrelled with his bread-and-butter; but when Saturday came, what philanthropist would hand four sovereigns and four shillings over to Mr. F., as Mr. Burjoyce, the publisher of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, had been accustomed

to do? I will say for my friend that a still keener remorse than that which he felt about money thrown away attended him when he found that Mrs. Woolsey, towards whom he had cast a sidelong stone of persecution, was a most respectable and honourable lady. "I should like to go, sir, and grovel before her," Philip said, in his energetic way. "If I see that tailor, I will request him to put his foot on my head, and trample on me with his highlows. Oh, for shame! for shame! Shall I never learn charity towards my neighbours, and always go on believing in the lies which people tell me? When I meet that scoundrel Trail at the club, I must chastise him. How dared he take away the reputation of an honest woman?" Philip's friends besought him, for the sake of society and peace, not to carry this quarrel farther. "If," we said, "every woman whom Trail has maligned had a champion who should box Trail's ears at the club, what a vulgar, quarrelsome place that club would become! My dear Philip, did you ever know Mr. Trail say a good word of man or woman?" and by these or similar entreaties and arguments, we succeeded in keeping the Queen's peace.

Yes: but how find another *Pall Mall Gazette*? Had Philip possessed seven thousand pounds in the three per cents., his income would have been no greater than that which he drew from Mugford's faithful bank. Ah! how wonderful ways and means are! When I think how this very line, this very word, which I am writing represents money, I am lost in a respectful astonishment. A man takes his own ease, as he says his own prayers, on behalf of himself and his family. I am paid, we will say, for the sake of illustration, at the rate of sixpence per line. With the words "Ah, how wonderful," to the words "per line," I can buy a loaf, a piece of butter, a jug of milk, a modicum of tea,—actually enough to make breakfast for the family; and the servants of the house; and the charwoman, *their* servant, can shake up the tea-leaves with a fresh supply of water, sop the crusts, and get a meal, *tant bien que mal*. Wife, children, guests, servants, charwoman, we are all actually making a meal off Philip Firmin's bones as it were. And my next-door neighbour, whom I see spinning away to chambers, umbrella in hand? And next door but one the city man? And next door but two the doctor!—I know the baker has left loaves at every one of their doors this morning, that all their chimnies are smoking, and they will all have breakfast. Ah, thank God for it! I hope, friend, you and I are not too proud to ask for our daily bread, and to be grateful for getting it? Mr. Philip had to work for his, in care and trouble, like other children of men:—to work for it, and I hope to pray for it, too. It is a thought to me awful and beautiful, that of the daily prayer, and of the myriads of fellow-men uttering it, in care and in sickness, in doubt and in poverty, in health and in wealth. *Panem nostrum da nobis hodie*. Philip whispers it by the bedside where wife and child lie sleeping, and goes to his early labour with a stouter heart: as he creeps to his rest when the day's labour is over, and the quotidian bread is earned, and breathes his hushed thanks to the bountiful Giver of the meal.

All over this world what an endless chorus is singing of love, and thanks, and prayer. Day tells to day the wondrous story, and night recounts it into night.— How do I come to think of a sunrise which I saw near twenty years ago on the Nile, when the river and sky flushed and glowed with the dawning light, and as the luminary appeared, the boatmen knelt on the rosy deck, and adored Allah? So, as thy sun rises, friend, over the humble housetops round about your home, shall you wake many and many a day to duty and labour. May the task have been honestly done when the night comes; and the steward deal kindly with the labourer.

So two of Philip's cables cracked and gave way after a very brief strain, and the poor fellow held by nothing now but that wonderful *European Review* established by the mysterious Tregarvan. Actors, a people of superstitions and traditions, opine that heaven, in some mysterious way, makes managers for their benefit. In like manner, Review proprietors are sent to provide the pabulum for us men of letters. With what complacency did my wife listen to the somewhat long-winded and pompous oratory of Tregarvan! He pompous and commonplace? Mr. Tregarvan spoke with excellent good sense. That wily woman never showed she was tired of his conversation. She praised him to Philip behind his back, and would not allow a word in his disparagement. As a doctor will punch your chest, your liver, your heart, listen at your lungs, squeeze your pulse, and what not, so this practitioner studied, shampooed, auscultated Tregarvan. Of course, he allowed himself to be operated upon. Of course, he had no idea that the lady was flattering, wheedling, humbugging him; but thought that he was a very well-informed, eloquent man, who had seen and read a great deal, and had an agreeable method of imparting his knowledge, and that the lady in question was a sensible woman, naturally eager for more information. Go, Dalilah! I understand your tricks! I know many another Omphale in London, who will coax Hercules away from his club, to come and listen to her wheedling talk.

One great difficulty we had was to make Philip read Tregarvan's own articles in the *Review*. He at first said he could not, or that he could not remember them; so that there was no use in reading them. And Philip's new master used to make artful allusions to his own writings in the course of conversation, so that our unwary friend would find himself under examination in any casual interview with Tregarvan, whose opinions on free-trade, malt-tax, income-tax, designs of Russia, or what not, might be accepted or denied, but ought at least to be known. We actually made Philip get up his owner's articles. We put questions to him, privily, regarding them—"coached" him, according to the university phrase. My wife humbugged that wretched Member of Parliament in a way which makes me shudder, when I think of what hypocrisy the sex is capable. Those arts and dissimulations with which she wheedles others, suppose she exercise them on me? Horrible thought! No, angel! To others thou

mayest be a coaxing hypocrite; to me thou art all candour. *Other* men may have been humbugged by other women; but I am not to be taken in by that sort of thing; and thou art all candour!

We had then so much per annum as editor. We were paid, besides, for our articles. We had really a snug little pension out of this *Review*, and we prayed it might last for ever. We might write a novel. We might contribute articles to a daily paper; get a little parliamentary practice as a barrister. We actually did get Philip into a railway case or two, and my wife must be coaxing and hugging solicitors' ladies, as she had wheedled and coaxed Members of Parliament. Why, I do believe my Dalilah set up a flirtation with old Bishop Crossticks, with an idea of getting her *protégé* a living; and though the lady indignantly repudiates this charge, will she be pleased to explain how the bishop's sermons were so outrageously praised in the *Review*?

Philip's roughness and frankness did not displease Tregarvan, to the wonder of us all, who trembled lest he should lose this as he had lost his former place. Mr. Tregarvan had more country-houses than one, and at these not only was the editor of the *Review* made welcome, but the editor's wife and children, whom Tregarvan's wife took in especial regard. In London, Lady Mary had assemblies, where our little friend Charlotte made her appearance; and half-a-dozen times in the course of the season the wealthy Cornish gentleman feasted his retainers of the *Review*. His wine was excellent and old; his jokes were old, too; his table pompous, grave, plentiful. If Philip was to eat the bread of dependence, the loaf was here very kindly prepared for him; and he ate it humbly, and with not too much grumbling. This diet chokes some proud stomachs and disagrees with them; but Philip was very humble now, and of a nature grateful for kindness. He is one who requires the help of friends, and can accept benefits without losing independence—not all men's gifts, but some men's, whom he repays not only with coin, but with an immense affection and gratitude. How that man did laugh at my witticisms! How he worshiped the ground on which my wife walked! He elected himself our champion. He quarrelled with other people, who found fault with our characters, or would not see our perfections. There was something affecting in the way in which this big man took the humble place. We could do no wrong in his eyes; and woe betide the man who spoke disparagingly of us in his presence!

One day, at his patron's table, Philip exercised his valour and championship in our behalf by defending us against the evil speaking of that Mr. Trail, who has been mentioned before as a gentleman difficult to please, and credulous of ill regarding his neighbour. The talk happened to fall upon the character of the reader's most humble servant, and Trail, as may be imagined, spared me no more than the rest of mankind. Would you like to be liked by all people? That would be a reason why Trail should hate you. Were you an angel fresh dropped from the skies, he would espy dirt on your robe, and a black feather or two



in your wing. As for me, I know I am not angelical at all; and in walking my native earth, can't help a little mud on my trowsers. Well: Mr. Trail began to paint my portrait, laying on those dark shadows which that well-known master is in the habit of employing. I was a parasite of the nobility; I was a heartless sycophant, house-breaker, drunkard, murderer, returned convict, &c. &c. With a little imagination, Mrs. Candour can fill up the outline, and arrange the colours so as to suit her amiable fancy.

Philip had come late to dinner:—of *this* fault, I must confess, he is guilty only too often. The company were at table; he took the only place vacant, and this happened to be at the side of Mr. Trail. On Trail's other side was a portly individual, of a healthy and rosy countenance and voluminous white waistcoat, to whom Trail directed much of his amiable talk, and whom he addressed once or twice as Sir John. Once or twice already we have seen how Philip has quarrelled at table. He cried *mea culpa* loudly and honestly enough. He made vows of reform in this particular. He succeeded, dearly beloved brethren, not much worse or better than you and I do, who confess our faults, and go on promising to improve, and stumbling and picking ourselves up every day. The pavement of life is strewn with orange-peel; and who has not slipped on the flags?

"He is the most conceited man in London,"—Trail was going on, "and one of the most worldly. He will throw over a colonel to dine with a general. He wouldn't throw over you two baronets—he is a great deal too shrewd a fellow for that. He wouldn't give *you* up, perhaps, to dine with a lord; but any ordinary baronet he would."

"And why not us as well as the rest?" asks Tregarvan, who seemed amused at the speaker's chatter.

"Because you are not like common baronets at all. Because your estates are a great deal too large. Because, I suppose, you might either of you go to the Upper House any day. Because, as an author, he may be supposed to be afraid of a certain *Review*," cries Trail, with a loud laugh.

"Trail is speaking of a friend of yours," cried Sir John, nodding and smiling, to the new comer.

"Very lucky for my friend," growls Philip, and eats his soup in silence.

"By the way, that article of his on Madame de Sevigné is poor stuff. No knowledge of the period. Three gross blunders in French. A man can't write of French society unless he has lived in French society. What does Pendennis know of it? A man who makes blunders like those can't understand French. A man who can't speak French can't get on in French society. Therefore he can't write about French society. All these propositions are clear enough. Thank you. Dry champagne, if you please. He is enormously over-rated, I tell you: and so is his wife. They used to put her forward as a beauty: and she

is only a dowdy woman out of a nursery. She has no style about her."

"She is only one of the best women in the world," Mr. Firmin called out, turning very red; and hereupon entered into a defence of our characters, and pronounced a eulogium upon both and each of us, in which I hope there was some little truth. However, he spoke with great enthusiasm, and Mr. Trail found himself in a minority.

"You are right to stand up for your friends, Firmin!" cried the host. Let me introduce you to——"

"Let me introduce myself," said the gentleman on the other side of Mr. Trail. "Mr. Firmin, you and I are kinsmen,—I am Sir John Ringwood." And Sir John reached a hand to Philip across Trail's chair. They talked a great deal together in the course of the evening: and when Mr. Trail found that the great county gentleman was friendly and familiar with Philip, and claimed a relationship with him, his manner towards Firmin altered. He pronounced afterwards a warm eulogy upon Sir John for his frankness and good nature in recognizing his unfortunate relative, and charitably said, "Philip might not be like the doctor, and could not help having a rogue for a father." In former days, Trail had eaten and drunken freely at that rogue's table. But we must have truth, you know, before all things: and if your own brother has committed a sin, common justice requires that you should stone him.

In former days, and not long after Lord Ringwood's death, Philip had left his card at this kinsman's door, and Sir John's butler, driving in his master's brougham, had left a card upon Philip, who was not over well pleased by this acknowledgment of his civility, and, in fact, employed abusive epithets when he spoke of the transaction. But when the two gentlemen actually met, their intercourse was kindly and pleasant enough. Sir John listened to his relative's talk—and it appears, Philip comported himself with his usual free and easy manner—with interest and curiosity; and owned afterwards that evil tongues had previously been busy with the young man's character, and that slander and untruth had been spoken regarding him. In this respect, if Philip is worse off than his neighbours, I can only say his neighbours are fortunate.

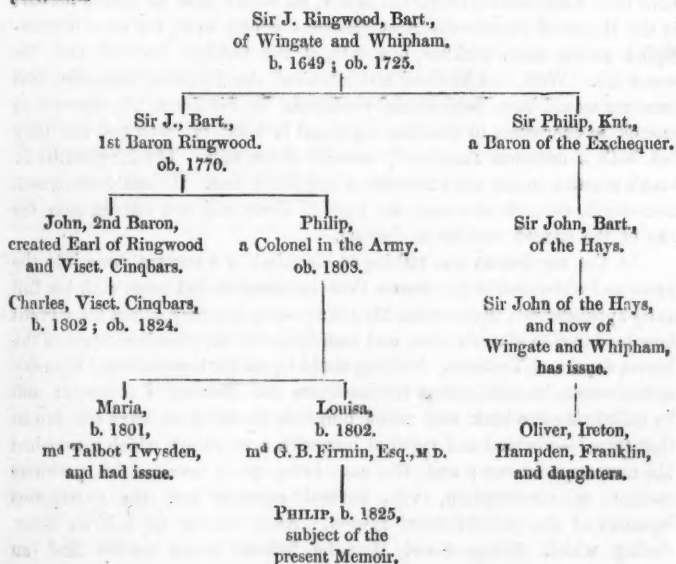
Two days after the meeting of the cousins, the tranquillity of Thornhaugh Street was disturbed by the appearance of a magnificent yellow chariot, with crests, hammer-cloths, a bewigged coachman, and a powdered footman. Betsy, the nurse, who was going to take baby out for a walk, encountered this giant on the threshold of Mrs. Brandon's door: and a lady within the chariot delivered three cards to the tall menial, who transferred them to Betsy. And Betsy persisted in saying that the lady in the carriage admired baby very much, and asked its age, at which baby's mamma was not in the least surprised. In due course, an invitation to dinner followed, and our friends became acquainted with their kinsfolk.

If you have a good memory for pedigrees—and in my youthful time

every man *de bonne maison* studied genealogies, and had his English families in his memory—you know that this Sir John Ringwood, who succeeded to the principal portion of the estates, but not to the titles of the late earl, was descended from a mutual ancestor, a Sir John, whose elder son was ennobled (temp Geo. I.), whilst the second son, following the legal profession, became a judge, and had a son, who became a baronet, and who begat that present Sir John who has just been shaking hands with Philip across Trail's back.\* Thus the two men were cousins; and in right of the heiress, his poor mother, Philip might quarter the Ringwood arms on his carriage, whenever he drove out. These, you know, are argent, a dexter sinople on a fesse wavy of the first—or pick out, my dear friend, any coat you like out of the whole heraldic wardrobe, and accommodate it to our friend Firmin.

When he was a young man at college, Philip had dabbled a little in this queer science of heraldry, and used to try and believe the legends about his ancestry, which his fond mother imparted to him. He had a great book-plate made for himself, with a prodigious number of quarterings, and could recite the alliances by which such and such a quartering came into his shield. His father rather confirmed these histories, and spoke of them and of his wife's noble family with much respect: and Philip, artlessly whispering to a vulgar boy at school that he was

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descended from King John, was thrashed very unkindly by the vulgar upper boy, and nicknamed King John for many a long day after. I daresay many other gentlemen who profess to trace their descent from ancient kings have no better or worse authority for their pedigree than friend Philip.

When our friend paid his second visit to Sir John Ringwood, he was introduced to his kinsman's library; a great family tree hung over the mantelpiece, surrounded by a whole gallery of defunct Ringwoods, of whom the baronet was now the representative. He quoted to Philip the hackneyed old Horatian lines (some score of years ago a great deal of that old coin was current in conversation). As for family, he said, and ancestors, and what we have not done ourselves, these things we can hardly call ours. Sir John gave Philip to understand that he was a staunch liberal. Sir John was for going with the age. Sir John had fired a shot from the Paris barricades. Sir John was for the rights of man everywhere all over the world. He had pictures of Franklin, Lafayette, Washington, and the first Consul Buonaparte, on his walls along with his ancestors. He had lithograph copies of Magna Charta, the Declaration of American Independence, and the Signatures to the Death of Charles I. He did not scruple to own his preference for republican institutions. He wished to know what right had any man—the late Lord Ringwood, for example—to sit in a hereditary House of Peers and legislate over him? That lord had had a son, Cinqbars, who died many years before, a victim of his own follies and debaucheries. Had Lord Cinqbars survived his father, he would now be sitting an earl in the House of Peers—the most ignorant young man, the most unprincipled young man, reckless, dissolute, of the feeblest intellect, and the worst life. Well, had he lived and inherited the Ringwood property, that creature would have been an earl: whereas he, Sir John, his superior in morals, in character, in intellect, his equal in point of birth (for had they not both a common ancestor?) was Sir John still. The inequalities in men's chances in life were monstrous and ridiculous. He was determined, henceforth, to look at a man for himself alone, and not esteem him for any of the absurd caprices of fortune.

As the republican was talking to his relative, a servant came into the room and whispered to his master that the plumber had come with his bill as by appointment; upon which Sir John rose up in a fury, asked the servant how he dared to disturb him, and bade him tell the plumber to go to the lowest depths of Tartarus. Nothing could equal the insolence and rapacity of tradesmen, he said, except the insolence and idleness of servants; and he called this one back, and asked him how he dared to leave the fire in that state?—stormed and raged at him with a volubility which astonished his new acquaintance; and, the man being gone, resumed his previous subject of conversation, viz., natural equality and the outrageous injustice of the present social system. After talking for half an hour, during which Philip found that he himself could hardly find an

opportunity of uttering a word, Sir John took out his watch, and got up from his chair; at which hint Philip too rose, not sorry to bring the interview to an end. And herewith Sir John accompanied his kinsman into the hall, and to the street-door, before which the baronet's groom was riding, leading his master's horse. And Philip heard the baronet using violent language to the groom, as he had done to the servant within doors. Why, the army in Flanders did not swear more terribly than this admirer of republican institutions and advocate of the rights of man.

Philip was not allowed to go away without appointing a day when he and his wife would partake of their kinsman's hospitality. On this occasion, Mrs. Philip comported herself with so much grace and simplicity, that Sir John and Lady Ringwood pronounced her to be a very pleasing and ladylike person; and I daresay wondered how a person in her rank of life could have acquired manners that were so refined and agreeable. Lady Ringwood asked after the child which she had seen, praised its beauty; of course, won the mother's heart, and thereby caused her to speak with perhaps more freedom than she would otherwise have felt at a first interview. Mrs. Philip has a dainty touch on the piano, and a sweet singing voice that is charmingly true and neat. She performed after dinner some of the songs of her little *répertoire*, and pleased her audience. Lady Ringwood loved good music, and was herself a fine performer of the ancient school, when she played Haydn and Mozart under the tuition of good old Sir George Thrum. The tall and handsome beneficed clergyman who acted as major-domo of Sir John's establishment, placed a parcel in the carriage when Mr. and Mrs. Philip took their leave, and announced with much respectful deference that the cab was paid. Our friends no doubt would have preferred to dispense with this ceremony; but it is ill looking even a gift cab-horse in the mouth, and so Philip was a gainer of some two shillings by his kinsman's liberality.

When Charlotte came to open the parcel which major-domo, with his lady's compliments, had placed in the cab, I fear she did not exhibit that elation which we ought to feel for the favours of our friends. A couple of little frocks, of the cut of George IV., some little red shoes of the same period, some crumpled sashes, and other small articles of wearing apparel, by her ladyship's order by her ladyship's lady's-maid; and Lady Ringwood kissing Charlotte at her departure, told her that she had caused this little packet to be put away for her. "H'm," says Philip, only half pleased. "Suppose, Sir John had told his butler to put up one of his blue coats and brass buttons for me, as well as pay the cab?"

"If it was meant in kindness, Philip, we must not be angry," pleaded Philip's wife;—"and I am sure if you had heard her and the Miss Ringwoods speak of baby, you would like them, as I intend to do."

But Mrs. Philip never put those mouldy old red shoes upon baby; and as for the little frocks, children's frocks are made so much fuller now that Lady Ringwood's presents did not answer at all. Charlotte managed to

furbish up a sash, and a pair of epaulets for her child—epaulets are they called? Shoulder-knots—what you will, ladies; and with these ornaments Miss Firmin was presented to Lady Ringwood and some of her family.

The goodwill of these new-found relatives of Philip's was laborious, was evident, and yet I must say was not altogether agreeable. At the first period of their intercourse—for this, too, I am sorry to say, came to an end, or presently suffered interruption—tokens of affection in the shape of farm produce, country butter and poultry, and actual butcher's meat, came from Berkeley Square to Thornhaugh Street. The Duke of Double-gloster I know is much richer than you are; but if he were to offer to make you a present of half-a-crown, I doubt whether you would be quite pleased. And so with Philip and his relatives. A hamper brought in the brougham, containing hot-house grapes and country butter, is very well, but a leg of mutton I own was a gift that was rather tough to swallow. It *was* tough. That point we ascertained and established amongst roars of laughter one day when we dined with our friends. Did Lady Ringwood send a sack of turnips in the brougham too? In a word, we ate Sir John's mutton, and we laughed at him, and be sure many a man has done the same by you and me. Last Friday, for instance, as Jones and Brown go away after dining with your humble servant. "Did you ever see such profusion and extravagance?" asks Brown. "Profusion and extravagance!" cries Jones, that well-known epicure. "I never saw anything so shabby in my life. What does the fellow mean by asking *me* to such a dinner?" "True," says the other, "*it was* an abominable dinner, Jones, as you justly say; but it was very profuse in him to give it. Don't you see?" and so both our good friends are agreed.

Ere many days were over the great yellow chariot and its powdered attendants again made their appearance before Mrs. Brandon's modest door in Thornhaugh Street, and Lady Ringwood and two daughters descended from the carriage and made their way to Mr. Philip's apartments in the second floor, just as that worthy gentleman was sitting down to dinner with his wife. Lady Ringwood, bent upon being gracious, was in ecstasies with everything she saw—a clean house—a nice little maid—pretty picturesque rooms—odd rooms—and what charming pictures! Several of these were the work of the fond pencil of poor J. J., who, as has been told, had painted Philip's beard and Charlotte's eyebrow, and Charlotte's baby a thousand and a thousand times. "May we come in? Are we disturbing you? What dear little bits of china! What a beautiful mug, Mr. Firmin!" This was poor J. J.'s present to his god-daughter. "How nice the luncheon looks! Dinner, is it? How pleasant to dine at this hour!" The ladies were determined to be charmed with everything round about them.

"We are dining on your poultry. May we offer some to you and Miss Ringwood," says the master of the house.

"Why don't you dine in the dining-room? Why do you dine in a



bedroom?" asks Franklin Ringwood, the interesting young son of the Baronet of Ringwood.

"Somebody else lives in the parlour," says Mrs. Philip. On which the boy remarks, "We have two dining-rooms in Berkeley Square. I mean for us, besides papa's study, which I mustn't go into. And the servants have two dining-rooms and——"

"Hush!" here cries mamma, with the usual remark regarding the beauty of silence in little boys.

But Franklin persists, in spite of the "Hushes:" "And so we have at Ringwood; and at Whipham there's ever so many dining-rooms—ever so many—and I like Whipham a great deal better than Ringwood, because my pony is at Whipham. You have not got a pony. You are too poor."

"Franklin!"

"You said he was too poor; and you would not have had chickens if we had not given them to you. Mamma, you know you said they were very poor, and would like them."

And here mamma looked red, and I daresay Philip's cheeks and ears tingled, and for once Mrs. Philip was thankful at hearing her baby cry, for it gave her a pretext for leaving the room and flying to the nursery, whither the other two ladies accompanied her.

Meanwhile Master Franklin went on with his artless conversation. "Mr. Philip, why do they say you are wicked? You do not look wicked; and I am sure Mrs. Philip does not look wicked—she looks very good."

"Who says I am wicked?" asks Mr. Firmin of his candid young relative.

"Oh, ever so many! Cousin Talbot says so; and Blanche says so; and Woolcombe says so; only I don't like him, he's so very brown. And when they heard you had been to dinner, 'Has that beast been here?' Talbot says. And I don't like him a bit. But I like you, at least I think I do. You only have oranges for dessert. We always have lots of things for dessert at home. You don't, I suppose, because you've got no money—only a very little."

"Well: I have got only a very little," says Philip.

"I have some—ever so much. And I'll buy something for your wife; and I shall like to have you better at home than Blanche, and Talbot, and that Woolcombe; and they never give me anything. You can't, you know; because you are so very poor—you are; but we'll often send you things, I daresay. And I'll have an orange, please, thank you. And there's a chap at our school, and his name is Suckling, and he ate eighteen oranges, and wouldn't give one away to anybody. Wasn't he a greedy pig? And I have wine with my oranges—I do: a glass of wine—thank you. That's jolly. But you don't have it often, I suppose, because you're so very poor."

I am glad Philip's infant could not understand, being yet of too tender age, the compliments which Lady Ringwood and her daughter passed upon

her. As it was, the compliments charmed the mother, for whom indeed they were intended, and did not inflame the unconscious baby's vanity.

"What would the polite mamma and sister have said, if they had heard that unlucky Franklin's prattle?" The boy's simplicity amused his tall cousin. "Yes," says Philip, "we are very poor, but we are very happy, and don't mind—that's the truth."

"Mademoiselle, that's the German governess, said she wondered how you could live at all; and I don't think you could if you ate as much as she did. You should see her eat; she is such a *oner* at eating. Fred, my brother, that's the one who is at college, one day tried to see how much Mademoiselle Wallfisch could eat, and she had twice of soup, and then she said *sivoplay*: and then twice of fish, and she said *sivoplay* for more: and then she had roast mutton—no, I think, roast beef it was; and she eats the pease with her knife: and then she had raspberry jam pudding, and ever so much beer, and then——" But what came then we never shall know; because while young Franklin was choking with laughter (accompanied with a large piece of orange) at the ridiculous recollection of Miss Wallfisch's appetite, his mamma and sister came downstairs from Charlotte's nursery, and brought the dear boy's conversation to an end. The ladies chose to go home, delighted with Philip, baby, Charlotte. Everything was *so* proper. Everything was *so* nice. Mrs. Firmin was *so* ladylike! The fine ladies watched her, and her behaviour, with that curiosity which the Brobdingnag ladies displayed when they held up little Gulliver on their palms, and saw him bow, smile, dance, draw his sword, and take off his hat, just like a man.

## CHAPTER XXXVI.

IN WHICH THE DRAWING-ROOMS ARE NOT FURNISHED AFTER ALL.



E cannot expect to be loved by a relative whom we have knocked into an illuminated pond, and whose coat-tails, pantaloons, nether limbs, and best feelings we have lacerated with ill-treatment and broken glass. A man whom you have so treated behind his back will not be sparing of his punishment behind yours. Of course all the Twysdens, male and female, and Woolcombe, the dusky husband of Philip's former love, hated and feared, and maligned him; and were in the habit of speaking of him as a truculent and reckless savage and monster, coarse and brutal in his language and behaviour, ragged, dirty and reckless

in his personal appearance; reeking with smoke, perpetually reeling in drink, indulging in oaths, actions, laughter which rendered him intolerable in civilized society. The Twysdens, during Philip's absence abroad, had been very respectful and assiduous in courting the new head of the Ringwood family. They had flattered Sir John, and paid court to my lady. They had been welcomed at Sir John's houses in town and country. They had adopted his politics in a great measure, as they had adopted the politics of the deceased Ringwood. They had never lost an opportunity of abusing poor Philip and of ingratiating themselves. They had never refused any invitation from Sir John in town or country, and had ended by utterly boring him and Lady Ringwood and the Ringwood family in general. Lady Ringwood learned somewhere how pitilessly Mrs. Woolcombe had jilted her cousin when a richer suitor appeared in the person of the West Indian. Then news came how Philip had administered a beating to Woolcombe, to Talbot Twysden, to a dozen who set on him. The early prejudices began to pass away. A friend or two of Philip's told Ringwood how he was mistaken in the young man, and painted a portrait of him in colours much more favourable than those which his kinsfolk employed. Indeed, dear relations, if the public wants to know our little faults and errors, I think I know who will not grudge the requisite infor-

mation. Dear Aunt Candour, are you not still alive, and don't you know what we had for dinner yesterday, and the amount (monstrous extravagance!) of the washerwoman's bill?

Well, the Twysden family so bespattered poor Philip with abuse, and represented him as a monster of such hideous mien, that no wonder the Ringwoods avoided him. Then they began to grow utterly sick and tired of his detractors. And then Sir John, happening to talk with his brother Member of Parliament, Tregarvan, in the House of Commons, heard quite a different story regarding our friend to that with which the Twysdens had regaled him, and, with no little surprise on Sir John's part, was told by Tregarvan how honest, rough, worthy, affectionate and gentle this poor maligned fellow was, how he had been sinned against by his wretch of a father, whom he had forgiven and actually helped out of his wretched means, and how he was making a brave battle against poverty, and had a sweet little loving wife and child, whom every kind heart would willingly strive to help. Because people are rich they are not of necessity ogres. Because they are born gentlemen and ladies of good degree, are in easy circumstances, and have a generous education, it does not follow that they are heartless and will turn their back on a friend. *Moi qui vous parle*—I have been in a great strait of sickness near to death, and the friends who came to help me with every comfort, succour, sympathy were actually gentlemen, who lived in good houses, and had a good education. They didn't turn away because I was sick, or fly from me because they thought I was poor; on the contrary, hand, purse, succour, sympathy were ready, and praise be to heaven. And so too did Philip find help when he needed it, and succour when he was in poverty. Tregarvan, we will own, was a pompous little man, his House of Commons speeches were dull, and his written documents awfully slow; but he had a kind heart: he was touched by that picture which Laura drew of the young man's poverty, and honesty, and simple hopefulness in the midst of hard times: and we have seen how the *European Review* was thus entrusted to Mr. Philip's management. Then some artful friends of Philip's determined that he should be reconciled to his relations, who were well to do in the world, and might serve him. And I wish, dear reader, that your respectable relatives and mine would bear this little paragraph in mind and leave us both handsome lagacies. Then Tregarvan spoke to Sir John Ringwood, and that meeting was brought about, where, for once at least, Mr. Philip quarrelled with nobody.

And now came another little piece of good luck, which, I suppose, must be attributed to the same kind friend who had been scheming for Philip's benefit, and who is never so happy as when her little plots for her friend's benefit can be made to succeed. Yes: when that arch-jobber—don't tell me;—I never knew a woman worth a pin who wasn't—when that arch-jobber, I say, has achieved a job by which some friend is made happy, her eyes and cheeks brighten with triumph. Whether she has put a sick man into a hospital, or got a poor woman a family's washing, or

made a sinner repent and return to wife, husband, or what not, that woman goes off and pays her thanks, where thanks are due, with such fervour, with such lightsomeness, with such happiness, that I assure you she is a sight to behold. Hush! When one sinner is saved, who are glad? Some of us know a woman or two pure as angels—know, and are thankful.

When the person about whom I have been prattling has one of her benevolent jobs in hand, or has completed it, there is a sort of triumph and mischief in her manner, which I don't know otherwise how to describe. She does not understand my best jokes at this period, or answers them at random, or laughs very absurdly and vacantly. She embraces her children wildly, and, at the most absurd moments, is utterly unmindful when they are saying their lessons, prattling their little questions, and so forth. I recal all these symptoms (and put this and that together, as the saying is) as happening on one especial day, at the commencement of Easter Term, eighteen hundred and never mind what—as happening on one especial morning when this lady had been astoundingly *distracted* and curiously excited. I now remember, how during her children's dinner-time, she sat looking into the square out of our window, and scarcely attending to the little innocent cries for mutton which the children were offering up.

At last there was a rapid clank over the pavement, a tall figure passed the parlour windows, which our kind friends know look into Queen Square, and then came a loud ring at the bell, and I thought the mistress of the house gave an ah—a sigh—as though her heart was relieved.

The street door was presently opened, and then the dining-room door, and Philip walks in with his hat on, his blue eyes staring before him, his hair flaming about, and “La, Uncle Philip!” cry the children. “What have you done to yourself? You have shaved off your moustache.” And so he had, I declare!

“I say, Pen, look here! This has been left at chambers; and Cassidy has sent it on by his clerk,” our friend said. I forget whether it has been stated that Philip's name still remained on the door of those chambers in Parchment Buildings, where we once heard his song of “Doctor Luther,” and were present at his call-supper.

The document which Philip produced was actually a brief. The papers were superscribed, “In Parliament, Polwheeldle and Tredyddlum Railway. To support bill, Mr. Firmin; retainer, five guineas; brief, fifty guineas; consultation, five guineas. With you Mr. Armstrong, Sir J. Whitworth, Mr. Pinkerton.” Here was a wonder of wonders! A shower of gold was poured out on my friend. A light dawned upon me. The proposed bill was for a Cornish line. Our friend Tregarvan was concerned in it, the line passing through his property, and my wife had canvassed him privately, and by her wheedling and blandishments had persuaded Tregarvan to use his interest with the agents and get Philip this welcome aid.

Philip eyed the paper with a queer expression. He handled it as some men handle a baby. He looked as if he did not know what to do with it,

and as if he should like to drop it. I believe I made some satirical remark to this effect as I looked at our friend with his paper.

"He holds a child beautifully," said my wife with much enthusiasm ; "much better than some people who laugh at him."

"And he will hold this no doubt much to his credit. May this be the father of many briefs. May you have bags full of them !" Philip had all our good wishes. They did not cost much, or avail much, but they were sincere. I know men who can't for the lives of them give even that cheap coin of good will, but hate their neighbours' prosperity, and are angry with them when they cease to be dependent and poor.

We have said how Cassidy's astonished clerk had brought the brief from chambers to Firmin at his lodgings at Mrs. Brandon's in Thornhaugh Street. Had a bailiff served him with a writ, Philip could not have been more surprised, or in a greater tremor. A brief? Grands Dieux ! What was he to do with a brief? He thought of going to bed, and being ill, of flying from home, country, family. Brief? Charlotte, of course, seeing her husband alarmed, began to quake too. Indeed, if his worship's finger aches, does not her whole body suffer? But Charlotte's and Philip's constant friend, the Little Sister, felt no such fear. "Now there's this opening, you must take it, my dear," she said. "Suppose you don't know much about law——" "Much! nothing," interposed Philip. "You might ask me to play the piano; but as I never happened to have learned——"

"La—don't tell me! You mustn't show a faint heart. Take the business, and do it best you can. You'll do it better next time, and next. The Bar's a gentleman's business. Don't I attend a judge's lady, which I remember her with her first in a little bit of a house in Bernard Street, Russell Square; and now haven't I been to her in Eaton Square, with a butler, and two footmen, and carriages ever so many? You may work on at your newspapers, and get a crust, and when you're old, and if you quarrel—and you have a knack of quarrelling—he has, Mrs. Firmin. I knew him before you did. Quarrelsome he is, and he will be, though you think him an angel, to be sure.—Suppose you quarrel with your newspaper masters, and your reviews, and that, you lose your place? A gentleman like Mr. Philip oughtn't to have a master. I couldn't bear to think of your going down of a Saturday to the publishing office to get your wages like a workman."

"But *I am* a workman," interposes Philip.

"La! But do you mean to remain one for ever? I would rise, if I was a man!" said the intrepid little woman; "I would rise, or I'd know the reason why. Who knows how many in family you're going to be? I'd have more spirit than to live in a second floor—I would!"

And the Little Sister said this, though she clung round Philip's child with a rapture of fondness which she tried in vain to conceal; though she felt that to part from it would be to part from her life's chief happiness; though she loved Philip as her own son: and Charlotte—well, Charlotte for Philip's sake—as women love other women.



Charlotte came to her friends in Queen Square, and told us of the resolute Little Sister's advice and conversation. She knew that Mrs. Brandon only loved her as something belonging to Philip. She admired this Little Sister; and trusted her; and could afford to bear that little somewhat scornful domination which Brandon exercised. "She does not love me, because Philip does," Charlotte said. "Do you think I could like her, or any woman, if I thought Philip loved them? I could kill them, Laura, that I could!" And at this sentiment I imagine daggers shooting out of a pair of eyes that were ordinarily very gentle and bright.

Not having been engaged in the case in which Philip had the honour of first appearing, I cannot enter into particulars regarding it, but am sure that case must have been uncommonly strong in itself, which could survive such an advocate. He passed a frightful night of torture before appearing in committee room. During that night, he says, his hair grew grey. His old college friend and comrade Pinkerton, who was with him in the case, "coached" him on the day previous; and indeed it must be owned that the work which he had to perform was not of a nature to impair the inside or the outside of his skull. A great man was his leader; his friend Pinkerton followed; and all Mr. Philip's business was to examine a half-dozen witnesses by questions previously arranged between them and the agents.

When you hear that, as a reward of his services in this case, Mr. Firmin received a sum of money sufficient to pay his modest family expenses for some four months, I am sure, dear and respected literary friends, that you will wish the lot of a parliamentary barrister had been yours, or that your immortal works could be paid with such a liberality as rewards the labours of these lawyers. "*Nimmer erscheinen die Götter allein.*" After one agent had employed Philip, another came and secured his valuable services: him two or three others followed, and our friend positively had money in bank. Not only were apprehensions of poverty removed for the present, but we had every reason to hope that Firmin's prosperity would increase and continue. And when a little son and heir was born, which blessing was conferred upon Mr. Philip about a year after his daughter, our godchild, saw the light, we should have thought it shame to have any misgivings about the future, so cheerful did Philip's prospects appear. "Did I not tell you," said my wife, with her usual kindling romance, "that comfort and succour would be found for these in the hour of their need?" Amen. We were grateful that comfort and succour should come. No one, I am sure, was more humbly thankful than Philip himself for the fortunate chances which befel him.

He was alarmed rather than elated by his sudden prosperity. "It can't last," he said. "Don't tell me. The attorneys must find me out before long. They cannot continue to give their business to such an ignoramus: and I really think I must remonstrate with them." You should have seen the Little Sister's indignation when Philip uttered this sentiment in her presence. "Give up your business? Yes, do!" she

cried, tossing up Philip's youngest born. "Fling this baby out of window, why not indeed, which heaven has sent it you!—You ought to go down on your knees and ask pardon for having thought anything so wicked." Philip's heir, by the way, immediately on his entrance into the world, had become the prime favourite of this unreasoning woman. The little daughter was passed over as a little person of no account, and so began to entertain the passion of jealousy at almost the very earliest age at which even the female breast is capable of enjoying it.

And though this Little Sister loved all these people with an almost ferocious passion of love, and lay awake, I believe, hearing their infantine cries, or crept on stealthy feet in darkness to their mother's chamber-door, behind which they lay sleeping; though she had, as it were, a rage for these infants, and was wretched out of their sight, yet, when a third and a fourth brief came to Philip, and he was enabled to put a little money aside, nothing would content Mrs. Brandon but that he should go into a house of his own. "A gentleman," she said, "ought not to live in a two-pair lodging; he ought to have a house of his own." So, you see, she hastened on the preparations for her own execution. She trudged to the brokers' shops and made wonderful bargains of furniture. She cut chintzes, and covered sofas, and sewed, and patched, and fitted. She found a house and took it—Milman Street, Guildford Street, opposite the Fondling (as the dear little soul called it), a most genteel, quiet little street, "and quite near for me to come," she said, "to see my dears." Did she speak with dry eyes? Mine moisten sometimes when I think of the faith, of the generosity, of the sacrifice, of that devoted, loving creature.

I am very fond of Charlotte. Her sweetness and simplicity won all our hearts at home. No wife or mother ever was more attached and affectionate; but I own there was a time when I hated her, though of course that highly principled woman, the wife of the author of the present memoirs, says that the statement I am making here is stuff and nonsense, not to say immoral and irreligious. Well, then, I hated Charlotte for the horrible eagerness which she showed in getting away from this Little Sister, who clung round those children, whose first cries she had heard. I hated Charlotte for a cruel happiness which she felt as she hugged the children to her heart: her own children in their own room, whom she would dress, and watch, and wash, and tend; and for whom she wanted no aid. No aid, *entendez vous?* Oh, it was a shame, a shame! In the new house, in the pleasant little trim new nursery, (fitted up by whose fond hands we will not say,) is the mother glaring over the cot, where the little, soft, round cheeks are pillowed; and yonder in the rooms in Thornhaugh Street, where she has tended them for two years, the Little Sister sits lonely, as the moonlight streams in. God help thee, little, suffering, faithful heart! Never but once in her life before had she known so exquisite a pain.

Of course, we had an entertainment in the new house; and Philip's friends, old and new, came to the house-warming. The family coach of the Ringwoods blocked up that astonished little street. The powder on

their footmen's heads nearly brushed the ceiling, as the monsters rose when the guests passed in and out of the hall. The Little Sister merely took charge of the tea-room. Philip's 'library' was that usual little cupboard beyond the dining-room. The little drawing-room was dreadfully crowded by an ex-nursery piano, which the Ringwoods bestowed upon their friends; and somebody was in duty bound to play upon it on the evening of this *soirée*; though the Little Sister chafed down-stairs at the music. In fact, her very words were "Rat that piano!" She "ratted" the instrument, because the music would wake her little dears upstairs. And that music *did* wake them; and they howled melodiously, and the Little Sister, who was about to serve Lady Jane Tregarvan with some tea, dashed upstairs to the nursery: and Charlotte had reached the room already: and she looked angry when the Little Sister came in: and she said, "I am sure, Mrs. Brandon, the people down-stairs will be wanting their tea;" and she spoke with some asperity. And Mrs. Brandon went down-stairs without one word; and, happening to be on the landing, conversing with a friend, and a little out of the way of the duet which the Miss Ringwoods were performing—riding their great old horse, as it were, and putting it through its paces in Mrs. Firmin's little paddock;—happening, I say, to be on the landing when Caroline passed, I took a hand as cold as stone, and never saw a look of grief more tragic than that worn by her poor little face as it passed. "My children cried," she said, "and I went up to the nursery. But she don't want me there now." Poor Little Sister! She humbled herself and grovelled before Charlotte. You could not help trampling upon her then, madam; and I hated you—and a great number of other women. Ridley and I went down to her tea-room, where Caroline resumed her place. She looked very nice and pretty, with her pale sweet face, and her neat cap and blue ribbon. Tortures I know she was suffering. Charlotte had been stabbing her. Women will use the edge sometimes, and drive the steel in. Charlotte said to me, some time afterwards, "I was jealous of her, and you were right; and a dearer, more faithful creature never lived." But who told Charlotte I said she was jealous? *O treble bestia!* I told Ridley, and Mr. Ridley told Mrs. Firmin.

If Charlotte stabbed Caroline, Caroline could not help coming back again and again to the knife. On Sundays, when she was free, there was always a place for her at Philip's modest table; and when Mrs. Philip went to church, Caroline was allowed to reign in the nursery. Sometimes Charlotte was generous enough to give Mrs. Brandon this chance. When Philip took a house—a whole house to himself—Philip's mother-in-law proposed to come and stay with him, and said that, wishing to be beholden to no one, she would pay for her board and lodging. But Philip declined this treat, representing, justly, that his present house was no bigger than his former lodgings. "My poor love is dying to have me," Mrs. Baynes remarked on this. "But her husband is so cruel to

her, and keeps her under such terror, that she dares not call her life her own." Cruel to her! Charlotte was the happiest of the happy in her little house. In consequence of his parliamentary success, Philip went regularly to chambers now, in the fond hope that more briefs might come. At chambers he likewise conducted the chief business of his *Review*: and, at the accustomed hour of his return, that usual little procession of mother and child and nurse would be seen on the watch for him; and the young woman—the happiest young woman in Christendom—would walk back clinging on her husband's arm.

All this while letters came from Philip's dear father at New York, where, it appeared, he was engaged not only in his profession, but in various speculations, with which he was always about to make his fortune. One day Philip got a newspaper advertising a new insurance company, and saw, to his astonishment, the announcement of "Counsel in London, Philip Firmin, Esq., Parchment Buildings, Temple." A paternal letter promised Philip great fees out of this insurance company, but I never heard that poor Philip was any the richer. In fact, his friends advised him to have nothing to do with this insurance company, and to make no allusion to it in his letters. "They feared the Danaï, and the gifts they brought," as old Firmin would have said. They had to impress upon Philip an abiding mistrust of that wily old Greek, his father. Firmin senior always wrote hopefully and magnificently, and persisted in believing or declaring that ere very long he should have to announce to Philip that his fortune was made. He speculated in Wall Street, I don't know in what shares, inventions, mines, railways. One day, some few months after his migration to Milman Street, Philip, blushing and hanging down his head, had to tell me that his father had drawn upon him again. Had he not paid up his shares in a certain mine, they would have been forfeited, and he and *his son after him* would have lost a certain fortune, old Danaus said. I fear an artful, a long-bow pulling Danaus. What, shall a man have birth, wealth, friends, high position, and end so that we dare not leave him alone in the room with our spoons? "And you have paid this bill which the old man drew?" we asked. Yes, Philip had paid the bill. He vowed he would pay no more. But it was not difficult to see that the doctor would draw more bills upon this accommodating banker. "I dread the letters which begin with a flourish about the fortune which he is just going to make," Philip said. He knew that the old parent prefaced his demands for money in that way.

Mention has been made of a great medical discovery which he had announced to his correspondent, Mrs. Brandon, and by which the doctor declared as usual that he was about to make a fortune. In New York and Boston he had tried experiments which had been attended with the most astonishing success. A remedy was discovered, the mere sale of which in Europe and America must bring an immense revenue to the fortunate inventors. For the ladies whom Mrs. Brandon attended, the remedy was of priceless value. He would send her some. His friend,

Captain Morgan, of the Southampton packet-ship, would bring her some of this astonishing medicine. Let her try it. Let her show the accompanying cases to Doctor Goodenough—to any of his brother physicians in London. Though himself an exile from his country, he loved it, and was proud in being able to confer upon it one of the greatest blessings with which science had endowed mankind.

Goodenough, I am sorry to say, had such a mistrust of his *confrère* that he chose to disbelieve any statement Firmin made. "I don't believe, my good Brandon, the fellow has *nous* enough to light upon any scientific discovery more useful than a new sauce for cutlets. He invent anything but fibs, never!" You see this Goodenough is an obstinate old heathen; and when he has once found reason to mistrust a man, he for ever after declines to believe him.

However, the doctor is a man for ever on the look-out for more knowledge of his profession, and for more remedies to benefit mankind: he hummed and ha'd over the pamphlet, as the Little Sister sat watching him in his study. He clapped it down after a while, and slapped his hands on his little legs as his wont is. "Brandon," he says, "I think there is a great deal in it, and I think so the more because it turns out that Firmin has nothing to do with the discovery, which has been made at Boston." In fact, Dr. Firmin, late of London, had only been present in the Boston hospital, where the experiments were made with the new remedy. He had cried "Halves," and proposed to sell it as a secret remedy, and the bottle which he forwarded to our friend the Little Sister was labelled "Firmin's Anodyne." What Firmin did, indeed, was what he had been in the habit of doing. He had taken another man's property, and was endeavouring to make a flourish with it. The Little Sister returned home, then, with her bottle of Chloroform—for this was what Dr. Firmin chose to call his discovery, and he had sent home a specimen of it; as he sent home a cask of petroleum from Virginia; as he sent proposals for new railways upon which he promised Philip a munificent commission, if his son could but place the shares amongst his friends.

And with regard to these valuables, the sanguine doctor got to believe that he really was endowing his son with large sums of money. "My boy has set up a house, and has a wife and two children, the young jackanapes!" he would say to people in New York; "as if he had not been extravagant enough in former days! When I married, I had private means, and married a nobleman's niece with a large fortune. Neither of these two young folks has a penny. Well, well, the old father must help them as well as he can!" And I am told there were ladies who dropped the tear of sensibility, and said, "What a fond father this doctor is! How he sacrifices himself for that scapegrace of a son! Think of the dear doctor at his age, toiling cheerfully for that young man, who helped to ruin him!" And Firmin sighed; and passed a beautiful white handkerchief over his eyes with a beautiful white hand; and, I believe,

really cried ; and thought himself quite a good, affectionate, injured man. He held the plate at Church ; he looked very handsome and tall, and bowed with a charming melancholy grace to the ladies as they put in their contributions. The dear man ! His plate was fuller than other people's—so a traveller told us who saw him in New York ; and described a very choice dinner which the doctor gave to a few friends, at one of the smartest hotels just then opened.

With all the Little Sister's good management Mr. and Mrs. Philip were only able to instal themselves in their new house at a considerable expense, and beyond that great Ringwood piano which swaggered in Philip's little drawing-room, I am constrained to say that there was scarce any furniture at all. One of the railway accounts was not paid as yet, and poor Philip could not feed upon mere paper promises to pay. Nor was he inclined to accept the offers of private friends, who were willing enough to be his bankers. "One in a family is enough for that kind of business," he said, gloomily ; and it came out that again and again the interesting exile at New York who was deploring his son's extravagance and foolish marriage, had drawn bills upon Philip which our friend accepted and paid—bills, who knows to what amount ? He has never told ; and the engaging parent who robbed him—must I use a word so unpolite ?—will never now tell to what extent he helped himself to Philip's small means. This I know, that when autumn came—when September was past—we in our cosy little retreat at the seaside received a letter from the Little Sister, in her dear little bad spelling, (about which there used to be somehow a pathos which the very finest writing does not possess ;)—there came, I say, a letter from the Little Sister in which she told us, with many dashes, that dear Mrs. Philip and the children were pining and sick in London, and 'that Philip, he had too much pride and spirit to take money from any one ; that Mr. Tregarvan was away travelling on the continent, and that wretch—that monster, *you know who*—have drawn upon Philip again for money, and again he have paid, and the dear, dear children can't have fresh air.'

"Did she tell you," said Philip, brushing his hands across his eyes when a friend came to remonstrate with him, "did she tell you that she brought me money herself, but we would not use it ? Look ! I have her little marriage gift yonder in my desk, and pray God I shall be able to leave it to my children. The fact is, the doctor has drawn upon me, as usual ; he is going to make a fortune next week. I have paid another bill of his. The parliamentary agents are out of town, at their moors in Scotland, I suppose. The air of Russell Square is uncommonly wholesome, and when the babies have had enough of that, why, they must change it for Brunswick Square. Talk about the country ! what country can be more quiet than Guildford Street in September ? I stretch out of a morning, and breathe the mountain-air on Ludgate Hill." And with these dismal pleasantries and jokes our friend chose to put a good face upon bad fortune. The kinsmen of Ringwood offered hospitality kindly enough,



but how was poor Philip to pay railway expenses for servants, babies, and wife? In this strait Tregarvan from abroad, having found out some monstrous design of Russ—of the Great Power of which he stood in daily terror, and which, as we are in strict amity with that Power, no other Power shall induce me to name—Tregarvan wrote to his editor, and communicated to him in confidence a most prodigious and nefarious plot against the liberties of all the rest of Europe, in which the Power in question was engaged, and in a postscript added, "By the way, the Michaelmas quarter is due, and I send you a cheque," &c. &c. O precious postscript!

"Didn't I tell you it would be so?" said my wife, with a self-satisfied air. "Was I not certain that succour would come?"

And succour did come, sure enough; and a very happy little party went down to Brighton in a second-class carriage, and got an extraordinarily cheap lodging, and the roses came back to the little pale cheeks, and mamma was wonderfully invigorated and refreshed, as all her friends could have seen when the little family came back to town, only there was such a thick dun fog that it was impossible to see complexions at all.

When the shooting season was come to an end, the parliamentary agents who had employed Philip, came back to London; and, I am happy to say, gave him a cheque for his little account. My wife cried, "Did I not tell you so?" more than ever. "Is not everything for the best? I knew dear Philip would prosper!"

Everything was for the best, was it? Philip was sure to prosper, was he? What do you think of the next news which the poor fellow brought to us? One night in December he came to us, and I saw by his face that some event of importance had befallen him.

"I am almost heart-broken," he said, thumping on the table when the young ones had retreated from it. "I don't know what to do. I have not told you all. I have paid four bills for him already, and now he has—he has signed my name."

"Who has?"

"He at New York. You know," said poor Philip. "I tell you he has put my name on a bill, and without my authority."

"Gracious Heavens! You mean your father has for—I could not say the word."

"Yes," groaned Philip. "Here is a letter from him;" and he handed a letter across the table in the doctor's well-known handwriting.

"Dearest Philip," the father wrote, "a sad misfortune has befallen me, which I had hoped to conceal, or at any rate, to avert from my dear son. For you, Philip, are a participator in that misfortune through the imprudence—must I say it?—of your father. Would I had struck off the hand which has done the deed, ere it had been done! But the fault has taken wings and flown out of my reach. *Immeritus*, dear boy, you have to suffer for the *delicta majorum*. Ah, that a father should have to own his fault; to kneel and ask pardon of his son!

"I am engaged in many speculations. Some have succeeded beyond

my wildest hopes: some have taken in the most rational, the most prudent, the least sanguine of our capitalists in Wall Street, and promising the greatest results have ended in the most extreme failure! To meet a call in an undertaking which seemed to offer the most certain prospects of success, which seemed to promise a fortune for me and my boy, and your dear children, I put in amongst other securities which I had to realize on a sudden, a bill, on which I used your name. I dated it as drawn six months back by me at New York, on you at Parchment Buildings, Temple; and I wrote your acceptance, as though the signature were yours. I give myself up to you. I tell you what I have done. Make the matter public. Give my confession to the world, as here I write, and sign it, and your father is branded for ever to the world as a —— Spare me the word!

"As I live, as I hope for your forgiveness, long ere that bill became due—it is at five months' date, for 386*l.* 4*s.* 8*d.* value received, and dated from the Temple, on the 4th of July—I passed it to one who promised to keep it until I myself should redeem it! The commission which he charged me was *enormous, rascally*; and not content with the immense interest which he extorted from me, the scoundrel has passed the bill away, and it is in Europe, in the hands of an enemy.

"You remember Tufton Hunt? Yes. You *most justly* chastised him. The wretch lately made his detested appearance in this city, associated with the *lowest of the base*, and endeavoured to resume his old practice of *threats, cajoleries*, and extortions! In a *fatal hour* the villain heard of the bill of which I have warned you. He purchased it from the gambler, to whom it had been passed. As New York was speedily too hot to hold him (*for the unhappy man has even left me to pay his hotel score*) he has fled—and fled to Europe—taking with him that fatal bill, which he says he knows you will pay. Ah! dear Philip, if that bill were but once out of the wretch's hands! What sleepless hours of agony should I be spared! I pray you, I implore you, make every sacrifice to meet it! You will not disown it? No. As you have children of your own—as you love them—you would not willingly let them leave a dishonoured

"FATHER."

"I have a share in a *great medical discovery*, regarding which I have written to our friend, Mrs. Brandon, and which is sure to realize an immense profit, as introduced into England by a physician so well known—may I not say professionally? *respected as myself*. The very first profits resulting from that discovery I promise, on my honour, to devote to you. They will very soon *far more* than repay the loss which my imprudence has brought on my dear boy. Farewell! Love to your wife and little ones.—G. B. F."

## Superstition.

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THE credit obtained by the professors of spirit-rapping, table-turning, and other arts of the same kind amongst the rich, and by fortune-tellers, astrologers, and reputed witches amongst the poor, has lately been made the occasion of complaints more well-founded than consistent. When some trial at the assizes calls attention to the fact that poor people still put a considerable degree of faith in wise women and planet-rulers, we are sure to read numerous leading articles denouncing the gross ignorance which still pervades large sections of the population, and declaring that nothing can deliver us from the scandal of hearing of servants and labourers cheated out of their savings by the tricks of a gipsy except the spread of education. It is by no means uncommon to see in other parts of the same paper what may almost be described as puffs of some ingenious Yankee who is ready to gratify the curiosity of all the lords, ladies, and eminent statesmen in London about the condition of the spirits of their deceased friends and relations, at the charge of a guinea a head. Want of education cannot surely be the condition which enables such men as Mr. Home or Mr. Forster to reap their harvest. Those upon whom they practise have generally had every advantage which wealth and teaching can give; yet all these advantages do not protect them from placing confidence in pretensions immeasurably higher and bolder than those by which a white witch or a gipsy-woman imposes on an ignorant day labourer or a mechanic. Nor is this all. Experience proves that other precautions which it might have been supposed would have been at least as effectual as education against such delusions are in reality of little power. It might have been supposed that the whole atmosphere, social, intellectual, and religious, of the United States was irreconcilably opposed to the spread of superstition. The world does not contain a more shrewd, active, practical population than that of the States, nor one in which the general level of sound education stands so high; yet the believers in spirit-rapping are counted in America by millions, and their belief is practical as well as speculative, for it seems to exercise a considerable degree of influence over the conduct of those who hold it.

Such facts as these inevitably raise the question, What is the nature and source of superstition? If people of high education, and large sections of the shrewdest and most business-like nation in the world, give way to it, can it be a folly? If so, on what grounds are the mass of mankind entitled, even called upon, to regard it in that light? Considering the success of Messrs. Home and Forster on this side of the Atlantic, and the still greater success of their brethren on the other side, what right

has any one to denounce their practices as impostures, and the belief in them as folly? If, on the other hand, Mr. Home is not a mere charlatan, if he really is in connection with the spiritual world, and is *bonâ fide* able to open a communication with it, what right have we to object to the wise women and planet-rulers? If at the command of a well-dressed and well-mannered American, chairs and tables will skip like rams, and ottomans like young sheep, why may not a gipsy be telling the literal truth when she persuades a servant-girl that by burying forty sovereigns of her master's in an old flower-pot in the corner of the garden she may secure the advent of a husband in the shape of a young nobleman, owning half the country, and driving up to the door in a gilt coach, drawn by six cream-coloured horses? The one fact is not a bit less like our previous experience than the other; nor does the circumstance that the American looks like a conventional gentleman, whilst the gipsy is a mere picturesque vagabond, make any real difference in their relative credibility. Some imaginations may incline to the supposition that disembodied spirits favour the swell-mob; others may find it easier to believe that they prefer the pickpocket of common life: the substantial difficulty is in admitting their existence and interference at all in our affairs. When this is once overcome, it is comparatively easy to submit to the authority of the particular person whom they select as the channel of their revelations.

These observations suggest the questions — Whether sensible men usually apply the word Superstition correctly, and are justified in the contempt which they express for the opinions and practices which they describe by that name; and whether, if they are, the prevalence of superstition amongst sensible and educated people can be explained?

It is impossible to give any precise definition of the sense in which the word Superstition is generally used, inasmuch as its signification varies; but the commonest usage of the word is to denote a belief in the direct interference in the ordinary course of events of reasonable creatures other than men and women, unless a belief in such interferences forms part of a religion which the person using the word affirms to be true. Thus Christians would not call a belief in the miracles recorded in Scripture a superstition, because they believe Christianity to be true, and a belief in the truth of these miracles to be a part of it; but Protestants would call a belief in the miracle of the blood of Januarius a superstition, because they believe the system of which it forms a part to be false. This account of the meaning of the word Superstition may appear, at first sight, not to account for its application to such beliefs as a belief in omens, dreams, lucky and unlucky days, or words and the like; but, upon consideration, the connection between them will become apparent. All such beliefs spring from the same root—the notion that some person belonging to a different sphere of creation from ourselves affixes an arbitrary value to some circumstance which would otherwise be (in the etymological sense of the word) insignificant or unmeaning. For instance, the notion that a sudden impression on the mind that something will happen is a proof that

it will happen, can be justified only on the theory (by which it is in point of fact almost always suggested) that some being, friendly or otherwise, has taken this mode of giving information beforehand.

If this meaning is attached to the word Superstition, are those who use it justified in treating with contempt the practices and opinions which it denotes? They usually display their contempt for them by refusing to inquire further into the truth of any opinion, or the propriety of any practice, which they find to involve such a belief; and the question is, whether or not this conduct is wise. It may be desirable, in the first place, to notice shortly the arguments of those who think that it is not. Boswell attributes to Johnson the assertion that all argument is opposed to a belief in apparitions, and that all experience is in its favour; and it may be, and often is said, if experience, on which all our belief ultimately reposes, is in favour of an opinion, why are we to reject it? Are we to shut our minds against every opinion which is startling or unpopular? If so, how can we justify any of the great changes of opinion which have taken place in modern times with so much general advantage? Has not almost every department of life and knowledge been improved and enlarged by changes of which some, at least, were based upon propositions at first sight more startling than those which are involved in the belief that other races of intelligent beings beside our own take part occasionally in human affairs? Is it not the more rational course to keep our minds open to conviction, and not to decide preemptorily that a whole class of assertions is untrue, when, for aught we know to the contrary, they may turn out to contain truths of the greatest importance? This is the most plausible and rational form in which a defender of superstitions can embody his protest against the verdict which the common sense of mankind has passed upon his cause.

Of course the first and most obvious answer to it is, that it is false in fact; that experience is not in favour of the opinions in question; and that the facts alleged as proof that it is are untrue. This answer is probably true, and certainly relevant; but it is one which few people are entitled to give, for the simple reason that they have never examined, and never intend to examine, the alleged facts propounded by the advocates of superstition. They do not derive their incredulity from experience, but receive the allegations which would go to make up experience with incredulity. They disbelieve the assertion that a picture of the Virgin winked, or that Mr. Home flew round the ceiling of the room, not because they are dissatisfied with the evidence, but because they are previously determined that no evidence whatever shall convince them of the fact; and the question is whether this conduct is reasonable, and if so, upon what grounds. The question is by no means an easy one, though, perhaps, there is no better test of the specific difference between those who are and those who are not men of sense, than the degree of energy and real conviction with which it is answered in the affirmative. It is of the highest importance that every reasonable man should utterly repudiate supersti-

tion in all its forms, and though most people are willing enough to do so in practice, notwithstanding the sneaking kindness which is occasionally betrayed for it, comparatively few are acquainted with the reasons on which their repudiation of it must stand. It is, therefore, worth while to draw out into shape the arguments by which the half-instinctive judgment on the subject, usually given so emphatically, may be defended.

It is curious to observe how few people act upon the principle that the formation of their opinions is a matter of practical importance, and that like other practical undertakings it ought to be conducted with a view to existing circumstances. It is an all but universal error to confound together the two distinct questions, "What ought *I* to believe on this subject?" and, "What is the truth on this subject?" and probably nine tenths of the mistakes which are made in life may be traced to this confusion. It is no doubt perfectly true that we can never get beyond our own opinions, and that from the very nature of the world in which we live they, and nothing else, must always be the guides of our conduct in reference to every subject whatever. If we determine to follow the directions of a guide whom we suppose to be infallible (which is probably the nearest approach to an abdication of our own personality that we can make), we are still guided by our own opinion that our guide is infallible; and the only difference is, that we are less frequently reminded of the existence of our intellect than we should be if we used it more frequently or with greater independence. It is also perfectly true that an immensely wide and various experience proves that to believe what is true is the only way to be happy or successful, and that a belief in falsehood, whatever it be—a false religion, a false system of law and medicine, or a false view of the spelling-book or the multiplication-table—sooner or later leads to nothing but confusion, loss, and vexation.

From these two principles, which, though self-evident when stated, are constantly overlooked, it is easy to infer that the question, "What ought *I* to believe?" is identical with the question, "What is true?" but the inference is hasty and incorrect. The "*I*" who is to believe, is in all cases a person placed under the strictest and most inexorable limitations in a thousand different ways. We are limited in regard to time, space, period, country, intellectual capacity, and a thousand other things; and these general limitations affect all our undertakings in some way or other, but none more than the formation of our opinions. If we were free from all the restrictions which the narrow circles of life impose upon us, it would probably be perfectly true that nothing but truth in all its integrity ought to be the object of our opinions. We should believe about everything whatever that which was true, and our thoughts would correspond precisely with that which excited them. Limited and confined as we are, this is impossible. We are tied down to certain parts of truth and to certain modes of arriving at it. There are endless subjects on which we are altogether ignorant. There are, in all probability, ways of obtaining knowledge which lie altogether beyond our experience. In proportion,



therefore, to the degree in which we estimate the importance of truth, we shall be strict in constructing our opinions by the means which experience points out as being those by which the largest proportion of important truth is obtained. Moreover, when we have formed our opinions as carefully as we can, the same considerations will induce us to be tenacious in retaining them, and indisposed to lay them aside, unless the same sort of considerations which led us to form leads us to change them. By the supposition we look upon them as partial and incomplete, but they are all we have—they have been obtained by the best means which we construct. When acting upon them, we are still, it may be, travelling in the dark; but we are at least travelling upon consistent and intelligible principles, and in a more or less definite direction; but if they are cast aside, everything is gone; we are no longer thinking, but guessing; we are vagabonds, and not travellers.

What, then, is the mode in which, experience being the test, we are most likely to acquire a maximum of truth? This differs in different cases. In some instances the common opinion of those amongst whom we live is the best guide we can have. This, for example, is the case in regard to simple facts of general notoriety in which people have no motive to deceive. Suppose, for example, a man wishes to know the way from Harrow to London, or *vice versâ*. If a number of different people all agree in pointing out a particular road, the probability that they are telling the truth is so great that any one would act upon it without hesitation, if his life depended on his being correct. So the fact that scores of people agree that the specific collection of streets and houses in which they are living constitute the city of Oxford, would be the best possible proof that that town really was Oxford, and no other. There are other points on which special professional knowledge is the best evidence which can be obtained. For example, if a man is ill, he goes to a doctor; if he is served with a writ, he goes to a lawyer; if he wants to build a house, he goes to an architect. This is because certain departments of knowledge have been collected, as it were, into particular receptacles, with the contents of which only a certain number of people, set apart for that purpose, are familiar. The degree of deference which is paid to the members of a particular profession, in their own art, and the degree of respect which is due to the opinion of individual members of the profession, vary according to the standing of the profession itself, and according to the impression made by the individual member of it on the person who consults him. For example, three hundred years ago a man of sense would probably have paid infinitely less respect to the opinion of a medical man than he would give in the present day, and even now he would attribute greater authority to surgical than to medical opinions.

Between the common knowledge which is the property of all the world, and the scientific knowledge which is the exclusive possession of a special class set apart for the purpose, lies a large province, in which it is infinitely

more difficult to say what guide a man ought to choose who wishes to believe a maximum of truth and a minimum of error. How ought we, for example, keeping this object in view, to form our opinions in politics, in matters of honour and morality, in matters which concern the conduct of life, in short, in everything which is neither matter of notoriety nor matter of science; and how are we to form our opinion as to what is and what is not matter of notoriety or of science? To answer this question completely would be to write a treatise on all human knowledge. Probably it will never be answered completely, but every one who cares to do so may, if he pleases, obtain answers on detached parts of the subject. The principal interest of the inquiry into the way in which a wise man would regulate his thoughts on superstition arises from the fact that it furnishes an excellent illustration of the way in which such opinions ought to be formed.

What, then, are the reasons on which a wise man would reject as incredible, and without inquiry into the facts, all supernatural stories? In the first place, he would consider what department of knowledge they belonged to, and what was the best evidence as to matters included in that department. This is a necessary preliminary to submitting them to the test which is appropriate to the class to which they belong. To what class, then, might supernatural stories be referred? This will depend on a question of great importance, which can only be glanced at here in the most transient manner. They may or may not be connected with a recognized religion; and as this is or is not the case they will belong to different classes. First, suppose that they are. In this case their credit will depend on two circumstances, the degree of credit due to the religion with which they are connected, and the degree and mode in which they are connected with it. The question how men ought to be guided in forming their religious opinions, is infinitely too wide and solemn for these pages; but assuming that a man has some religious convictions, and has been led, no matter how, to believe in the truth of some religious doctrines, he no doubt has introduced a supernatural element into his belief, and he must not shrink from believing in the truth of particular facts shown to be connected in principle with his religious belief, and supported by positive evidence. No one would say that a theist was superstitious who entertained the question whether in fact the miraculous incidents of the Christian creed had taken place. It would be unfair, on the other hand, to say that an atheist was incredulous if he refused to discuss the subject, on the ground that his atheism rendered it immaterial to him whether or not certain strange events happened long ago. This distinction is old and well recognized, and forms the basis of Paley's answer to *Hume's Essay on Miracles*. So a Protestant might fairly refuse to enter upon the question of the truth, in point of fact, of Roman Catholic miracles, because he denies the principles on which they are affirmed to be credible; but it would be otherwise with a Roman Catholic, unless, indeed, he thought that his creed had no connection with them, and did not in any way depend upon or refer to them.

Suppose, however, that—as usually happens—the supernatural stories in question have no connection with any religion whatever, to what department of opinion does belief or disbelief of them belong in that case? It does not belong to the department of opinions respecting notorious facts, for it is of the essence of such stories that they should be strange and almost unexampled; nor do they belong to the department of science, for no one has ever claimed to reduce them to order and system. They are mere unconnected matters of fact. The fact that a ghost appeared to a man and said Good-morning is, if true, a fact standing as much by itself as the fact that on a particular bush there is a prodigious gooseberry, or that the Countess of Desmond had 365 children; and it may be asked whether there are any general rules at all about belief in matters of fact—whether it is not universally true that our belief in matters of fact depends exclusively upon the evidence of our own senses, or the evidence which other people give us as to the impressions made on their senses. This question is important, and the answer to it is far from being generally well understood; indeed it involves several important and intricate considerations.

The statement that any alleged fact is incredible, and that a wise man ought to refuse to hear evidence in favour of it, may appear at first sight inconsistent with the theory that all our knowledge is derived from experience, and it would be so if the proposition were laid down without any qualification as to time, place, and person. It is perfectly consistent with the doctrine that the great mass of mankind, including every one who is not willing to devote his life to a special study of the subject, ought, in order to obtain the maximum of truth attainable by them, to reject as incredible, without further inquiry, every story involving supernatural agency. No doubt experience, or evidence—which is only another word for the same thing—might prove anything. It might prove that two and two make five. Suppose, for example, that every one who ever went to China said that in China two and two made five; suppose that all books written upon the subject constantly asserted and assumed the same thing; suppose that numbers of Chinese calculations and accounts were produced which all proceeded on that principle; and suppose, lastly, that a man whose attention had been attracted by these strange circumstances went to China, learned the language, travelled all over the country, mixed with the people in every relation of life, and found in every instance that two and two did make five, and that if he assumed that they made four, he was involved in exactly the same sort of inextricable confusion as he would be involved in in other parts of the world by assuming that they made five. Suppose that whenever he put two pair of shoes on the ground there were five shoes; that whenever he considered two pairs of corners of a square table, five corners were brought under his contemplation; that, in a word, the result to his mind of bringing together two pairs of things of any kind always was to give him the impression, not of four, but of five. If every one else always did the same, he could not possibly

resist the conclusion that in China two and two made five, though elsewhere they made four.

The question what evidence *might* prove is one thing, what it *has* proved is quite another. We believe that two and two make four, and should utterly disregard the evidence of any man who said that on a particular occasion they made five; not because no evidence could show that they made five, but because a mass of evidence has proved that they make four—evidence which is pressed upon us at every moment of our lives, which is confirmed and reinforced as often as we see the corners of a sheet of paper, or meet four men in the street. The truth is, that experience is something more than the recollection of an infinite multiplicity of facts. It is a set of unconscious generalizations founded on particular facts which pass from our recollection, and leave behind them the conclusions which we have drawn standing by their own weight, as an arch stands on its own principles after the removal of the centering on which it was raised. It is the aggregate of these general conclusions of which our experience is really composed, and we are right in putting infinitely more confidence in them than in any particular statement of fact, because they rest on an infinitely wider basis, and are corroborated by millions of circumstances, each of which we have tested by them with satisfactory results.

It may be asked how a general conclusion can be in any way brought into comparison with the statement of a particular fact, and whether to oppose a general conclusion to a fact is not to fall into the error of opposing the superstructure to the foundation? This is an extremely plausible objection, but in reality it is not well founded, or rather it does not apply to the subject under consideration. No one would admit that he opposed a general conclusion to a fact. Of course if there be any one fact really inconsistent with any general conclusion whatever, that conclusion must be untrue. What may be fairly done is to oppose, not a general conclusion to a particular fact, but one conclusion to another; and every statement of fact, nay, in strictness, almost every word that we use, involves an inference, and in contradicting any statement made to us, we may contradict either the theory which it assumes, or the fact which it alleges. For example, when a man says, "I see a tree," he lays down several different theories, each of which is the result of much experience. The word "I" embodies an inference—the inference which we all draw from the facts of our own memory and consciousness that there is a specific individual answering to that designation, and distinct from the successive thoughts and sensations which he feels and remembers. The word "tree" embodies the inference that there is a specific individual thing which gives unity to the different phenomena of shape, colour, &c. which impress our senses. Each of these theories is commonly accepted, and believed, because it enables us to understand a vast mass of experience which is constantly passing before us. So that when a man says, "I see a tree," he asserts several indisputable theories, but only one particular fact—namely,

that certain familiar impressions are made on his sense of sight, closely resembling other impressions made on the senses of other people. Hence if we deny the truth of his statement in general, we are always supposed to deny the matter of fact which he asserts, and not the theories which he assumes. Suppose, however, that he said, "I saw a ghost:" he appears to be stating a fact; but, in fact, he is drawing an inference, and an inference founded upon a theory which he would find it exceedingly hard to support. He asserts in effect that there are a class of beings called ghosts; that these beings are or may be capable of being seen; that certain impressions were made on his sense of sight, and that these impressions were produced by one of the beings so called. The only matter of fact which he states in all this is, that certain impressions were made on his sense of sight. The rest is all theory; and when the general conclusion that there are no ghosts is opposed to his specific assertion that he saw one, it is opposed, not to the matter of fact which he states, but to the theory in support of which he alleges it. Thus the opposition is not between theory and fact, but between a theory built upon innumerable facts and a theory built on a single one.

This is the true explanation of the general condemnation of supernatural stories, of which the advocates of superstition are apt to complain as of an injustice. The fact is, that our knowledge is composed almost exclusively of theories, so familiar and so closely interwoven with our very thoughts, and with language, which is the only vehicle of our thoughts, that we are apt to overlook the fact that they are theories, and to suppose that they are facts. Thus an alleged fact may properly be considered incredible, and put on one side without examination of the particular evidence adduced in support of it, if the tacit theories on which the allegation is based are themselves opposed to those which other parts of our experience have tacitly established. When a man denies the truth of a ghost story without examining it, what he means to say is something of this sort: "Without dissecting your statement in such a manner as to show how much of it states matter of fact and how much states matter of theory, and without saying whether I believe so much of it as states facts, or whether I agree with any, and which part of your theories, I assert that the statement contains theories inconsistent with other theories of my own, resting on a wider basis; and, therefore, I disbelieve the statement as you make it."

If it be asked what the theories are which are inconsistent with a belief that rational beings other than men and women do interfere with the common course of events, in the same or a similar manner to that in which men and women interfere with them, the answer is, that nearly every theory that we have does so—theories on which we act with unhesitating confidence on occasions of the most tremendous importance. Suppose a man missed a 10*l.* note from his desk, and suppose that he knew that the desk had not been moved from the position in which it was placed when the note was safe, would he not feel perfectly certain that

some one must have taken the note? If he found it in another person's pocket, would not he conclude, and would not any jury conclude, that that person had stolen it, unless he could give some account of it? No one in any practical matter would hesitate to say the note could not get out of one man's purse into another's unless some one had put it there. Yet this inference depends entirely on the suppositions that the note cannot move itself, and that no other rational beings, except men and women can, or at all events do, move desks from place to place. If a man knows a secret, does any one doubt that either he found it out, or some one who knew told him? Would any one in common life, and for any practical purpose, entertain for a single instant the supposition that he was told of it by a ghost, either of the original white sheet and fiery eye denomination, or of the less picturesque rapping species? No jury would hesitate for a moment to hang a man upon a doubt whether ghosts might not have interfered with the evidence. No reasonable creature would allow such a consideration to suspend his judgment for a single instant in any important matter which he might have to transact.

Once admit the interference of supernatural agents and all these inferences are vitiated, for people cannot consistently play fast and loose with such a belief. They cannot play with their opinions, and introduce ghosts into their intellectual furniture, for the sake of explaining a few odd stories which are of no real importance, and then exclude them from their calculations in all the other affairs of life. The true position of supernatural incidents, philosophically considered, is simply that of odd stories. They prove nothing whatever; and if they were more numerous and better authenticated than they are, they never would prove anything, until they were found to point to some general conceptions by the help of which some considerable part of the every-day facts of life could be explained and conveniently classified. Supernatural incidents fall between two stools. Either they violate that course of nature and chain of incident from the classified descriptions of which all our knowledge is derived—and in that case they cannot be described by any terms which we can use, and are therefore incredible,—or else they form part of it, and then they are not supernatural. Our minds are framed to understand, and our language is fitted to describe, a certain set of things. We may heap up words about other matters which do not fall within our range, but they come to nothing. Such phrases must be either awkward ways of describing familiar things, or else they must refer to matters of which we are ignorant; and in either case they are not proper objects of belief.

A question nearly connected with that of belief in supernatural incidents is belief in mere strange stories. Suppose a man were to say, I know nothing of ghosts or rapping spirits, but I assert that I saw a chair, which I have used for many years, rise from the floor without being touched, stand on the table, and gesticulate with its arms and legs like a man making a speech. At the same time I heard a voice which appeared to me to proceed from a particular spot in the back of the chair,



and which delivered an argument about the education controversy. This took place on three successive nights in a house completely empty, and at a distance from any other building, all the doors and windows being carefully fastened. Such a statement would, no doubt, consist entirely of allegations of fact, and would involve no other theories than those in which all mankind would agree with the person who made it. If, therefore, it were contradicted at all, the fact, and not the theories assumed by the narrator, would be disputed. Suppose that the statement were made by a considerable number—four or five—of perfectly sane and credible people, all speaking under the most tremendous sanctions and against the strongest private interest, leading them to deny what they affirmed; on what principle ought their assertion to be dealt with? Ought it to be believed or not? That, in point of fact, it would be widely believed, is pretty certain. It is difficult to exaggerate the degree in which people are conscious of the narrow range of their own experience, or of the weakness of the grasp with which they hold their opinions. The great majority of the world set hardly any store at all on their opinions, and are only too glad to find any one who will stir up their imaginations by telling them an extraordinary story. What people ought to think under such circumstances is another question, nor is it so trifling a one, or so merely a matter of curiosity as it may possibly appear to be at first sight. The illustration is intentionally made as broad and staring as possible, in order to raise the question, what is the dead weight, so to speak, of human testimony? How much improbability will it overcome when it is entitled to as much credit as mere direct assertion can deserve? This is a question which often occurs in a less startling shape in practical life. Suppose, for example, this case. A husband and wife deeply attached to each other, and never having been known to quarrel, are walking on the edge of a cliff; the wife falls down and is killed. A man at once gives the husband in charge for murder, and swears he saw him push her over. Suppose both the witness and the accused to be men of irreproachable character, and that, from circumstances, the witness could not be mistaken, so that the question is between murder and perjury, and that under circumstances making the guilt worse than ordinary murder. Such questions are extremely difficult, and the first difficulty in dealing with them is to discover any principle on which they can be made to depend. It is commonly said that they present the case of a balance of opposite improbabilities. It is improbable that six credible witnesses should lie against their own interests, and it is also improbable that a chair should move and speak. It is improbable that an affectionate husband should murder his wife without a motive, and it is equally improbable that a man of excellent character should try to murder an utter stranger equally without a motive, and in a manner most painful and inconvenient to himself. These improbabilities, it is said, must be weighed, and the least weighty must be believed. The plausibility of such proposals conceals the fact that they are really useless. The improbabilities cannot be reduced to a com-

mon measure, so that one can be said to be greater than the other. To do so, is to try to measure the distance from one o'clock to London Bridge.

Such questions are, in their own department, like extreme cases in morality. Loyalty, it is said, is a duty; but there are cases in which men ought to rebel. Truth is a duty, but there may be cases in which men ought to lie. If this is true, it is because morality exists for the purpose of producing general happiness, and because, in some particular instances, general happiness is promoted by a direct calculation of the effects of a particular action, and not by referring it to general rules. In precisely the same way extreme cases, like those just put, carry us back to the ultimate nature and grounds of belief. Why do we believe anything at all? Because belief is essential to action; and because a desire to act in some way or other is one of the ultimate facts of our nature, beyond which we cannot go. But why do we believe one thing rather than another, and especially truth rather than falsehood? Because experience shows us that believing the truth produces every sort of benefit, whilst believing falsehoods produces nothing but confusion, perplexity, and discomfort. If people found it as convenient to believe that twice two made five, as that it makes four, as many people would believe the one as the other. Hence the ultimate reason for believing what is true is, that experience shows that it is beneficial to do so. In all ordinary cases truth ought to be the sole object of our belief, because an enormously wide experience proves that it is wise and beneficial in the end, and, with regard to the happiness of the world at large, and to the general course of events, to follow truth under all circumstances, and at the expense of any conceivable amount of sacrifice and present discomfort. In cases, however, where we cannot discover the truth, we must revert to first principles, and believe that branch of the alternative presented to us which, upon the whole, it seems most desirable that we should believe. In the supposed case of the murder, for example, a jury would probably do well to acquit, on the ground that it would be a less evil to hurt the feelings of an honest witness and let a crime go unpunished, than to hang an innocent man. Whether the wife's family ought to take the same view, would depend entirely on the question of the nature of their relations to the widower. They might say—We will not run the risk of countenancing the murderer of our daughter or sister, we will do him no harm, and bear him no malice, but we will never see him again. On the other hand, they might say—We have trusted and loved this man, his children are, in a great measure, dependent on our care and tenderness; we will acquit him in our own minds, and view him with pity and kindness as the victim of a fearful calamity. Either of these courses they might take, on the express ground that the truth of the matter was entirely doubtful, without going so far as to assert that his guilt in the one case, or his innocence in the other, was established to their satisfaction.

In the case of mere marvels reported on good authority, the presumption is always in favour of not believing. It would be a real calamity to believe that a chair walked and talked, unless it really did; and it could do but little harm not to believe it if it did, for it is impossible to say what such an occurrence would prove, supposing it true. As to the credit of the witnesses, it is to be observed that not to believe a story is one thing, to disbelieve those who tell it is another. Belief is a state of mind; and we hear millions of assertions which do not throw our minds into a state of belief. Though we do not exactly disbelieve them, we do not believe that which they assert. The way in which we listen to the conversation of a man who is more or less of a liar is an instance of this. Such a man says, "I lent so-and-so 20*l*." If the man has no particular reason for lying on that occasion, we do not trouble ourselves to determine in our own minds that his story is a lie, but still we do not believe the story. It was once said of a notorious liar,—“If he told me it was raining, I should look out of the window.” That is, I should not at once conclude that it was not raining—I should not believe he had lied; but, on the other hand, I should not believe that what he said was true, till I saw it for myself. Take away the opportunity for verification, and this exactly describes the state of mind in which a reasonable man ought to be placed by credible witnesses telling an incredible story. “The gentleman says he would not have believed it unless he had seen it, and no more will I.” The whole subject of supernatural stories may be summed up in one phrase: In so far as they are strange, they ought not to be believed; in so far as they are supernatural, they ought to be disbelieved.

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## The Great Naval Revolution.\*

THAT "Further Reconstruction of the Navy" which, in December last, we showed to be urgently necessary, has since been so greatly stimulated by the exploits of the *Merrimac* and *Monitor* in Hampton-roads, that all the world has come suddenly to demand it energetically. We then suggested that our persistence in building unplated frigates, corvettes, and smaller vessels of wood, was in the highest degree improvident, and urged that the causes which had compelled us to substitute iron-cased vessels for combustible wooden ships in our lines-of-battle, likewise rendered the protection of our smaller craft imperative. We also questioned the propriety of spending millions of money upon fixed fortresses at Spithead, when the invulnerability of iron-cased vessels at considerable ranges had been demonstrated, and when also it was well known that the same money, if expended upon sea-going ships, would give us the power of blockading all the ports of an enemy.

We revert to these statements with the view of enforcing, by repetition, important principles to which everybody is just now assenting; but which many would be extremely prone to forget in the event of a truce being called in America, or a reduction in the French fleets taking place. And, further, we revert to them because, in connection with them, we gave consideration to another vital question, upon the answer to which the success or failure of our future naval policy will inevitably depend: viz., How far shall we be justified in expending our treasures upon the construction of mere coast-defence vessels, which are incapable of bearing our flag across the seas, and of vindicating our honour upon foreign shores?

Every one who has dispassionately observed the progress of naval changes during the last two or three years, must have discerned that the direct tendency of all that has happened during this period in France and America, has been to lure us from our glorious course in the last Continental war, and to concentrate our thoughts and energies upon coast defences.

If any reader should doubt that this is the present tendency of affairs, a glance at the accompanying engravings will enable him to compare the past with the future character of such ships as the *Royal Sovereign* and

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\* Since this article has been in type we have learnt, with great satisfaction, that a design for sea-going iron-plated vessels of moderate dimensions has been approved by the Admiralty, and the construction of such vessels will be proceeded with at once in the Royal Dockyard.

*Duke of Wellington.* Figs. 1 and 2 represent these ships as they were, and as they will appear when cased with iron. Fig. 3 is an exact outline

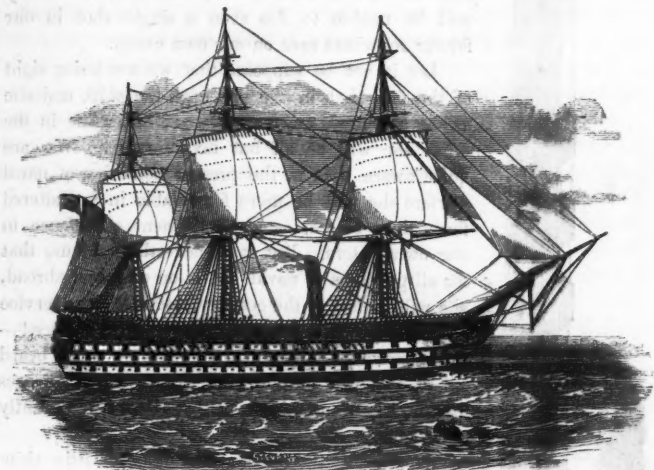


Fig. 1. THE ROYAL SOVEREIGN AS SHE WAS.

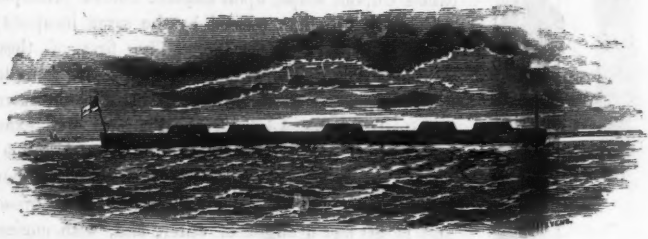


Fig. 2. THE ROYAL SOVEREIGN AS SHE IS TO BE.

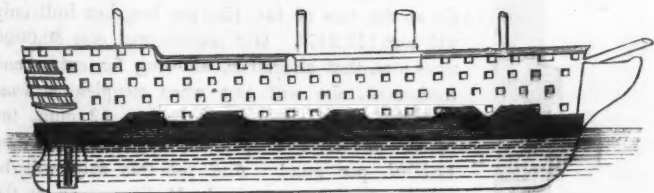


Fig. 3.

of the original ship placed above the hull in its *improved* form. As first built, these majestic ships carried each 131 guns, which they were capable

of bearing to any part of the globe; in their future state they will carry *ten* at most, and probably only *five*—one under each shield; and with these they will be unable to fire even a single shot in our favour anywhere save on our own coasts.

Let it not be supposed that we are losing sight of the fact that in the one case the ship, majestic as she appeared, was very destructible, while in the other she will be all but invulnerable. We are quite aware that in the present condition of naval warfare she will be more formidable in her altered form than before, as an instrument of defence in our own waters. But it is nevertheless true, that for all purposes of naval dominion or power abroad, she will be lost to the country, and will be of service to us only when—Heaven avert the disgrace!—other nations have so far mastered us as to beard us in our own harbours—a thing which for ages past no Englishman has ever thought of complacently until now.

Nor is it these converted line-of-battle ships only that will be useless to us abroad. We have lately commenced to issue contracts for what are called Cupola ships, upon Captain Coles's principle, which will be characterized by the same incapacity to perform foreign service. The first of these vessels is now in course of building by Mr. Samuda, from designs prepared with great care by the naval architects of the Admiralty. We here give exact drawings of her in the engravings (figs. 4 and 5), which present a side view and a view of her bow respectively. She will be 240 feet long, 48 broad, and of 20 feet draught of water, and, with engines of 500 horse-power, will steam at about  $10\frac{1}{2}$  knots. Her tonnage is 2,530 tons, and as she is to be paid for at the rate of 44*l.* 15*s.* per ton, her hull only will cost 113,217*l.* Her engines will cost 30,000*l.* more; so that altogether, allowing for extras and equipment, she will cost when complete at least 150,000*l.* As she will carry but 12 guns, the nation will have to pay for her at the rate of 12,500*l.* per gun! And yet this ship will be utterly valueless to us in the Mediterranean, on the coasts of America, in the Baltic, or on any foreign shore. The ships with which we won our naval renown abroad cost us 1,000*l.* per gun; now we



Fig. 5. THE ADMIRALTY CUPOLA SHIP.

Fig. 4.



have come to pay more than twelve times as much for vessels that at best can only benefit us in a last extremity.

No one can doubt, then, that this question of iron ships for coast defence, as compared with sea-going ships, is one of vital importance; and in view of it we are entitled to ask if our new ships cannot be made fit to go to sea, and if something cannot be done in the way of plating our noble line-of-battle ships and frigates sufficiently for practical purposes, still leaving them capable of asserting our rights on foreign shores? If this can be done—and we believe, not without good reason, that it can—then the power of sending them abroad will be an immense gain to us, while it will in no degree detract from their efficiency to defend our home ports, if need be. If it cannot be, or is not accomplished, then, we ask, what is to be done in order to maintain our naval superiority, which was so hardly won by our Blakes and Nelsons, which has been so valuable to us, and for which both France and America are now strenuously and hopefully competing? If it be said that the construction of iron-cased sea-going fleets is to be simultaneously carried on, we have no objection to offer—except this, that our naval expenditure must henceforth be doubled! It must be recollected that hitherto our sea-going ships have been our real defences, because they have blockaded the enemy in his own ports, and so kept him from our shores. Unless we deliberately, not to say wantonly, abandon our supremacy, this will be the case still; and if it be, we are wholly unable to comprehend the policy of building fleets of costly ships adapted for home use only, and converting our three-deckers into craft of a like kind. There can be no objection to the construction and conversion of a few such vessels to take the place of, or to support, shore batteries; and beyond that we certainly have not gone at present. But we are clearly in great danger of rushing to an extreme in this respect; and if this be done, then we have but the alternative left to us—either we must give up a sea-going war navy altogether, or we must bear the expense of providing and maintaining two totally distinct navies simultaneously. We cannot accept either of these results with equanimity. We can see no cause for hauling down the old flag that has so long braved the breeze as well as the battle; nor can we see any necessity for so immense a demand upon the Treasury as a doubled naval expenditure would create.

If we turn from these general considerations to notice more closely the recent conflicts between the *Merrimac* and *Monitor* in American waters, and the still more recent experiments with heavy artillery at Shoeburyness, we discover no cause for abandoning our ascendancy at sea, or for building an immense fleet of coast-defence vessels. The exploits of the *Merrimac* certainly afforded valuable evidence of the destructive effects which may be produced by an iron-plated ram upon a wooden ship, both by the fire of her guns and the shock of her bow; but nothing unexpected was developed by her. We have all known perfectly well that even the shot fire of modern ordnance is very destructive to an unprotected hull of wood, and that its shell fire is much more so; and we

have all believed that a heavy iron-plated vessel might run with impunity against the sides of such a hull—especially of the hull of an American-built ship—and breach it in the most dangerous manner. All this the *Merrimac* has distinctly confirmed. She has also proved a still more important fact, and one which bears impressively upon the subject of home defences; for she has shown that with very meagre resources it is perfectly practicable to convert a wooden ship into an engine of a most formidable character, to defend the harbours of an intelligent and energetic people when invaded by a hostile fleet. If our information concerning the armour placed upon this vessel be correct, the Confederates deserve great credit for the ingenuity with which they utilized the rude materials at hand in producing it. They took a quantity of railway metals (probably worn out as rails, but if so, less useful for their new purpose), and placed

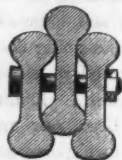


Fig. 6.

them together in groups of threes, thus (fig. 6):—fastening them together by bolts and nuts, as shown. The bars thus formed they placed upon a sloping backing, composed, first of a layer of 12-inch yellow pine, and then of two layers of 4-inch oak, crossing each other. Upon the outer layer of oak the bars were firmly fastened, the rounded heads of the rails being exposed to the enemy. There can be little doubt that such an armour, although very defective in many respects, formed an admirable protection against the shot and shell of the Federals, fired, as they were, with low charges of powder. If it be true, however, that a few of the *Monitor's* shot effected a passage into the *Merrimac*, we need not be at all astonished at the circumstance.

With respect to the *Monitor*, her success, such as it has been, was due in a great measure to a combination of fortuitous circumstances—most

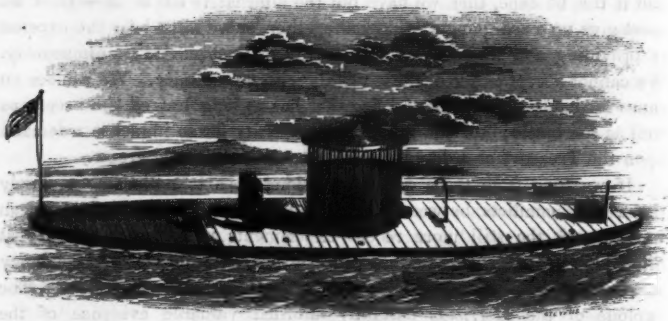


Fig. 7. THE MONITOR.

of all to the fact that the *Merrimac* was weak in precisely the very part where strength was indispensable for running down such a craft as her antagonist. Before elucidating this point it may be well to describe the *Monitor* by aid of the accompanying engraving (fig. 7), which is taken from

an American scientific journal.\* In that publication, however, the *Monitor* is shown to be moving in the wrong direction, owing, probably, to an error on the part of the artist; but the engraving here given is, we believe, correct. The vessel is formed with an upper hull 174 feet long, and 41 feet 4 inches wide, having vertical sides, and a lower hull or bottom considerably shorter and narrower. The upper hull being 5 feet deep, and projecting only 1 foot 6 inches above the water, it is supposed that its sides, which are formed of 30 inches of oak and 6 inches of iron, will effectually guard the bottom from injury by shot. The propeller and rudder, being under the projecting end of the upper section of the vessel, are also protected in the same way. The guns, of which there are two, are placed side by side in a revolving, upright cylindrical turret formed of rolled 1-inch plates bolted together to the thickness of 8 inches. It is 20 feet in diameter, internally, and 9 feet high, and is turned round at pleasure by means of a small steam-engine. The turret itself, and the mode of mounting the guns within it, and of supporting and turning the whole, are in all essential respects similar to Captain Coles's inventions; with the single exception that the *Monitor's* turret is an upright cylinder, instead of being conical, like that of Captain Coles. Upon the side of the turret, in which are the ports, the thickness of iron is increased by an additional plating 3 inches in thickness, making the shield presented to the enemy 11 inches thick. The turret is also pierced in four different places with holes for the insertion of telescopes, and just outside of the holes reflectors are fixed, to bend the ray of light which comes in a direction parallel with the guns through the axis of the telescope. "The sailing-master," we are told, "takes his position in the turret with his eye to the telescope and his hand upon the wheel that governs the motion of the small engine, and turns the turret so as to keep the guns always directed with absolute precision to the object against which the fire is directed. A scale is also arranged for adjusting the elevation of the guns with similar engineering precision, and it would seem that the firing should be directed with unprecedented accuracy." The engraving represents the battery as ready for sea. In preparing for action, the awning over the turret is removed, and the square chimneys, as well as the short ventilating pipes, are taken down. The small square tower at the bow is the wheel-house in which the helmsman stands. It is made of bars of iron 9 inches by 12, interlocked at the corners.

Now there are four methods at least by which such a craft as this may be advantageously attacked. In the first place, solid shot discharged with a heavy charge of powder, at a very short range, would knock the turret to pieces. Superposed plates of thin iron, like those which Mr. Ericsson has here adopted, have been found incapable of resisting shot so well as solid forged plates of much less thickness. An ordinary 68-pounder fired with the heaviest permissible charge of powder would probably

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\* *The Scientific American*, New Series, No. 12, Vol. vi.

destroy both the turret and the hull of the *Monitor*. 'Again, she is manifestly exposed to the attack of boarders, provided with powder-bags, &c., as was well and sufficiently shown in an ingenious letter published in *The Times* of April 11. Thirdly, she may be easily and utterly destroyed by another and heavier vessel with a sloping prow riding over and sinking her. It may be said that this mode of assault was tried by the *Merrimac* and failed. But—and here we come to the special weakness before mentioned—it seems pretty certain that at the point where the *Merrimac* struck the *Monitor*, just above the water-line, the timber stem of the ship was protected but very imperfectly, so that the *Merrimac* herself sustained the injury of the blow. In fact it would seem that the sharp edge of the *Monitor's* side cut deeply into the stem of the wooden ship; for in several of the accounts that have reached us it has been stated that the bow of the latter was stove in: indeed, Mr. Stimers, the engineer of the *Monitor*, in a letter to Mr. Ericsson, expressly says, "her bow passed over our deck, and our sharp upper-edged side cut through the light iron shoe upon her stem and well into her oak." He adds, "she will not try that again;" but upon that point we entertain a very grave doubt. We think it extremely probable that she will try it again, and with a very excellent chance of success; provided that the bow is strengthened with massive iron, sloped so as to tread her puny foe beneath her. It should be remembered that a mere weight of less than 250 tons imposed upon the *Monitor* would completely immerse her, and cause her to sink like a stone. The insignificance of this weight, when compared with that of large vessels, may be inferred from the fact that the *Merrimac* weighs from four to five thousand tons; while, according to a statement made by Sir John Pakington a few weeks ago, the *Warrior* might take in more than one thousand tons of water, and yet sink only about two feet below her present load water-line. The probability indeed is, that if the *Warrior* ran at full speed over the *Monitor*, the latter would be trodden down by the monster almost without checking its advance. There remains yet another effectual method of destroying the *Monitor*, and that consists in bursting in her bottom beneath her upper armour-cased hull. This bottom is formed of only half-inch iron, and would yield instantly to the butt of any powerful ram whatever. Nor must it be supposed this is by any means an improbable method of attack, for several of the ships already built by the Admiralty have been specially provided with a long submarine beak, extending forward from the ship for the express purpose of crushing in the bottoms of ships in their most vulnerable part, viz., beneath the lower edge of the armour-plating. The cupola ship, shown in figs. 4 and 5, will also be provided with a similar contrivance.

While remarking upon the American iron vessels, we will add here a few words about that celebrated *Stevens' Battery*, which was the first iron-cased ship ever commenced, and although she has already cost 140,000*l.*, Congress has just granted 100,000*l.* more for her completion.

This singular vessel was very well described at a recent meeting of the Institution of Naval Architects, by Mr. Norman Scott Russell, of Milwall, to whose excellent drawings we are indebted for the accompanying engraving (figs. 8 and 9). The vessel is formed with sides very much inclined; her guns are unprotected, and are loaded from below, through the muzzle, which is made susceptible of depression for that purpose. When taken into action, she is to have 900 tons of water admitted into her, in order to sink her unprotected parts beyond the reach of shot. She is to be furnished with two screw propellers and peculiar engines, and is intended to steam at fourteen knots. It was part of her original (and is still a part of the present) design to employ her as a ram, for which purpose the *Merrimac* has proved so effective. It should be remembered, however, that it would be less easy to run down a ship under steam than it was to steam against a couple of sailing ships lying at rest. It may be added that the *Naugatuck* is a miniature *Stevens' Battery*.

With all these American devices before us, together with some others of more doubtful character, it is impossible to feel that we are indebted to them for any very valuable suggestions. From the actual combats of Federal and Confederate vessels of novel kinds we have derived, and shall perhaps continue to derive, information that we may turn to good uses; but it seems evident that these *Merrimacs* and *Monitors*, *Stevens' Batteries* and *Naugatucks*, are, at the best, inventions suited only to a species of warfare which we, by wisdom and foresight, may easily avert: certainly they are in no respect superior to such engines as we ourselves could, and should, have produced, had we been called upon to wage desperate warfare in our own harbours.

It cannot be doubted, however, that an entire revolution has to be forthwith wrought throughout the navy of Great Britain, and that a more tremendous responsibility than ever previously befel a British Admiralty in a time of peace, has been suddenly imposed upon the Duke of Somerset and his coadjutors. If ever there was a period when this country needed wise, prompt, and enterprising men at the head of its naval affairs, this certainly

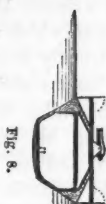


Fig. 8.



Fig. 9. THE AMERICAN STEVENS' BATTERY.

is such a time. Almost at a single touch, that magnificent steam sea-going navy upon which we have been for years past lavishing our millions, has been virtually dissolved, and the mighty arm which we extended at will across oceans and beyond continents has been paralysed. Within a hundred miles of our coast a warlike and inscrutable sovereign is organizing his mailed squadrons, which, at present, are superior in number, and not greatly inferior in quality, to our own; and yonder, over the Atlantic, a fierce Republic is baptizing in blood and fire novel engines of destruction with names that import warning and menace to us. From the public press, and even from Parliament, uncertain cries go forth, clamouring for changes which amount to a revolution in every element of naval practice. Every step that is taken is sharply criticised by irresponsible persons, and in the general turmoil one can readily discern individual interests and personal ambitions rising to the surface; while over all is heard the boom and crash of that tremendous instrument which at Shoeburyness a few days ago shattered even our trust in our iron-clad defences. At such a time, and under such circumstances, if ever, we surely need wise and vigorous guidance.

The duty of the Admiralty Board at this crisis is clearly twofold. They have to examine in the most searching manner the real character of the iron-cased ships already built or ordered by them, looking no less eagerly for their defects than for their merits; and they have to hasten the construction of new vessels of approved structure for sea-going purposes, weighing such practical suggestions as competent persons anywhere and everywhere may offer. We cannot but believe that the former portion of their task has been greatly facilitated by the honest and outspoken criticisms upon the *Warrior's* design which Captain Halsted has published. It may be true that this gallant officer has urged his objections too vehemently, and that he has made but little allowance for the peculiar circumstances under which she, as the first iron-cased British frigate, was produced; but it seems pretty certain that he has detected and exhibited whatever defects the ship possesses; and, as it is in the highest degree desirable that the Admiralty should be fully enlightened upon these points, we, notwithstanding our great admiration of the *Warrior*, think Captain Halsted has performed a very serviceable, although ungracious task.

It is in shaping their future course that the Admiralty will experience extremest difficulties, and incur a more perilous responsibility. If they should so read their duty as to suppose that they have little to do beyond building and converting a fleet suited only for home defence, they may proceed smoothly for a brief period, but only to encounter a certain and terrible storm hereafter. We feel assured that, whatever may be the momentary impression, the British nation will not be content to see its power upon the ocean decline, without strenuous efforts to maintain it. Nor is there any reason that it should. We fearlessly assert that nothing whatever has happened that should make us think so much of our ports



and so little of our possessions, so much of our mere security and so little of our honour and renown. The introduction of iron armour into navies need have no such result. We repeat what we have before said in this magazine, and affirm that we can with ease build iron-plated vessels of all sizes and classes, fit to perform service in any and every part of the world. About the practicability of building large ships of this description, no one has any doubt; and as regards small vessels, we have ourselves indicated\* how these may be constructed, either of wood or of iron.

We do not fear, however, that the Board of Admiralty and the present Controller of the Navy are likely to go far wrong, even in their present exigent circumstances. We believe them to be as free from prejudice as any set of men can be, and they are devoted to their work. We should grieve to add to their embarrassments by any strictures upon their proceedings, unless there existed the strongest reasons for opposing them. But we must urge them to keep us strong upon the open sea, and to resist those home apprehensions and foreign lures which would make us cower henceforth in our harbours.

Nor do we urge this without cause; for it is a well known, although but little considered, fact, that while both France and America have built, and are building, numerous small iron-cased vessels of various classes, the British Government have not, at the moment these lines are written, even commenced a single sea-going ship of that description of less dimensions than the *Defence* and *Resistance* frigates—ships each of 3,700 tons! It is here that our worst weakness lies. No wonder that the New York journals exclaim exultingly—"Soon we shall have an armada which will sweep the seas." There cannot be a doubt of their power to do this, even with the fleet of small craft which they already have in progress. It is surely time, therefore, that we produced iron-plated vessels of war, of moderate dimensions, that will bear our flag to distant shores. We are at present disposed to place too much reliance upon ships that cannot set a sail or steam a dozen days together. Should a contest with America be forced upon us, three months, or six months hence, we shall not have a single small vessel to send against our enemy up the St. Lawrence, on the Lakes, or, indeed, anywhere else. This is a reflection which causes both anxiety and chagrin, and should be second to none in its impression upon the Admiralty. Five months have elapsed since we urged these considerations, and nothing but a determined effort now can atone for past delay.

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\* See *Cornhill Magazine* for December, 1861.

### Six Weeks at Heppenheim.

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AFTER I left Oxford, I determined to spend some months in travel before settling down in life. My father had left me a few thousands, the income arising from which would be enough to provide for all the necessary requirements of a lawyer's education; such as lodgings in a quiet part of London, fees and payment to the distinguished barrister with whom I was to read; but there would be small surplus left over for luxuries or amusements; and as I was rather in debt on leaving college, since I had forestalled my income, and the expenses of my travelling would have to be defrayed out of my capital, I determined that they should not exceed fifty pounds. As long as that sum would last me I would remain abroad; when it was spent my holiday should be over, and I would return and settle down somewhere in the neighbourhood of Russell Square, in order to be near Mr. —'s chambers in Lincoln's-inn. I had to wait in London for one day while my passport was being made out, and I went to examine the streets in which I purposed to live; I had picked them out, from studying a map, as desirable; and so they were, if judged entirely by my reason; but their aspect was very depressing to one country-bred, and just fresh from the beautiful street-architecture of Oxford. The thought of living in such a monotonous gray district for years made me all the more anxious to prolong my holiday by all the economy which could eke out my fifty pounds. I thought I could make it last for one hundred days at least. I was a good walker, and had no very luxurious tastes in the matter of accommodation or food; I had as fair a knowledge of German and French as any untraveller Englishman can have; and I resolved to avoid expensive hotels such as my own countrymen frequented.

I have stated this much about myself to explain how I fell in with the little story that I am going to record, but with which I had not much to do,—my part in it being little more than that of a sympathizing spectator. I had been through France into Switzerland, where I had gone beyond my strength in the way of walking, and I was on my way home, when one evening I came to the village of Heppenheim, on the Berg-Strasse. I had strolled about the dirty town of Worms all morning, and dined in a filthy hotel; and after that I had crossed the Rhine, and walked through Lorsch to Heppenheim. I was unnaturally tired and languid as I dragged myself up the rough-paved and irregular village street to the inn recommended to me. It was a large building, with a green court before it. A cross-looking but scrupulously clean hostess received me, and showed me into a large room with a dinner-table in it, which, though it might have accommodated thirty or forty guests, only stretched down

half the length of the eating room. There were windows at each end of the room; two looked to the front of the house, on which the evening shadows had already fallen; the opposite two were partly doors, opening into a large garden full of trained fruit-trees and beds of vegetables, amongst which rose-bushes and other flowers seemed to grow by permission, not by original intention. There was a stove at each end of the room, which, I suspect, had originally been divided into two. The door by which I had entered was exactly in the middle, and opposite to it was another, leading to a great bed-chamber, which my hostess showed me as my sleeping quarters for the night.

If the place had been much less clean and inviting, I should have remained there; I was almost surprised myself at my *vis inertiae*; once seated in the last warm rays of the slanting sun by the garden window, I was disinclined to move, or even to speak. My hostess had taken my orders as to my evening meal, and had left me. The sun went down, and I grew shivery. The vast room looked cold and bare; the darkness brought out shadows that perplexed me, because I could not fully make out the objects that produced them after dazzling my eyes by gazing out into the crimson light.

Some one came in; it was the maiden to prepare for my supper. She began to lay the cloth at one end of the large table. There was a smaller one close by me. I mustered up my voice, which seemed a little as if it was getting beyond my control, and called to her,—

“Will you let me have my supper here on this table?”

She came near; the light fell on her while I was in shadow. She was a tall young woman, with a fine strong figure, a pleasant face, expressive of goodness and sense, and with a good deal of comeliness about it, too, although the fair complexion was bronzed and reddened by weather, so as to have lost much of its delicacy, and the features, as I had afterwards opportunity enough of observing, were anything but regular. She had white teeth, however, and well-opened blue eyes—grave-looking eyes which had shed tears for past sorrow—plenty of light-brown hair, rather elaborately plaited, and fastened up by two great silver pins. That was all—perhaps more than all—I noticed that first night. She began to lay the cloth where I had directed. A shiver passed over me: she looked at me, and then said,—

“The gentleman is cold: shall I light the stove?”

Something vexed me—I am not usually so impatient: it was the coming-on of serious illness—I did not like to be noticed so closely; I believed that food would restore me, and I did not want to have my meal delayed, as I feared it might be by the lighting of the stove; and most of all I was feverishly annoyed by movement. I answered sharply and abruptly,—

“No; bring supper quickly; that is all I want.”

Her quiet, sad eyes met mine for a moment; but I saw no change in their expression, as if I had vexed her by my rudeness: her countenance

did not for an instant lose its look of patient sense, and that is pretty nearly all I can remember of Thekla that first evening at Heppenheim.

I suppose I ate my supper, or tried to do so, at any rate; and I must have gone to bed, for days after I became conscious of lying there, weak as a new-born babe, and with a sense of past pain in all my weary limbs. As is the case in recovering from fever, one does not care to connect facts, much less to reason upon them; so how I came to be lying in that strange bed, in that large, half-furnished room; in what house that room was; in what town, in what country, I did not take the trouble to recal. It was of much more consequence to me then to discover what was the well-known herb that gave the scent to the clean, coarse sheets in which I lay. Gradually I extended by observations, always confining myself to the present. I must have been well cared-for by some one, and that lately, too, for the window was shaded, so as to prevent the morning sun from coming in upon the bed; there was the crackling of fresh wood in the great white china stove, which must have been newly replenished within a short time.

By-and-by the door opened slowly. I cannot tell why, but my impulse was to shut my eyes as if I were still asleep. But I could see through my apparently closed eyelids. In came, walking on tip-toe, with a slow care that defeated its object, two men. The first was aged from thirty to forty, in the dress of a Black Forest peasant,—old-fashioned coat and knee-breeches of strong blue cloth, but of a thoroughly good quality; he was followed by an older man, whose dress, of more pretension as to cut and colour (it was all black), was, nevertheless, as I had often the opportunity of observing afterwards, worn threadbare.

Their first sentences, in whispered German, told me who they were: the landlord of the inn where I was lying a helpless log, and the village doctor, who had been called in. The latter felt my pulse, and nodded his head repeatedly in approbation. I had instinctively known that I was getting better, and hardly cared for this confirmation; but it seemed to give the truest pleasure to the landlord, who shook the hand of the doctor, in a pantomime expressive of as much thankfulness as if I had been his brother. Some low-spoken remarks were made, and then some question was asked, to which, apparently, my host was unable to reply. He left the room, and in a minute or two returned, followed by Thekla, who was questioned by the doctor, and replied with a quiet clearness, showing how carefully the details of my illness had been observed by her. Then she left the room, and, as if every minute had served to restore to my brain its power of combining facts, I was suddenly prompted to open my eyes, and ask in the best German I could muster what day of the month it was; not that I clearly remembered the date of my arrival at Heppenheim, but I knew it was about the beginning of September.

Again the doctor conveyed his sense of extreme satisfaction in a series of rapid pantomimic nods, and then replied, in deliberate but tolerable English, to my great surprise,—

"It is the 29th of September, my dear sir. You must thank the dear God. Your fever has made its course of twenty-one days. Now patience and care must be practised. The good host and his household will have the care; you must have the patience. If you have relations in England, I will do my endeavours to tell them the state of your health."

"I have no near relations," said I, beginning in my weakness to cry, as I remembered, as if it had been a dream, the days when I had father, mother, sister.

"Chut, chut!" said he; then, turning to the landlord, he told him in German to make Thekla bring me one of her good bouillons; after which I was to have certain medicines, and to sleep as undisturbedly as possible. For days, he went on, I should require constant watching and careful feeding; every twenty minutes I was to have something, either wine or soup, in small quantities.

A dim notion came into my hazy mind that my previous husbandry of my fifty pounds, by taking long walks and scanty diet, would prove in the end very bad economy; but I sank into dozing unconsciousness before I could quite follow out my idea. I was roused by the touch of a spoon on my lips; it was Thekla feeding me. Her sweet, grave face had something approaching to a mother's look of tenderness upon it, as she gave me spoonful after spoonful with gentle patience and dainty care: and then I fell asleep once more. When next I awakened it was night; the stove was lighted, and the burning wood made a pleasant crackle, though I could only see the outlines and edges of red flame through the crevices of the small iron door. The uncurtained window on my left looked into the purple, solemn night. Turning a little, I saw Thekla sitting near a table, sewing diligently at some great white piece of household work. Every now and then she stopped to snuff the candle; sometimes she began to ply her needle again immediately; but once or twice she let her busy hands lie idly in her lap, and looked into the darkness, and thought deeply for a moment or two; these pauses always ended in a kind of sobbing sigh, the sound of which seemed to restore her to self-consciousness, and she took to her sewing even more diligently than before. Watching her had a sort of dreamy interest for me; this diligence of hers was a pleasant contrast to my repose; it seemed to enhance the flavour of my rest. I was too much of an animal just then to have my sympathy, or even my curiosity, strongly excited by her look of sad remembrance, or by her sighs.

After a while she gave a little start, looked at a watch lying by her on the table, and came, shading the candle by her hand, softly to my bedside. When she saw my open eyes she went to a porringer placed at the top of the stove, and fed me with soup. She did not speak while doing this. I was half aware that she had done it many times since the doctor's visit, although this seemed to be the first time that I was fully awake. She passed her arm under the pillow on which my head rested, and raised me a very little; her support was as firm as a man's could

have been. Again back to her work, and I to my slumbers, without a word being exchanged.

It was broad daylight when I wakened again; I could see the sunny atmosphere of the garden outside stealing in through the nicks at the side of the shawl hung up to darken the room,—a shawl which I was sure had not been there when I had observed the window in the night. How gently my nurse must have moved about while doing her thoughtful act!

My breakfast was brought me by the hostess; she who had received me on my first arrival at this hospitable inn. She meant to do everything kindly, I am sure; but a sick room was not her place; by a thousand little mal-adroitnesses she fidgeted me past bearing; her shoes creaked, her dress rustled; she asked me questions about myself which it irritated me to answer; she congratulated me on being so much better, while I was faint for want of the food which she delayed giving me in order to talk. My host had more sense in him when he came in, although his shoes creaked as well as hers. By this time I was somewhat revived, and could talk a little; besides, it seemed churlish to be longer without acknowledging so much kindness received.

"I am afraid I have been a great trouble," said I. "I can only say that I am truly grateful."

His good broad face reddened, and he moved a little uneasily.

"I don't see how I could have done otherwise than I——than we, did," replied he, in the soft German of the district. "We were all glad enough to do what we could; I don't say it was a pleasure, because it is our busiest time of year,—but then," said he, laughing a little awkwardly, as if he feared his expression might have been misunderstood, "I don't suppose it has been a pleasure to you either, sir, to be laid up so far from home."

"No, indeed."

"I may as well tell you now, sir, that we had to look over your papers and clothes. In the first place, when you were so ill I would fain have let your kinsfolk know, if I could have found a clue; and besides, you needed linen."

"I am wearing a shirt of yours though," said I, touching my sleeve.

"Yes, sir!" said he again, reddening a little. "I told Thekla to take the finest out of the chest; but I am afraid you find it coarser than your own."

For all answer I could only lay my weak hand on the great brown paw resting on the bed-side. He gave me a sudden squeeze in return that I thought would have crushed my bones.

"I beg your pardon, sir," said he, misinterpreting the sudden look of pain which I could not repress; "but watching a man come out of the shadow of death into life makes one feel very friendly towards him."

"No old or true friend that I have had could have done more for me than you, and your wife, and Thekla, and the good doctor."

"I am a widower," said he, turning round the great wedding-ring that



decked his third finger. "My sister keeps house for me, and takes care of the children,—that is to say, she does it with the help of Thekla, the house-maiden. But I have other servants," he continued. "I am well to do, the good God be thanked! I have land, and cattle, and vineyards. It will soon be our vintage-time, and then you must go and see my grapes as they come into the village. I have a '*chasse*,' too, in the Odenwald; perhaps one day you will be strong enough to go and shoot the '*chevreuil*' with me."

His good true heart was trying to make me feel like a welcome guest. Some time afterwards I learnt from the doctor that—my poor fifty pounds being nearly all expended—my host and he had been brought to believe in my poverty, as the necessary examination of my clothes and papers showed so little evidence of wealth. But I myself have but little to do with my story; I only name these things, and repeat these conversations, to show what a true, kind, honest man my host was. By the way, I may as well call him by his name henceforward, Fritz Müller. The doctor's name, Wiedermann.

I was tired enough with this interview with Fritz Müller; but when Dr. Wiedermann came he pronounced me to be much better; and through the day much the same course was pursued as on the previous one: being fed, lying still, and sleeping were my passive and active occupations. It was a hot sunshiny day, and I craved for air. Fresh air does not enter into the pharmacopœia of a German doctor; but somehow I obtained my wish. During the morning hours the window through which the sun streamed—the window looking on to the front court—was opened a little; and through it I heard the sounds of active life, which gave me pleasure and interest enough. The hen's cackle, the cock's exultant call when he had found the treasure of a grain of corn,—the movements of a tethered donkey, and the cooing and whirring of the pigeons which lighted on the window-sill, gave me just subjects enough for interest. Now and then a cart or carriage drove up,—I could hear them ascending the rough village street long before they stopped at the "*Halbmond*," the village inn. Then there came a sound of running and haste in the house; and Thekla was always called for in sharp, imperative tones. I heard little children's footsteps, too, from time to time; and once there must have been some childish accident or hurt, for a shrill plaintive little voice kept calling out, "*Thekla, Thekla, liebe Thekla.*" Yet, after the first early morning hours, when my hostess attended on my wants, it was always Thekla who came to give me my food or my medicine; who redressed my room; who arranged the degree of light, shifting the temporary curtain with the shifting sun; and always as quietly and deliberately as though her attendance upon me were her sole work. Once or twice my hostess came into the large eating-room (out of which my room opened), and called Thekla away from whatever was her occupation in my room at the time, in a sharp, injured, imperative whisper. Once I remember it was to say that sheets were wanted for some stranger's bed, and to ask where she, the speaker, could

have put the keys, in a tone of irritation, as though Thekla were responsible for Fräulein Müller's own forgetfulness.

Night came on; the sounds of daily life died away into silence; the children's voices were no more heard; the poultry were all gone to roost; the beasts of burden to their stables; and travellers were housed. Then Thekla came in softly and quietly, and took up her appointed place, after she had done all in her power for my comfort. I felt that I was in no state to be left all those weary hours which intervened between sunset and sunrise; but I did feel ashamed that this young woman, who had watched by me all the previous night, and for aught I knew, for many before, and had worked hard, been run off her legs, as English servants would say, all day long, should come and take up her care of me again; and it was with a feeling of relief that I saw her head bend forwards, and finally rest on her arms, which had fallen on the white piece of sewing spread before her on the table. She slept; and I slept. When I wakened dawn was stealing into the room, and making pale the lamplight. Thekla was standing by the stove, where she had been preparing the bouillon I should require on wakening. But she did not notice my half-open eyes, although her face was turned towards the bed. She was reading a letter, slowly, as if its words were familiar to her, yet as though she were trying afresh to extract some fuller or some different meaning from their construction. She folded it up softly and slowly, and replaced it in her pocket with the quiet movement habitual to her. Then she looked before her, not at me, but at vacancy filled up by memories; and as the enchanter brought up the scenes and people which she saw, but I could not, her eyes filled with tears—tears that gathered almost imperceptibly to herself as it would seem—for when one large drop fell on her hands (held slightly together before her as she stood) she started a little, and brushed her eyes with the back of her hand, and then came towards the bed to see if I was awake. If I had not witnessed her previous emotion, I could never have guessed that she had any hidden sorrow or pain from her manner; tranquil, self-restrained as usual. The thought of this letter haunted me, especially as more than once I, wakeful or watchful during the ensuing nights, either saw it in her hands, or suspected that she had been recurring to it from noticing the same sorrowful dreamy look upon her face when she thought herself unobserved. Most likely every one has noticed how inconsistently out of proportion some ideas become when one is shut up in any place without change of scene or thought. I really grew quite irritated about this letter. If I did not see it I suspected it lay *perdu* in her pocket. What was in it? Of course it was a love-letter; but if so, what was going wrong in the course of her love? I became like a spoilt child in my recovery; every one whom I saw for the time being was thinking only of me, so it was perhaps no wonder that I became my sole object of thought; and at last the gratification of my curiosity about this letter seemed to me a duty that I owed to myself. As long as my fidgety inquisitiveness remained ungratified, I felt as if I could not get

well. But to do myself justice, it was more than inquisitiveness. Thekla had tended me with the gentle, thoughtful care of a sister, in the midst of her busy life. I could often hear the Fräulein's sharp voice outside blaming her for something that had gone wrong; but I never heard much from Thekla in reply. Her name was called in various tones by different people, more frequently than I could count, as if her services were in perpetual requisition, yet I was never neglected, or even long uncared-for. The doctor was kind and attentive; my host friendly and really generous; his sister subdued her acerbity of manner when in my room, but Thekla was the one of all to whom I owed my comforts, if not my life. If I could do anything to smooth her path (and a little money goes a great way in these primitive parts of Germany), how willingly would I give it? So one night I began—she was no longer needed to watch by my bedside, but she was arranging my room before leaving me for the night—

"Thekla," said I, "you don't belong to Heppenheim, do you?"

She looked at me, and reddened a little.

"No. Why do you ask?"

"You have been so good to me that I cannot help wanting to know more about you. I must needs feel interested in one who has been by my side through my illness as you have. Where do your friends live? Are your parents alive?"

All this time I was driving at the letter.

"I was born at Altenahr. My father is an innkeeper there. He owns the 'Golden Stag.' My mother is dead, and he has married again, and has many children."

"And your stepmother is unkind to you," said I, jumping to a conclusion.

"Who said so?" asked she, with a shade of indignation in her tone.

"She is a right good woman, and makes my father a good wife."

"Then why are you here living so far from home?"

Now the look came back to her face which I had seen upon it during the night hours when I had watched her by stealth; a dimming of the grave frankness of her eyes, a light quiver at the corners of her mouth. But all she said was, "It was better."

Somehow, I persisted with the wilfulness of an invalid. I am half ashamed of it now.

"But why better, Thekla? Was there ——" How should I put it? I stopped a little, and then rushed blindfold at my object: "Has not that letter which you read so often something to do with your being here?"

She fixed me with her serious eyes till I believe I reddened far more than she; and I hastened to pour out, incoherently enough, my conviction that she had some secret care, and my desire to help her if she was in any trouble.

"You cannot help me," said she, a little softened by my explanation, though some shade of resentment at having been thus surreptitiously watched yet lingered in her manner. "It is an old story; a sorrow gone by, past

at least it ought to be, only sometimes I am foolish"—her tones were softening now—"and it is punishment enough that you have seen my folly."

"If you had a brother here, Thekla, you would let him give you his sympathy if he could not give you his help, and you would not blame yourself if you had shown him your sorrow, should you? I tell you again, let me be as a brother to you."

"In the first place, sir,"—this "sir" was to mark the distinction between me and the imaginary brother—"I should have been ashamed to have shown even a brother my sorrow, which is also my reproach and my disgrace." These were strong words; and I suppose my face showed that I attributed to them a still stronger meaning than they warranted; but *honi soit qui mal y pense*—for she went on dropping her eyes and speaking hurriedly.

"My shame and my reproach is this: I have loved a man who has not loved me;"—she grasped her hands together till the fingers made deep white dents in the rosy flesh—"and I can't make out whether he ever did, or whether he did once and is changed now; if only he did once love me, I could forgive myself."

With hasty trembling hands she began to re-arrange the tisane and medicines for the night on the little table at my bed-side. But, having got thus far, I was determined to persevere.

"Thekla," said I, "tell me all about it, as you would to your mother if she were alive. There are often misunderstandings which, never set to rights, make the misery and desolation of a life-time."

She did not speak at first. Then she pulled out the letter, and said in a quiet, hopeless tone of voice:—

"You can read German writing? Read that, and see if I have any reason for misunderstanding."

The letter was signed "Franz Weber," and dated from some small town in Switzerland—I forget what—about a month previous to the time when I read it. It began with acknowledging the receipt of some money which had evidently been requested by the writer, and for which the thanks were almost fulsome; and then, by the quietest transition in the world, he went on to consult her as to the desirability of his marrying some girl in the place from which he wrote, saying that this Anna Somebody was only eighteen and very pretty, and her father a well-to-do shop-keeper, and adding with coarse coxcombry his belief that he was not indifferent to the maiden herself. He wound up by saying that, if this marriage did take place, he should certainly repay the various sums of money which Thekla had lent him at different times.

I was some time in making out all this. Thekla held the candle for me to read it; held it patiently and steadily, not speaking a word till I had folded up the letter again, and given it back to her. Then our eyes met.

"There is no misunderstanding possible, is there, sir?" asked she with a faint smile.

"No," I replied; "but you are well rid of such a fellow."

She shook her head a little. "It shows his bad side, sir. We have all our bad sides. You must not judge him harshly; at least I cannot. But then we were brought up together."

"At Altenahr?"

"Yes; his father kept the other inn, and our parents, instead of being rivals, were great friends. Franz is a little younger than I, and was a delicate child. I had to take him to school, and I used to be so proud of it and of my charge. Then he grew strong, and was the handsomest lad in the village. Our fathers used to sit and smoke together, and talk of our marriage, and Franz must have heard as much as I. Whenever he was in trouble, he would come to me for what advice I could give him; and he danced twice as often with me as with any other girl at all the dances, and always brought his nose-gay to me. Then his father wished him to travel, and learn the ways at the great hotels on the Rhine before he settled down in Altenahr. You know that is the custom in Germany, sir. They go from town to town as journeymen, learning something fresh everywhere, they say."

"I knew that was done in trades," I replied.

"Oh, yes; and among inn-keepers, too," she said. "Most of the waiters at the great hotels in Frankfort, and Heidelberg, and Mayence, and I daresay at all the other places, are the sons of innkeepers in small towns, who go out into the world to learn new ways, and perhaps to pick up a little English and French; otherwise they say they should never get on. Franz went off from Altenahr on his journeyings four years ago next May-day; and before he went he brought me back a ring from Bonn, where he bought his new clothes. I don't wear it now; but I have got it upstairs, and it comforts me to see something that shows me it was not all my silly fancy. I suppose he fell among bad people, for he soon began to play for money,—and then he lost more than he could always pay,—and sometimes I could help him a little, for we wrote to each other from time to time, as we knew each other's addresses; for the little ones grew around my father's hearth, and I thought that I, too, would go forth into the world and earn my own living, so that—well, I will tell the truth—I thought that by going into service, I could lay by enough for buying a handsome stock of household linen, and plenty of pans and kettles against—against what will never come to pass now."

"Do the German women buy the pots and kettles, as you call them, when they are married?" asked I, awkwardly, laying hold of a trivial question to conceal the indignant sympathy with her wrongs which I did not like to express.

"Oh, yes; the bride furnishes all that is wanted in the kitchen, and all the store of house-linen. If my mother had lived, it would have been laid by for me, as she could have afforded to buy it, but my stepmother will have hard enough work to provide for her own four little girls. However," she continued, brightening up, "I can help her, for now I shall

never marry; and my master here is just and liberal, and pays me sixty florins a year, which is high wages." (Sixty florins are about five pounds sterling.) "And now, good-night, sir. This cup to the left holds the tisane, that to the right the acorn-tea." She shaded the candle, and was leaving the room. I raised myself on my elbow, and called her back.

"Don't go on thinking about this man," said I. "He was not good enough for you. You are much better unmarried."

"Perhaps so," she answered gravely. "But you cannot do him justice; you do not know him."

A few minutes after I heard her soft and cautious return; she had taken her shoes off, and came in her stockinged feet up to my bed-side, shading the light with her hand. When she saw that my eyes were open, she laid down two letters on the table close by my night-lamp.

"Perhaps, some time, sir, you would take the trouble to read these letters; you would then see how noble and clever Franz really is. It is I who ought to be blamed, not he."

No more was said that night.

Some time the next morning I read the letters. They were filled with vague, inflated, sentimental descriptions of his inner life and feelings; entirely egotistical, and intermixed with quotations from second-rate philosophers and poets. There was, it must be said, nothing in them offensive to good principle or good feeling, however much they might be opposed to good taste. I was to go into the next room that afternoon for the first time of leaving my sick chamber. All morning I lay and ruminated. From time to time I thought of Thekla and Franz Weber. She was the strong, good, helpful character, he the weak and vain; how strange it seemed that she should have cared for one so dissimilar; and then I remembered the various happy marriages when to an outsider it seemed as if one was so inferior to the other that their union would have appeared a subject for despair if it had been looked at prospectively. My host came in, in the midst of these meditations, bringing a great flowered dressing-gown, lined with flannel, and the embroidered smoking-cap which he evidently considered as belonging to this Indian-looking robe. They had been his father's, he told me; and as he helped me to dress, he went on with his communications on small family matters. His inn was flourishing; the numbers increased every year of those who came to see the church at Heppenheim: the church which was the pride of the place, but which I had never yet seen. It was built by the great Kaiser Karl. And there was the Castle of Starkenburg, too, which the Abbots of Lorsch had often defended, stalwart churchmen as they were, against the temporal power of the emperors. And Melibocus was not beyond a walk either. In fact, it was the work of one person to superintend the inn alone; but he had his farm and his vineyards beyond, which of themselves gave him enough to do. And his sister was oppressed with the perpetual calls made upon her patience and her nerves in an inn; and would rather go back and live at Worms. And his children wanted



so much looking after. By the time he had placed himself in a condition for requiring my full sympathy, I had finished my slow toilette; and I had to interrupt his confidences, and accept the help of his good strong arm to lead me into the great eating-room, out of which my chamber opened. I had a dreamy recollection of the vast apartment. But how pleasantly it was changed! There was the bare half of the room, it is true, looking as it had done on that first afternoon, sunless and cheerless, with the long, unoccupied table, and the necessary chairs for the possible visitors; but round the windows that opened on the garden a part of the room was enclosed by the household clothes'-horses hung with great pieces of the blue homespun cloth of which the dress of the Black Forest peasant is made. This shut-in space was warmed by the lighted stove, as well as by the lowering rays of the October sun. There was a little round walnut table with some flowers upon it, and a great cushioned arm-chair placed so as to look out upon the garden and the hills beyond. I felt sure that this was all Thekla's arrangement; I had rather wondered that I had seen so little of her this day. She had come once or twice on necessary errands into my room in the morning, but had appeared to be in great haste, and had avoided meeting my eye; even when I had returned the letters, which she had entrusted to me with so evident a purpose of placing the writer in my good opinion, she had never inquired as to how far they had answered her design; she had merely taken them with some low word of thanks, and put them hurriedly into her pocket. I suppose she shrank from remembering how fully she had given me her confidence the night before, now that daylight and actual life pressed close around her. Besides there surely never was any one in such constant request as Thekla. I did not like this estrangement, though it was the natural consequence of my improved health, which would daily make me less and less require services which seemed so urgently claimed by others. And, moreover, after my host left me—I fear I had cut him a little short in the recapitulation of his domestic difficulties, but he was too thorough and good-hearted a man to bear malice—I wanted to be amused or interested. So I rang my little hand-bell, hoping that Thekla would answer it, when I could have fallen into conversation with her without specifying any decided want. Instead of Thekla the *Fräulein* came, and I had to invent a wish; for I could not act as a baby, and say that I wanted my nurse. However, the *Fräulein* was better than no one, so I asked her if I could have some grapes, which had been provided for me on every day but this, and which were especially grateful to my feverish palate. She was a good, kind woman, although perhaps her temper was not the best in the world; and she expressed the sincerest regret as she told me that there were no more in the house. Like an invalid I fretted at my wish not being granted, and spoke out.

"But Thekla told me the vintage was not till the fourteenth; and you have a vineyard close beyond the garden on the slope of the hill out there, have you not?"

"Yes; and grapes for the gathering. But perhaps the gentleman does not know our laws. Until the vintage—(the day of beginning the vintage is fixed by the Grand Duke, and advertised in the public papers)—until the vintage, all owners of vineyards may only go on two appointed days in every week to gather their grapes; on those two days (Tuesdays and Fridays this year) they must gather enough for the wants of their families; and if they do not reckon rightly, and gather short measure, why they have to go without. And these two last days the Half-Moon has been besieged with visitors, all of whom have asked for grapes. But to-morrow the gentleman can have as many as he will; it is the day for gathering them."

"What a strange kind of paternal law," I grumbled out. "Why is it so ordained? Is it to secure the owners against pilfering from their unfenced vineyards?"

"I am sure I cannot tell," she replied. "Country people in these villages have strange customs in many ways, as I daresay the English gentleman has perceived. If he would come to Worms he would see a different kind of life."

"But not a view like this," I replied, caught by a sudden change of light—some cloud passing away from the sun, or something. Right outside of the windows was, as I have so often said, the garden. Trained plum-trees with golden leaves, great bushes of purple Michaelmas daisy, late flowering roses, apple-trees partly stripped of their rosy fruit, but still with enough left on their boughs to require the props set to support the luxuriant burden; to the left an arbour covered over with honeysuckle and other sweet-smelling creepers—all bounded by a low gray stone wall which opened out upon the steep vineyard, that stretched up the hill beyond, one hill of a series rising higher and higher into the purple distance. "Why is there a rope with a bunch of straw tied in it stretched across the opening of the garden into the vineyard?" I inquired, as my eye suddenly caught upon the object.

"It is the country way of showing that no one must pass along that path. To-morrow the gentleman will see it removed; and then he shall have the grapes. Now I will go and prepare his coffee." With a curtesy, after the fashion of Worms gentility, she withdrew. But an under-servant brought me my coffee; and with her I could not exchange a word: she spoke in such an execrable patois. I went to bed early, weary, and depressed. I must have fallen asleep immediately, for I never heard any one come to arrange my bed-side table; yet in the morning I found that every usual want or wish of mine had been attended to.

I was wakened by a tap at my door, and a pretty piping child's voice asking in broken German to come in. On giving the usual permission, Thekla entered, carrying a great lovely boy of two years old, or thereabouts, who had only his little night-shirt on, and was all flushed with sleep. He held tight in his hands a great cluster of muscatel and noble grapes. He seemed like a little Bacchus, as she carried him towards me

with an expression of pretty loving pride upon her face as she looked at him. But when he came close to me—the grim, wasted, unshorn—he turned quick away, and hid his face in her neck, still grasping tight his bunch of grapes. She spoke to him rapidly and softly, coaxing him as I could tell full well, although I could not follow her words; and in a minute or two the little fellow obeyed her, and turned and stretched himself almost to overbalancing out of her arms, and half-dropped the fruit on the bed by me. Then he clutched at her again, burying his face in her kerchief, and fastening his little fists in her luxuriant hair.

"It is my master's only boy," said she, disentangling his fingers with quiet patience, only to have them grasp her braids afresh. "He is my little Max, my heart's delight, only he must not pull so hard. Say his 'to-meet-again,' and kiss his hand lovingly, and we will go." The promise of a speedy departure from my dusky room proved irresistible; he babbled out his *Aufwiedersehen*, and kissing his chubby hand, he was borne away joyful and chattering fast in his infantile half-language. I did not see Thekla again until late afternoon, when she brought me in my coffee. She was not like the same creature as the blooming, cheerful maiden whom I had seen in the morning; she looked wan and care-worn, older by several years.

"What is the matter, Thekla?" said I, with true anxiety as to what might have befallen my good, faithful nurse.

She looked round before answering. "I have seen him," she said. "He has been here, and the *Fräulein* has been so angry! She says she will tell my master. Oh, it has been such a day!" The poor young woman, who was usually so composed and self-restrained, was on the point of bursting into tears; but by a strong effort she checked herself, and tried to busy herself with rearranging the white china cup, so as to place it more conveniently to my hand.

"Come, Thekla," said I, "tell me all about it. I have heard loud voices talking, and I fancied something had put the *Fräulein* out; and Lottchen looked flurried when she brought me my dinner. Is Franz here? How has he found you out?"

"He is here. Yes, I am sure it is he; but four years makes such a difference in a man; his whole look and manner seemed so strange to me; but he knew me at once, and called me all the old names which we used to call each other when we were children; and he must needs tell me how it had come to pass that he had not married that Swiss Anna. He said he had never loved her; and that now he was going home to settle, and he hoped that I would come too, and ——" There she stopped short.

"And marry him, and live at the inn at Altenahr," said I, smiling, to reassure her, though I felt rather disappointed about the whole affair.

"No," she replied. "Old Weber, his father, is dead; he died in debt, and Franz will have no money. And he was always one that needed money. Some are, you know; and while I was thinking, and he was standing near me, the *Fräulein* came in; and —and—I don't wonder—

for poor Franz is not a pleasant-looking man now-a-days—she was very angry, and called me a bold, bad girl, and said she could have no such goings on at the “Halbmond,” but would tell my master when he came home from the forest.”

“But you could have told her that you were old friends.” I hesitated, before saying the word *lovers*, but, after a pause, out it came.

“Franz might have said so,” she replied a little stiffly. “I could not; but he went off as soon as she bade him. He went to the ‘Adler’ over the way, only saying he would come for my answer to-morrow morning. I think it was he that should have told her what we were—neighbours’ children, and early friends—not have left it all to me. Oh,” said she, clasping her hands tight together, “she will make such a story of it to my master.”

“Never mind,” said I, “tell the master I want to see him, as soon as he comes in from the forest, and trust me to set him right before the *Fräulein* has the chance to set him wrong.”

She looked up at me gratefully, and went away without any more words. Presently the fine burly figure of my host stood at the opening to my enclosed sitting-room. He was there, three-cornered hat in hand, looking tired and heated as a man does after a hard day’s work, but as kindly and genial as ever, which is not what every man is who is called to business after such a day, before he has had the necessary food and rest.

I had been reflecting a good deal on *Thekla*’s story; I could not quite interpret her manner to-day to my full satisfaction; but yet the love which had grown with her growth, must assuredly have been called forth by her lover’s sudden reappearance; and I was inclined to give him some credit for having broken off an engagement to Swiss *Anna*, which had promised so many worldly advantages; and, again, I had considered that if he was a little weak and sentimental, it was *Thekla*, who would marry him by her own free will, and perhaps she had sense and quiet resolution enough for both. So I gave the heads of the little history I have told you to my good friend and host, adding that I should like to have a man’s opinion of this man; but that if he were not an absolute good-for-nothing, and if *Thekla* still loved him, as I believed, I would try and advance them the requisite money towards establishing themselves in the hereditary inn at *Altenahr*.

Such was the romantic ending to *Thekla*’s sorrows I had been planning and brooding over for the last hour. As I narrated my tale, and hinted at the possible happy conclusion that might be in store, my host’s face changed. The ruddy colour faded, and his look became almost stern—certainly very grave in expression. It was so unsympathetic, that I instinctively cut my words short. When I had done, he paused a little, and then said: “You would wish me to learn all I can respecting this stranger now at the ‘Adler,’ and give you the impression I receive of the fellow.”

“Exactly so,” said I; “I want to learn all I can about him for *Thekla*’s sake.”

"For Thekla's sake I will do it," he gravely repeated.

"And come to me to-night, even if I am gone to bed?"

"Not so," he replied. "You must give me all the time you can in a matter like this."

"But he will come for Thekla's answer in the morning."

"Before he comes you shall know all I can learn."

I was resting during the fatigues of dressing the next day, when my host tapped at my door. He looked graver and sterner than I had ever seen him do before; he sat down almost before I had begged him to do so.

"He is not worthy of her," he said. "He drinks brandy right hard; he boasts of his success at play, and"—here he set his teeth hard—"he boasts of the women who have loved him. In a village like this, sir, there are always those who spend their evenings in the gardens of the inns; and this man, after he had drank his fill, made no secrets; it needed no spying to find out what he was, else I should not have been the one to do it."

"Thekla must be told of this," said I. "She is not the woman to love any one whom she cannot respect."

Herr Müller laughed a low bitter laugh, quite unlike himself. Then he replied.

"As for that matter, sir, you are young; you have had no great experience of women. From what my sister tells me there can be little doubt of Thekla's feeling towards him. She found them standing together by the window; his arm round Thekla's waist, and whispering in her ear—and to do the maiden justice she is not the one to suffer such familiarities from every one. No"—continued he, still in the same contemptuous tone—"you'll find she will make excuses for his faults and vices; or else, which is perhaps more likely, she will not believe your story, though I who tell it you can vouch for the truth of every word I say." He turned short away and left the room. Presently I saw his stalwart figure in the hill-side vineyard, before my windows, scaling the steep ascent with long regular steps, going to the forest beyond. I was otherwise occupied than in watching his progress during the next hour; at the end of that time he re-entered my room, looking heated and slightly tired, as if he had been walking fast, or labouring hard; but with the cloud off his brows, and the kindly light shining once again out of his honest eyes.

"I ask your pardon, sir," he began, "for troubling you afresh. I believe I was possessed by the devil this morning. I have been thinking it over. One has perhaps no right to rule for another person's happiness. To have such a"—here the honest fellow choked a little—"such a woman as Thekla to love him ought to raise any man. Besides, I am no judge for him or for her. I have found out this morning that I love her myself, and so the end of it is, that if you, sir, who are so kind as to interest yourself in the matter, and if you think it is really her heart's desire to marry this man—which ought to be his salvation both for earth

and heaven—I shall be very glad to go halves with you in any place for setting them up in the inn at Altenahr; only allow me to see that whatever money we advance is well and legally tied up, so that it is secured to her. And be so kind as to take no notice of what I have said about my having found out that I have loved her; I named it as a kind of apology for my hard words this morning, and as a reason why I was not a fit judge of what was best.” He had hurried on, so that I could not have stopped his eager speaking even had I wished to do so; but I was too much interested in the revelation of what was passing in his brave tender heart to desire to stop him. Now, however, his rapid words tripped each other up, and his speech ended in an unconscious sigh.

“But,” I said, “since you were here Thekla has come to me, and we have had a long talk. She speaks now as openly to me as she would if I were her brother; with sensible frankness, where frankness is wise, with modest reticence, where confidence would be unbecoming. She came to ask me if I thought it her duty to marry this fellow, whose very appearance, changed for the worse, as she says it is, since she last saw him four years ago, seemed to have repelled her.”

“She could let him put his arm round her waist yesterday,” said Herr Müller, with a return of his morning’s surliness.

“And she would marry him now if she could believe it to be her duty. For some reason of his own, this Franz Weber has tried to work upon this feeling of hers. He says it would be the saving of him.”

“As if a man had not strength enough in him—a man who is good for aught—to save himself, but needed a woman to pull him through life!”

“Nay,” I replied, hardly able to keep from smiling. “You yourself said, not five minutes ago, that her marrying him might be his salvation both for earth and heaven.”

“That was when I thought she loved the fellow,” he answered quick. “Now—but what did you say to her, sir?”

“I told her, what I believe to be as true as gospel, that as she owned she did not love him any longer now his real self had come to displace his remembrance, that she would be sinning in marrying him; doing evil that possible good might come. I was clear myself on this point, though I should have been perplexed how to advise, if her love had still continued.”

“And what answer did she make?”

“She went over the history of their lives; she was pleading against her wishes to satisfy her conscience. She said that all along through their childhood she had been his strength; that while under her personal influence he had been negatively good; away from her, he had fallen into mischief—”

“Not to say vice,” put in Herr Müller.

“And now he came to her penitent, in sorrow, desirous of amendment, asking her for the love she seems to have considered as tacitly plighted to him in years gone by—”



"And which he has slighted and insulted. I hope you told her of his words and conduct last night in the 'Adler' gardens?"

"No. I kept myself to the general principle, which, I am sure, is a true one. I repeated it in different forms; for the idea of the duty of self-sacrifice had taken strong possession of her fancy. Perhaps, if I had failed in setting her notion of her duty in the right aspect, I might have had recourse to the statement of facts, which would have pained her severely, but would have proved to her how little his words of penitence and promises of amendment were to be trusted to."

"And it ended?"

"Ended by her being quite convinced that she would be doing wrong instead of right if she married a man whom she had entirely ceased to love, and that no real good could come from a course of action based on wrong-doing."

"That is right and true," he replied, his face broadening into happiness again.

"But she says she must leave your service, and go elsewhere."

"Leave my service she shall; go elsewhere she shall not."

"I cannot tell what you may have the power of inducing her to do; but she seems to me very resolute."

"Why?" said he, firing round at me, as if I had made her resolute.

"She says your sister spoke to her before the maids of the household, and before some of the townspeople, in a way that she could not stand; and that you yourself by your manner to her last night showed how she had lost your respect. She added, with her face of pure maidenly truth, that he had come into such close contact with her only the instant before your sister had entered the room."

"With your leave, sir," said Herr Müller, turning towards the door, "I will go and set all that right at once."

It was easier said than done. When I next saw Thekla, her eyes were swollen up with crying, but she was silent, almost defiant towards me. A look of resolute determination had settled down upon her face. I learnt afterwards that parts of my conversation with Herr Müller had been injudiciously quoted by him in the talk he had had with her. I thought I would leave her to herself, and wait till she unburdened herself of the feeling of unjust resentment towards me. But it was days before she spoke to me with anything like her former frankness. I had heard all about it from my host long before.

He had gone to her straight on leaving me; and like a foolish, impetuous lover, had spoken out his mind and his wishes to her in the presence of his sister, who, it must be remembered, had heard no explanation of the conduct which had given her propriety so great a shock the day before. Herr Müller thought to re-instate Thekla in his sister's good opinion by giving her in the Fräulein's very presence the highest possible mark of his own love and esteem. And there in the kitchen, where the Fräulein was deeply engaged in the hot work of making some delicate preserve on

the stove, and ordering Thekla about with short, sharp displeasure in her tones, the master had come in, and possessing himself of the maiden's hand, had, to her infinite surprise—to his sister's infinite indignation—made her the offer of his heart, his wealth, his life; had begged of her to marry him. I could gather from his account that she had been in a state of trembling discomfiture at first; she had not spoken, but had twisted her hand out of his, and had covered her face with her apron. And then the Fräulein had burst forth—"accursed words" he called her speech. Thekla uncovered her face to listen; to listen to the end; to listen to the passionate recrimination between the brother and the sister. And then she went up, close up to the angry Fräulein, and had said quite quietly, but with a manner of final determination which had evidently sunk deep into her suitor's heart, and depressed him into hopelessness, that the Fräulein had no need to disturb herself; that on this very day she had been thinking of marrying another man, and that her heart was not like a room to let, into which as one tenant went out another might enter. Nevertheless, she felt the master's goodness. He had always treated her well from the time when she had entered the house as his servant. And she should be sorry to leave him; sorry to leave the children; very sorry to leave little Max: yes, she should even be sorry to leave the Fräulein, who was a good woman, only a little too apt to be hard on other women. But she had already been that very day and deposited her warning at the police office; the busy time would be soon over, and she should be glad to leave their service on All Saints' Day. Then (he thought) she had felt inclined to cry, for she suddenly braced herself up, and said, Yes, she should be very glad; for somehow, though they had been kind to her, she had been very unhappy at Heppenheim; and she would go back to her home for a time, and see her old father, and kind step-mother, and her nursing half-sister Ida, and be among her own people again.

I could see it was this last part that most of all rankled in Herr Müller's mind. In all probability Franz Weber was making his way back to Heppenheim too; and the bad suspicion would keep welling up that some lingering feeling for her old lover and disgraced playmate was making her so resolute to leave and return to Altenahr.

For some days after this I was the confidant of the whole household, excepting Thekla. She, poor creature, looked miserable enough; but the hard, defiant expression was always on her face. Lottchen spoke out freely enough; the place would not be worth having if Thekla left it; it was she who had the head for everything, the patience for everything; who stood between all the under-servants and the Fräulein's tempers. As for the children, poor motherless children! Lottchen was sure that the master did not know what he was doing when he allowed his sister to turn Thekla away—and all for what? for having a lover, as every girl had who could get one. Why, the little boy Max slept in the room which Lottchen shared with Thekla; and she heard him in the night as quickly as if she was his mother; when she had been sitting up with me, when I was so

ill, Lottchen had had to attend to him; and it was weary work after a hard day to have to get up and soothe a teething child; she knew she had been cross enough sometimes; but Thekla was always good and gentle with him, however tired he was. And as Lottchen left the room I could hear her repeating that she thought she should leave when Thekla went, for that her place would not be worth having.

Even the Fräulein had her word of regret—regret mingled with self-justification. She thought she had been quite right in speaking to Thekla for allowing such familiarities; how was she to know that the man was an old friend and playmate? He looked like a right profligate good-for-nothing. And to have a servant take up her scolding as an unpardonable offence, and persist in quitting her place, just when she had learnt all her work, and was so useful in the household; so useful that the Fräulein could never put up with any fresh stupid house-maiden, but sooner than take the trouble of teaching the new servant where everything was, and how to give out the stores if she was busy, she would go back to Worms. For, after all, housekeeping for a brother was thankless work; there was no satisfying men; and Heppenheim was but a poor ignorant village compared to Worms.

She must have spoken to her brother about her intention of leaving him, and returning to her former home; indeed, a feeling of coolness had evidently grown up between the brother and sister during these latter days. When one evening Herr Müller brought in his pipe, and as his custom had sometimes been, sat down by my stove to smoke, he looked gloomy and annoyed. I let him puff away, and take his own time. At length he began,—

"I have rid the village of him at last. I could not bear to have him here disgracing Thekla with speaking to her whenever she went to the vineyard or the fountain. I don't believe she likes him a bit."

"No more do I," I said. He turned on me.

"Then why did she speak to him at all? Why cannot she like an honest man who likes her? Why is she so bent upon going home to Altenahr?"

"She speaks to him because she has known him from a child, and has a faithful pity for one whom she has known so innocent, and who is now so lost in all good men's regard. As for not liking an honest man—(though I may have my own opinion about that)—liking goes by fancy, as we say in English; and Altenahr is her home; her father's house is at Altenahr, as you know."

"I wonder if he will go there," quoth Herr Müller, after two or three more puffs. "He was fast at the 'Adler;' he could not pay his score, so he kept on staying here, saying that he should receive a letter from a friend with money in a day or two; lying in wait, too, for Thekla, who is well-known and respected all through Heppenheim: so his being an old friend of hers made him have a kind of standing. I went in this morning and paid his score, on condition that he left the place this day; and he

left the village as merrily as a cricket, caring no more for Thekla than for the Kaiser who built our church: for he never looked back at the 'Halbmond,' but went whistling down the road."

"That is a good riddance," said I.

"Yes. But my sister says she must return to Worms. And Lottchen has given notice; she says the place will not be worth having when Thekla leaves. I wish I could give notice too."

"Try Thekla again."

"Not I," said he, reddening. "It would seem now as if I only wanted her for a housekeeper. Besides, she avoids me at every turn, and will not even look at me. I am sure she bears me some ill-will about that ne'er-do-well."

There was silence between us for some time, which he at length broke.

"The pastor has a good and comely daughter. Her mother is a famous housewife. They often have asked me to come to the parsonage and smoke a pipe. When the vintage is over, and I am less busy, I think I will go there, and look about me."

"When is the vintage?" asked I. "I hope it will take place soon, for I am growing so well and strong I fear I must leave you shortly; but I should like to see the vintage first."

"Oh, never fear! you must not travel yet awhile; and government has fixed the grape-gathering to begin on the fourteenth."

"What a paternal government! How does it know when the grapes will be ripe? Why cannot every man fix his own time for gathering his own grapes?"

"That has never been our way in Germany. There are people employed by the government to examine the vines, and report when the grapes are ripe. It is necessary to make laws about it; for, as you must have seen, there is nothing but the fear of the law to protect our vineyards and fruit-trees; there are no enclosures along the Berg-Strasse, as you tell me you have in England; but, as people are only allowed to go into the vineyards on stated days, no one under pretence of gathering his own produce can stray into his neighbour's grounds and help himself without some of the Duke's foresters seeing him."

"Well," said I, "to each country its own laws."

I think it was on that very evening that Thekla came in for something. She stopped arranging the table-cloth and the flowers, as if she had something to say, yet did not know how to begin. At length I found that her sore, hot heart wanted some sympathy; her hand was against every one's, and she fancied every one had turned against her. She looked up at me, and said a little abruptly,

"Does the gentleman know that I go on the fifteenth?"

"So soon?" said I, with surprise. "I thought you were to remain here till All Saints' Day."

"So I should have done—so I must have done—if the Fräulein had not kindly given me leave to accept of a place,—a very good place too,—

of housekeeper to a widow lady at Frankfort. It is just the sort of situation I have always wished for. I expect I shall be so happy and comfortable there."

"Methinks the lady doth profess too much," came into my mind. I saw she expected me to doubt the probability of her happiness, and was in a defiant mood.

"Of course," said I, "you would hardly have wished to leave Heppenheim if you had been happy here; and every new place always promises fair, whatever its performance may be. But wherever you go, remember you have always a friend in me."

"Yes," she replied, "I think you are to be trusted. Though from my experience, I should say that of very few men."

"You have been unfortunate," I answered; "many men would say the same of women."

She thought a moment, and then said, in a changed tone of voice, "The Fräulein here has been much more friendly and helpful of these late days than her brother; yet I have served him faithfully, and have cared for his little Max as though he were my own brother. But this morning he spoke to me for the first time for many days,—he met me in the passage, and suddenly stopping, he said he was glad I had met with so comfortable a place, and that I was at full liberty to go whenever I liked; and then he went quickly on, never waiting for my answer."

"And what was wrong in that? It seems to me he was trying to make you feel entirely at your ease, to do as you thought best without regard to his own interests."

"Perhaps so. It is silly, I know," she continued, turning full on me her grave, innocent eyes; "but one's vanity suffers a little when every one is so willing to part with one."

"Thekla! I owe you a great debt—let me speak to you openly. I know that your master wanted to marry you, and that you refused him. Do not deceive yourself. You are sorry for that refusal now?"

She kept her serious look fixed upon me; but her face and throat reddened all over.

"No," said she at length; "I am not sorry. What can you think I am made of; having loved one man ever since I was a little child until a fortnight ago, and now just as ready to love another? I know you do not rightly consider what you say, or I should take it as an insult."

"You loved an ideal man; he disappointed you, and you clung to your remembrance of him. He came, and the reality dispelled all illusions."

"I do not understand philosophy," said she. "I only know that I think that Herr Müller had lost all respect for me from what his sister had told him; and I know that I am going away; and I trust I shall be happier in Frankfort than I have been here of late days." So saying, she left the room.

I was wakened up on the morning of the fourteenth by the merry ringing of church bells, and the perpetual firing and popping off of guns

and pistols. But all this was over by the time I was up and dressed, and seated at breakfast in my partitioned room. It was a perfect October day; the dew not yet off the blades of grass, glistening on the delicate gossamer webs, which stretched from flower to flower in the garden, lying in the morning shadow of the house. But beyond the garden, on the sunny hill-side, men, women, and children were clambering up the vineyards like ants,—busy, irregular in movement, clustering together, spreading wide apart,—I could hear the shrill merry voices as I sat,—and all along the valley, as far as I could see, it was much the same; for every one filled his house for the day of the vintage, that great annual festival. Lottchen, who had brought in my breakfast, was all in her Sunday best, having risen early to get her work done and go abroad to gather grapes. Bright colours seemed to abound; I could see dots of scarlet, and crimson, and orange through the fading leaves; it was not a day to languish in the house; and I was on the point of going out by myself when Herr Müller came in to offer me his sturdy arm, and help me in walking to the vineyard. We crept through the garden scented with late flowers and sunny fruit,—we passed through the gate I had so often gazed at from the easy-chair, and were in the busy vineyard; great baskets lay on the grass already piled nearly full of purple and yellow grapes. The wine made from these was far from pleasant to my taste; for the best Rhine wine is made from a smaller grape, growing in closer, harder clusters; but the larger and less profitable grape is by far the most picturesque in its mode of growth, and far the best to eat into the bargain. Wherever we trod it was on fragrant crushed vine-leaves; every one we saw had his hands and face stained with the purple juice. Presently I sat down on a sunny bit of grass, and my host left me to go farther afield, to look after the more distant vineyards. I watched his progress. After he left me he took off coat and waistcoat, displaying his snowy shirt and gaily-worked braces; and presently he was as busy as any one. I looked down on the village; the gray and orange and crimson roofs lay glowing in the noontday sun. I could see down into the streets; but they were all empty—even the old people came toiling up the hill-side to share in the general festivity. Lottchen had brought up cold dinners for a regiment of men; every one came and helped himself. Thekla was there leading the little Karoline, and helping the toddling steps of Max; but she kept aloof from me; for I knew, or suspected, or had probed too much. She alone looked sad and grave, and spoke so little, even to her friends, that it was evident to see that she was trying to wean herself finally from the place. But I could see that she had lost her short, defiant manner. What she did say was kindly and gently spoken. The Fräulein came out late in the morning, dressed, I suppose, in the latest Worms fashion—quite different to anything I had ever seen before. She came up to me, and talked very graciously to me for some time.

“Here comes the proprietor (squire) and his lady, and their dear children. See, the vintagers have tied bunches of the finest grapes on to



a stick, heavier than the children or even the lady can carry. Look ! look ! how he bows !—one can tell he has been an *attaché* at Vienna. That is the court way of bowing there—holding the hat right down before them, and bending the back at right angles. How graceful ! And here is the doctor ! I thought he would spare time to come up here. Well, doctor, you will go all the more cheerfully to your next patient for having been up into the vineyards. Nonsense, about grapes making other patients for you ! Ah, here is the pastor and his wife, and the Fräulein Anna. Now, where is my brother, I wonder ? Up in the far vineyard, I make no doubt. Mr. Pastor, the view up above is far finer than what it is here, and the best grapes grow there ; shall I accompany you and madame, and the dear Fräulein ? The gentleman will excuse me."

I was left alone. Presently I thought I would walk a little farther, or at any rate change my position. I rounded a corner in the pathway, and there I found Thekla, watching by little sleeping Max. He lay on her shawl ; and over his head she had made an arching canopy of broken vine-branches, so that the great leaves threw their cool flickering shadows on his face. He was smeared all over with grape-juice, his sturdy fingers grasped a half-eaten bunch even in his sleep. Thekla was keeping Lina quiet by teaching her how to weave a garland for her head out of field-flowers and autumn-tinted leaves. The maiden sat on the ground, with her back to the valley beyond, the child kneeling by her, watching the busy fingers with eager intentness. Both looked up as I drew near, and we exchanged a few words.

"Where is the master ?" I asked. "I promised to await his return ; he wished to give me his arm down the wooden steps ; but I do not see him."

"He is in the higher vineyard," said Thekla, quietly, but not looking round in that direction. He will be some time there, I should think. He went with the pastor and his wife ; he will have to speak to his labourers and his friends. My arm is strong, and I can leave Max in Lina's care for five minutes. If you are tired, and want to go back, let me help you down the steps ; they are steep and slippery."

I had turned to look up the valley. Three or four hundred yards off, in the higher vineyard, walked the dignified pastor, and his homely, decorous wife. Behind came the Fräulein Anna, in her short-sleeved Sunday gown, daintily holding a parasol over her luxuriant brown hair. Close behind her came Herr Müller, stopping now to speak to his men,—again, to cull out a bunch of grapes to tie on to the Fräulein's stick ; and by my feet sate the proud serving-maid in her country dress, waiting for my answer, with serious up-turned eyes, and sad, composed face.

"No, I am much obliged to you, Thekla ; and if I did not feel so strong I would have thankfully taken your arm. But I only wanted to leave a message for the master, just to say that I have gone home."

"Lina will give it to the father when he comes down," said Thekla.

I went slowly down into the garden. The great labour of the day was

over, and the younger part of the population had returned to the village, and were preparing the fireworks and pistol-shootings for the evening. Already one or two of those well-known German carts (in the shape of a V) were standing near the vineyard gates, the patient oxen meekly waiting while basketful after basketful of grapes were being emptied into the leaf-lined receptacle.

As I sat down in my easy-chair close to the open window through which I had entered, I could see the men and women on the hill-side drawing to a centre, and all stand round the pastor, bareheaded, for a minute or so. I guessed that some words of holy thanksgiving were being said, and I wished that I had stayed to hear them, and mark my especial gratitude for having been spared to see that day. Then I heard the distant voices, the deep tones of the men, the shriller pipes of women and children, join in the German harvest-hymn, which is generally sung on such occasions; \* then silence, while I concluded that a blessing was spoken by the pastor, with outstretched arms; and then they once more dispersed, some to the village, some to finish their labours for the day among the vines. I saw Thekla coming through the garden with Max in her arms, and Lina clinging to her woollen skirts. Thekla made for my open window; it was rather a shorter passage into the house than round by the door. "I may come through, may I not?" she asked, softly. "I fear Max is not well; I cannot understand his look, and he wakened up so strange!" She paused to let me see the child's face; it was flushed almost to a crimson look of heat, and his breathing was laboured and uneasy, his eyes half-open and filmy.

"Something is wrong, I am sure," said I. "I don't know anything about children, but he is not in the least like himself."

She bent down and kissed the cheek so tenderly that she would not have bruised the petal of a rose. "Heart's darling," she murmured. He quivered all over at her touch, working his fingers in an unnatural kind of way, and ending with a convulsive twitching all over his body. Lina began to cry at the grave, anxious look on our faces.

"You had better call the Fräulein to look at him," said I. "I feel sure he ought to have a doctor; I should say he was going to have a fit."

"The Fräulein and the master are gone to the pastor's for coffee, and Lottchen is in the higher vineyard, taking the men their bread and beer.

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\* "Wir pflügen und wir streuen,  
Den Samen auf das Land;  
Das Wachsen und Gedeihen stellt,  
In des höchsten Hand.  
Er sendet Thau und Regen,  
Und Sonn und Mondeschein;  
Von Ihm kommt aller Segen,  
Von unserm Gott allein:  
Alle gute Gabe kommt her  
Von Gott dem Herrn,  
Drum dankt und hofft auf Ihm."

Could you find the kitchen girl, or old Karl? he will be in the stables, I think. I must lose no time." Almost without waiting for my reply, she had passed through the room, and in the empty house I could hear her firm, careful footsteps going up the stair; Lina's pattering beside her; and the one voice wailing, the other speaking low comfort.

I was tired enough, but this good family had treated me too much like one of their own for me not to do what I could in such a case as this. I made my way out into the street, for the first time since I had come to the house on that memorable evening six weeks ago. I bribed the first person I met to guide me to the doctor's, and sent him straight down to the "Halbmond," not staying to listen to the thorough scolding he fell to giving me; then on to the parsonage, to tell the master and the Fräulein of the state of things at home.

I was sorry to be the bearer of bad news into such a festive chamber as the pastor's. There they sat, resting after heat and fatigue, each in their best gala dress, the table spread with "Dicker-milch," potato-salad, cakes of various shapes and kinds—all the dainty cates dear to the German palate. The pastor was talking to Herr Müller, who stood near the pretty young Fräulein Anna, in her fresh white chemisette, with her round white arms, and her youthful coquettish airs, as she prepared to pour out the coffee; our Fräulein was talking busily to the Frau Mama; the younger boys and girls of the family filling up the room. A ghost would have startled the assembled party less than I did, and would probably have been more welcome, considering the news I brought. As he listened, the master caught up his hat and went forth, without apology or farewell. Our Fräulein made up for both, and questioned me fully; but now she, I could see, was in haste to go, although restrained by her manners, and the kind-hearted Frau Pastorin soon set her at liberty to follow her inclination. As for me I was dead-beat, and only too glad to avail myself of the hospitable couple's pressing request that I would stop and share their meal. Other magnates of the village came in presently, and relieved me of the strain of keeping up a German conversation about nothing at all with entire strangers. The pretty Fräulein's face had clouded over a little at Herr Müller's sudden departure; but she was soon as bright as could be, giving private chase and sudden little scoldings to her brothers, as they made raids upon the dainties under her charge. After I was duly rested and refreshed, I took my leave; for I, too, had my quieter anxieties about the sorrow in the Müller family.

The only person I could see at the "Halbmond" was Lottchen; every one else was busy about the poor little Max, who was passing from one fit into another. I told Lottchen to ask the doctor to come in and see me before he took his leave for the night, and tired as I was, I kept up till after his visit, though it was very late before he came; I could see from his face how anxious he was. He would give me no opinion as to the child's chances of recovery, from which I guessed that he had not much hope. But when I expressed my fear he cut me very short.

"The truth is, you know nothing about it; no more do I, for that matter. It is enough to try any man, much less a father, to hear his perpetual moans—not that he is conscious of pain, poor little worm; but if she stops for a moment in her perpetual carrying him backwards and forwards, he plains so piteously it is enough to—enough to make a man bless the Lord who never led him into the pit of matrimony. To see the father up there, following her as she walks up and down the room, the child's head over her shoulder, and Müller trying to make the heavy eyes recognize the old familiar ways of play, and the chirruping sounds which he can scarce make for crying——I shall be here to-morrow early, though before that either life or death will have come without the old doctor's help."

All night long I dreamt my feverish dream—of the vineyard—the carts, which held little coffins instead of baskets of grapes—of the pastor's daughter, who would pull the dying child out of Thekla's arms; it was a bad, weary night! I slept long into the morning; the broad daylight filled my room, and yet no one had been near to waken me! Did that mean life or death? I got up and dressed as fast as I could; for I was aching all over with the fatigue of the day before. Out into the sitting-room; the table was laid for breakfast, but no one was there. I passed into the house beyond, up the stairs, blindly seeking for the room where I might know whether it was life or death. At the door of a room I found Lottchen crying; at the sight of me in that unwonted place she started, and began some kind of apology, broken both by tears and smiles, as she told me that the doctor said the danger was over—past, and that Max was sleeping a gentle peaceful slumber in Thekla's arms—arms that had held him all through the livelong night.

"Look at him, sir; only go in softly; it is a pleasure to see the child to-day; tread softly, sir."

She opened the chamber-door. I could see Thekla sitting, propped up by cushions and stools, holding her heavy burden, and bending over him with a look of tenderest love. Not far off stood the Fräulein, all disordered and tearful, stirring or seasoning some hot soup, while the master stood by her impatient. As soon as it was cooled or seasoned enough he took the basin and went to Thekla, and said something very low; she lifted up her head, and I could see her face; pale, weary with watching, but with a soft peaceful look upon it, which it had not worn for weeks. Fritz Müller began to feed her, for her hands were occupied in holding his child; I could not help remembering Mrs. Inchbald's pretty description of Dorriforth's anxiety in feeding Miss Milner; she compares it, if I remember rightly, to that of a tender-hearted boy, caring for his darling bird, the loss of which would embitter all the joys of his holidays. We closed the door without noise, so as not to waken the sleeping child. Lottchen brought me my coffee and bread; she was ready either to laugh or to weep on the slightest occasion. I could not tell if it was in innocence or mischief. She asked me the following question,

"Do you think Thekla will leave to-day, sir?"

In the afternoon I heard Thekla's step behind my extemporary screen. I knew it quite well. She stopped for a moment before emerging into my view.

She was trying to look as composed as usual, but, perhaps because her steady nerves had been shaken by her night's watching, she could not help faint touches of dimples at the corners of her mouth, and her eyes were veiled from any inquisitive look by their drooping lids.

"I thought you would like to know that the doctor says Max is quite out of danger now. He will only require care."

"Thank you, Thekla; Doctor —— has been in already this afternoon to tell me so, and I am truly glad."

She went to the window, and looked out for a moment. Many people were in the vineyards again to-day; although we, in our household anxiety, had paid them but little heed. Suddenly she turned round into the room, and I saw that her face was crimson with blushes. In another instant Herr Müller entered by the window.

"Has she told you, sir?" said he, possessing himself of her hand, and looking all a-glow with happiness. "Hast thou told our good friend?" addressing her.

"No. I was going to tell him, but I did not know how to begin."

"Then I will prompt thee. Say after me—'I have been a wilful, foolish woman——'"

She wrenched her hand out of his, half-laughing—"I am a foolish woman, for I have promised to marry him. But he is a still more foolish man, for he wishes to marry me. That is what I say."

"And I have sent Babette to Frankfort with the pastor. He is going there, and will explain all to Frau v. Schmidt; and Babette will serve her for a time. When Max is well enough to have the change of air the doctor prescribes for him, thou shalt take him to Altenahr, and thither will I also go; and become known to thy people and thy father. And before Christmas the gentleman here shall dance at our wedding."

"I must go home to England, dear friends, before many days are over. Perhaps we may travel together as far as Remagen. Another year I will come back to Heppenheim and see you."

As I planned it, so it was. We left Heppenheim all together on a lovely All-Saints' Day. The day before—the day of All-Souls—I had watched Fritz and Thekla lead little Lina up to the Acre of God, the Field of Rest, to hang the wreath of immortelles on her mother's grave. Peace be with the dead and the living.

## Totten Row.

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HIGH is it for, air or exercise, or is it to see or be seen, that the fashionable world and the world that wishes to be fashionable congregate on one side only of Hyde Park of an afternoon in the season? All the world is on the stage, you would

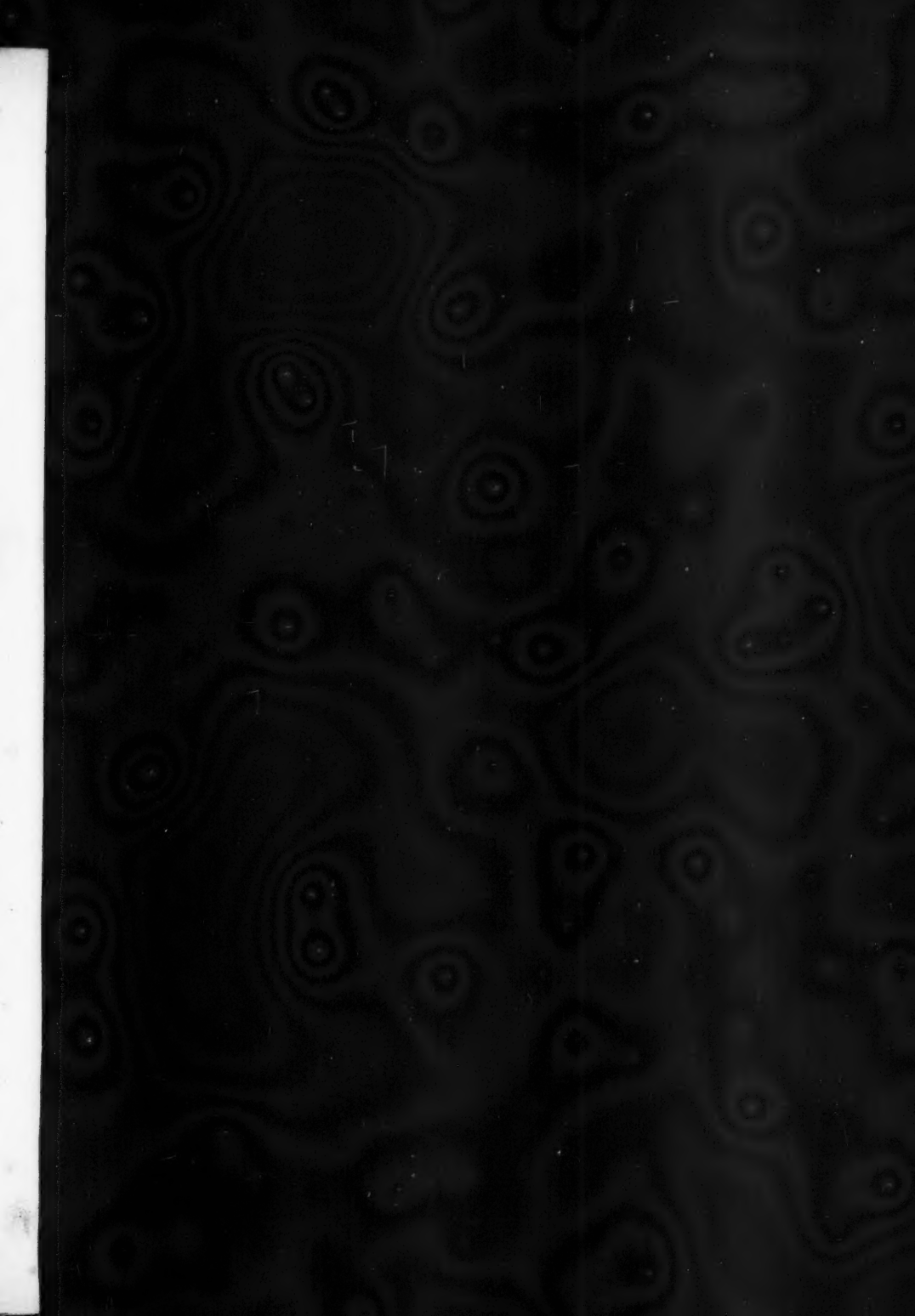
think, so great is the crowd, and the equestrians are the chief performers. It is a kind of Astley's, and the spectators sit in reserved seats (one penny plain, twopence with arms), and survey mankind on horseback from Hyde Park Corner to Kensington. It is a genteel comedy, that is being performed, with very little action, and scarcely any dialogue.

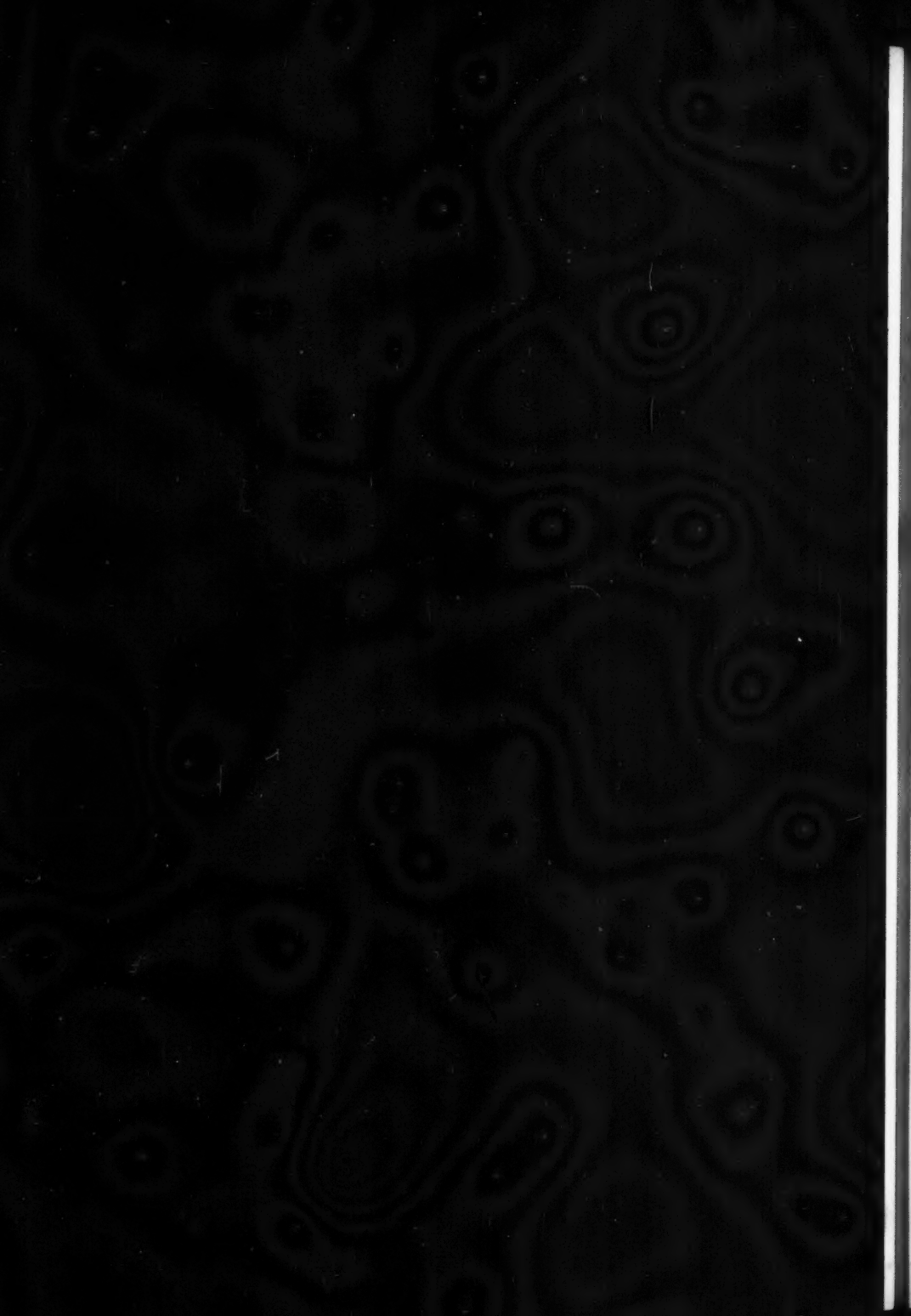
As a sight, it is very cheap at a penny, more especially when you come to compare it with other entertainments in other theatres, for which you pay quite other prices for uncomfortable stalls in unpleasant atmospheres, looking at, often, tiresome performances. Here, at least, there is fresh air, and room enough to stretch your legs to any extent; or you may, even for an extra penny, place them on another chair.

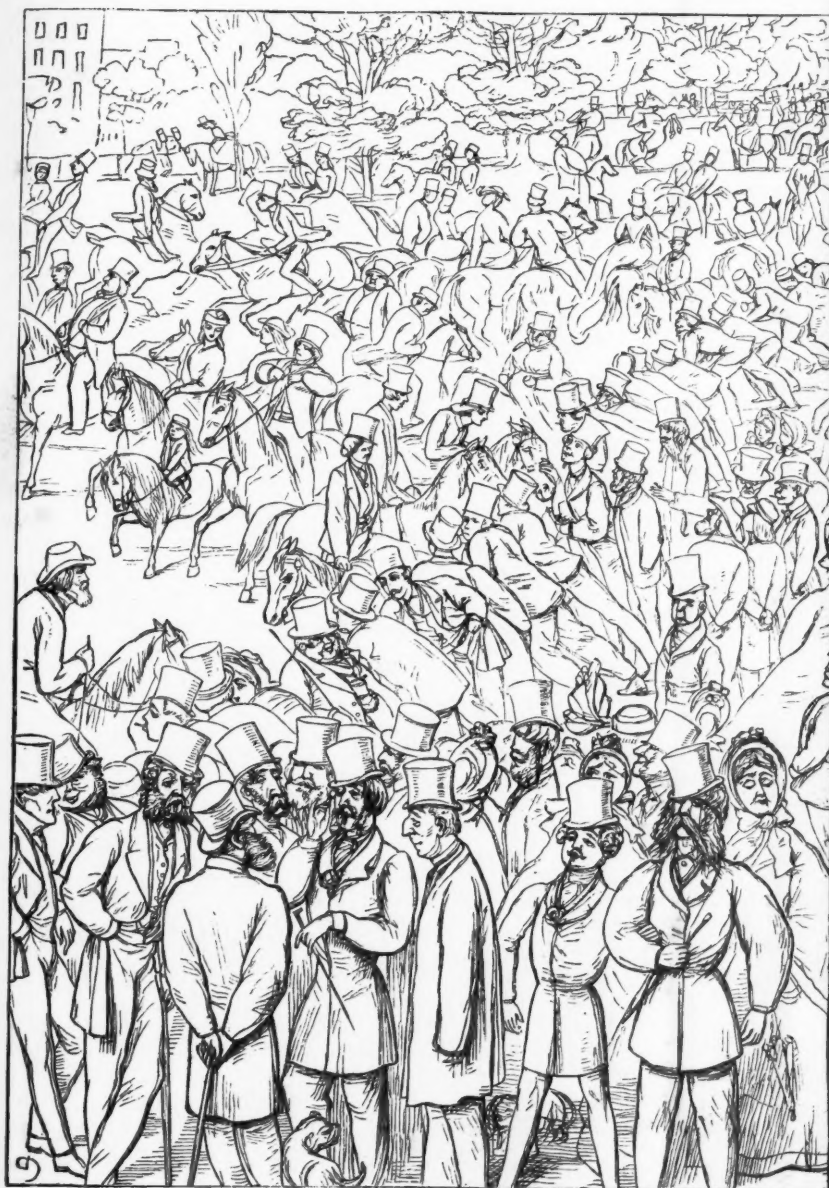
Chiefs out of war, and statesmen in and out of place, Members of Parliament and of the Stock Exchange, clergymen and barristers, City swells, country gentlemen, merchant princes, heavy and light dragoons, railway contractors, peers, peeresses, foreign ministers, and bishops on horseback, all jostling one another up and down, cantering, or prancing, or creeping along, or standing still, or sometimes running away.

The ladies and gentlemen who constitute the spectators sit along beside the pathway under the trees, partly sheltered from the rays of the evening sun, and criticise good-naturedly and make remarks of a friendly but pointed nature upon the costume or style of locomotion or features of each individual in the procession of pedestrians, which streams lazily past, marching in slow time, as it were, before the elegant occupants of the seats, who are reviewing them.

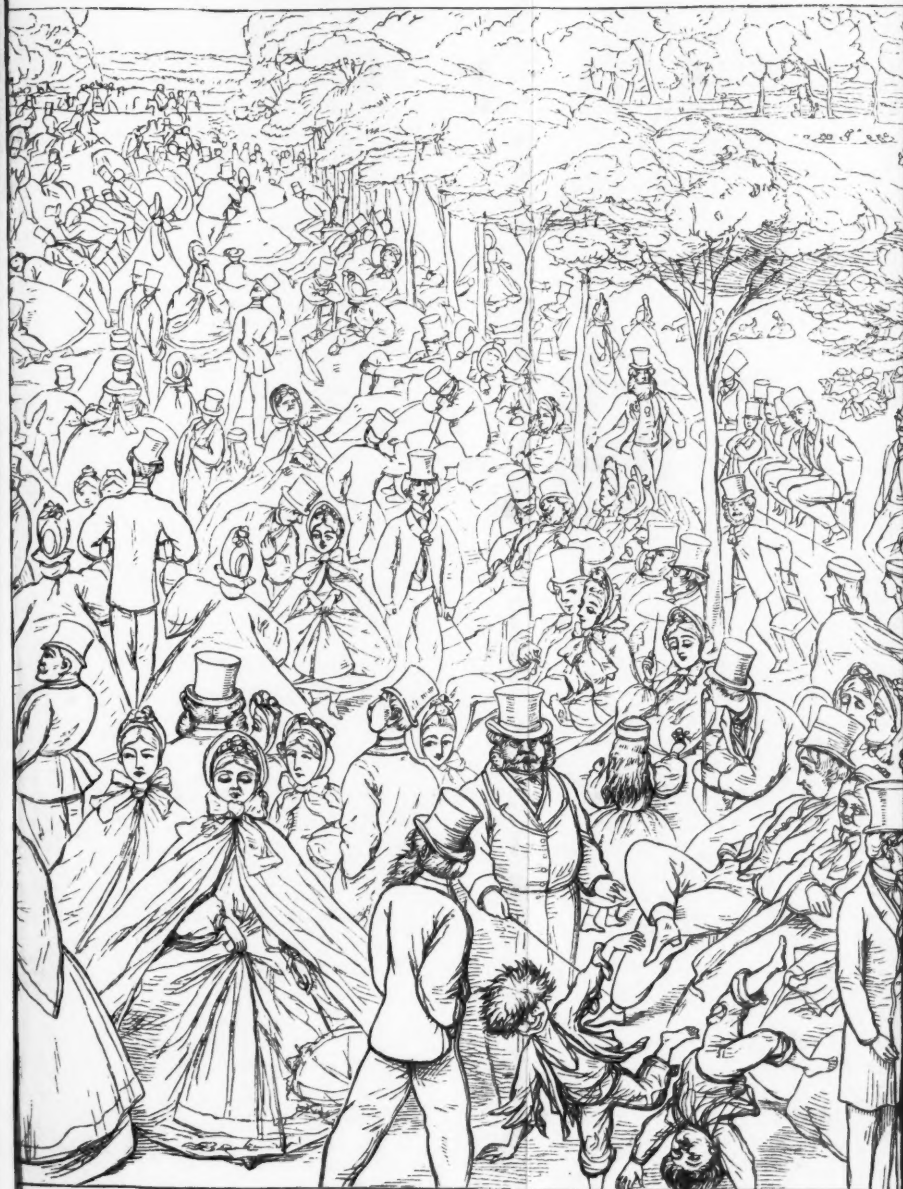










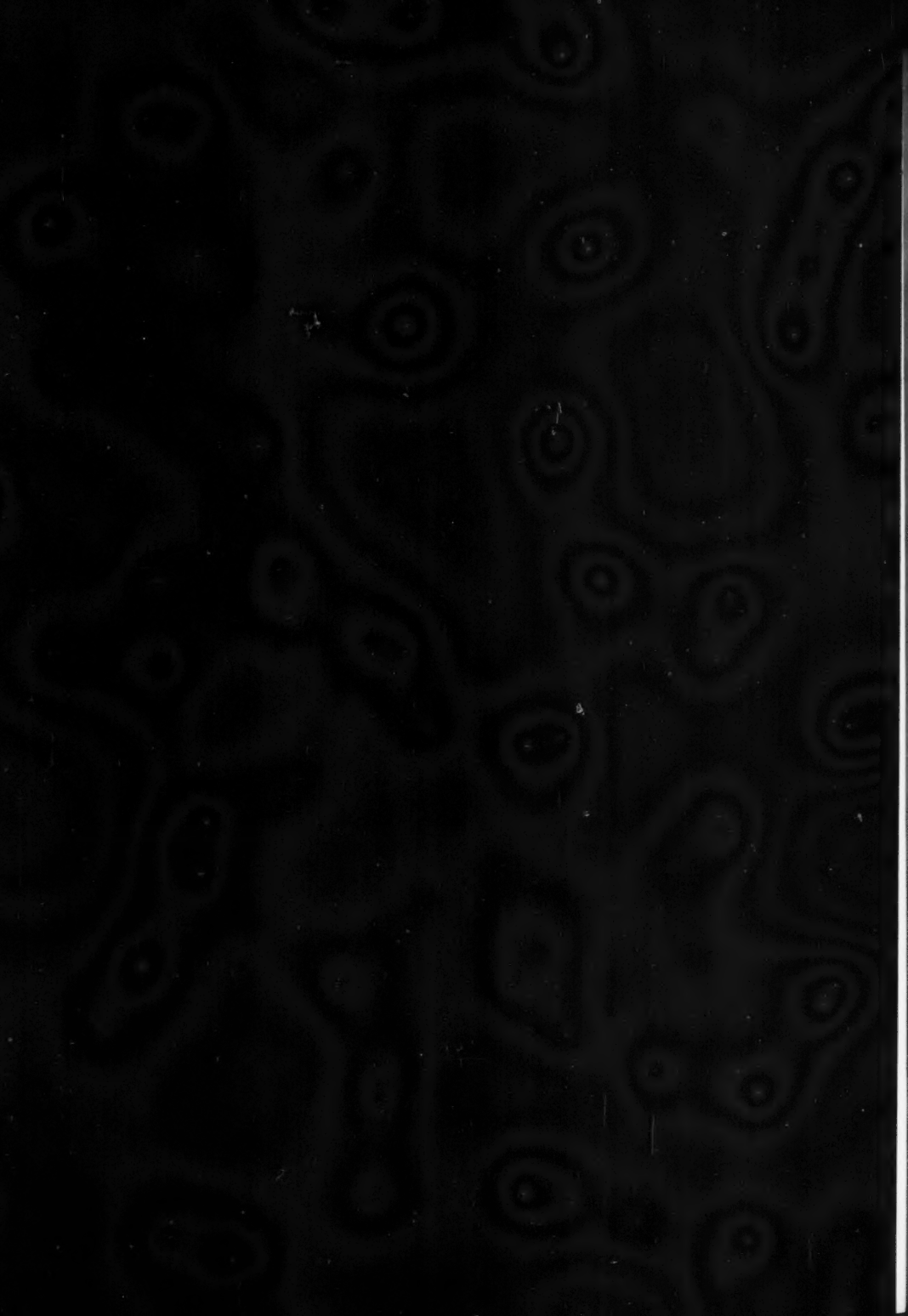


Rotten Row in the Season.









Gentlemen are perched in rows upon the iron railings, looking like listless birds very much of a feather, who have flocked together on a telegraph wire.

Amongst the company is to be seen that favourite young gentleman of mine, and of the period, whose eyebrows are always raised unreasonably, and whose object, it is supposed, is to extort a larger amount of attention and admiration from the world than it is in the world's power to give. He thinks it the right thing to do, you know, to take a stroll just to show himself, you know, and see what there is to be seen, you know; and so he marches languidly, and laboriously, and constrainedly along, and as he does so, not looking very happy the while, he casts his eye anxiously to the right and to the left, and straight before, and every other way, in a painful and useless endeavour to see everywhere at once and receive the salutes and recognitions of his acquaintances, and is in a constant state of terror lest he should overlook or miss some one—of consequence.

And a little apart from the rank and fashion, spread over the grass, are many little children attended by nurse-maids, who are attended by, often, Royal Horse Guards, red or blue; or sometimes by a park-keeper, who, in a previous stage of existence, has been in the wars and is covered with medals, and seems conscious of the fact.

The park is always haunted on these occasions by a few aged dandies of bygone days, venerable relics of the fashion that is no more. Melancholy objects, much like dismal ghosts returned, and wandering amid the scenes where they once were the glasses of fashion, and probably the moulds of form as well. They walk slowly and as if from habit, but not taking much interest apparently in what is going on around them. Probably most of the faces are new to them like the fashions; and the great swells who dazzled mankind by the splendour of their personal appearance, the cut of their coats, the shape of their whiskers, the smartness of their equipages, the beauty of their horses, and all the other things that do dazzle mankind in the park, when they were young, and George the Fourth was king, are no more to be seen. Quite different ideas of right and wrong in dress and manners now prevail.

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Book I. of the *Iliad*,

TRANSLATED IN THE HEXAMETER METRE.

## PRELIMINARY REMARKS.

THE question whether the Latin and Greek metres, and particularly the hexameter and pentameter, will ever be so fully naturalized among us as to take their places beside our only other received form of unrhymed metre—the blank verse—has been a good deal debated of late. If it were one to be decided by argument, we think that while, on the one hand, the objections urged against their acceptance admit of an easy and complete reply; on the other, the reasons adducible in their favour are capable of being stated with more force and fulness than has yet been done. A few words prefatory to one more attempt to show that readable English hexameters *can* be written will therefore, perhaps, not be ill bestowed on an endeavour to place this controversy on its right grounds.

It is contended, in the first place, by the opponents of this *addition to the rhythmical resources of our language*, that verses of this kind have been written in abundance; that they are, for the most part, utterly uncouth and barbarous; that when read as ordinary English verse would be read, they convey hardly any impression of being intended for verse; and that to give them the cadence and rhythm of the classical metres they profess to represent, it is necessary, in reading them, to violate every usage of English pronunciation and accent. That verses open to such objections have been written in sufficient abundance is a melancholy truth, and one which has gone far to prejudice the public ear against them. But it is not in favour of bad verse of this or any other kind that we contend. While such, no doubt, exists, it is equally true that many and signal examples also exist capable of satisfying the most fastidious classical reader; apart from that one great, and, as some consider it, insuperable stumbling-block, *quantitative prosody*.

The prosodical objection to these metres rests on the alleged absurdity of “composing verses in a language regulated by accent, in a metre invented by those who regulated it by prosody.” Now, if it were true that *our* reading of the classic metres in their own languages were really guided by prosody in that sense which this *dictum* would intimate, there would be force in this argument. If, for instance, the accent with which the verses of Virgil and Horace are read by an educated Englishman uniformly, or in a great majority of cases, fell on syllables long by prosody, and avoided short ones; we could then understand that, English metre

having little or no prosody, and being guided entirely by accent, we should be driven to create a prosody, if we would naturalize such metres, and should thus lapse into the deplorable blunder of the Elizabethan attempts, which cannot be read as verse without exciting shouts of laughter. But, in fact, this is the very reverse of the truth. Let any one open his Virgil, and in the first Eclogue he will find the quantity contradicted by the accent four times in the first three lines:—in the first *Æneid*, twice in the first two; and so on perpetually: while, if he wilfully accentuate long syllables, and glide over short ones, he will scarcely be able to read *Latin*\* verse at all. There cannot be a better exemplification of this than the way in which we all learn at school to read sapphics. Our system of accentuation is quite contradictory to the prosodical quantity; and in proof that such is our system, we need only appeal to Canning's caricature of it in the *Knife-grinder*.

Again, the English scholar who visits Greece, and hears the *Iliad* read by educated and accomplished modern Greeks, is, we are told, quite at a loss to recognize either the quantity of the syllables, or the accentuation, which, to our associations, makes it verse rather than prose run mad. Are we, then, to say that, to the modern Greek, the *Iliad* is not metre? Or shall we believe that the rebellious choruses of *Æschylus*, which defy all scholarship to make us accept them as anything but just such prose, conveyed no sense of rhythm to that poet's contemporaries?

We are far from contending that quantitative prosody adds no richness or beauty to verse. The perception of quantity, *where it exists*, does assuredly underlie and mingle with that of accent and cadence; much as in music the harmony underlies and adds to the enjoyment of the melody, even to those ears which cannot clearly distinguish and follow the lower notes in presence of the higher. And if this be (as we believe it to be) something more than a mere fanciful analogy, those cases in which the accent occasionally contradicts the prosody would come to be assimilated to passages in music in which discords are followed by their resolutions, or in which the melody and its accompaniment proceed by "contrary motion" to the great enhancement, if well managed, of the joint effect.

To reject, then, a metre which we acknowledge to be in itself pleasing and harmonious in its cadence, and which has many other excellent qualities, merely because we cannot subject it, in its construction, to a set of rules which our language does not acknowledge, and by which no other of our metres is bound, is wilfully to deprive ourselves of a source of pleasure, power and variety: and is much as if a flute-player were to abstain from playing the best airs of Haydn or Mozart, because

\* With the Greek, and especially that of Homer, the case is different. There is no such marked and general discordance between accent and quantity as in Latin, though instances enough of it occur to bear out our proposition as to accent and not quantity being our guide in reading the classic metres. How many schoolboys know the rules of Greek prosody?

they were originally written for the pianoforte, or for a full orchestral accompaniment.

If we deny ourselves the use of the hexameter for the translation of Homer, we have nothing to fall back upon but the decasyllable iambic of Milton and Pope, or the same metre augmented by a supernumerary syllable, constituting the hendecasyllabic measure of Dr. Alford, a great objection to which is its extreme tendency to fall into the sapphic cadence.\* Against both these metres (in their purity) the true objection, however, is, that they are iambic, *i. e.* epigrammatic, in their sharp, accentuated close, and as such better fitted for the terse, thoughtful, and pointed utterances of a matured literature; while the hexameter, whose essential character is impulsive, starting with a strong emphasis ("rising," as Coleridge has beautifully expressed it, "like the fountain's silvery column"), exhibits the full impress and youthful vigour of a nascent one.†

Another eminently advantageous feature of the hexameter verse is the variety it admits in its structure, rendering it, of all the metres in which a long poem can be written or translated, the least monotonous. By those indeed who lay it down as a first principle that the English hexameter *must gallop* (*i. e.* must be entirely dactylic with exception of the terminal spondee) this advantage is deliberately sacrificed, and exchanged for a monotony the heaviest and most wearisome of which human composition is capable—the monotony of forced, unceasing, laborious activity. In this respect a translator of Homer cannot do better than follow the example of

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\* Take, for instance, the following, which every reader will at once admit to be very excellent specimens of the English accentuated sapphic:—

"Next a huge stone he placed against the doorway,  
Fearth! in size. Not two-and-twenty waggons,  
Four-wheeled and staunch, could stir it from the ground-sill."

† On the ground that the Homeric Poems are in reality gigantic ballads, the metre of *Marmion* and *The Lady of the Lake* has recently been recommended for their translation. Let us try a few lines:—

## ILIAD. CANTO I.

### The Quarrel of the Kings.

#### I.

Achilles' wrath, to Greece the spring  
Of myriad woes, O goddess! sing:  
Which hurled to Hades' gloomy reign  
The souls of valiant chieftains slain,  
And gave their bodies on the shore  
For dogs and vultures to devour,  
Fulfilling Jove's behest:  
Since then, when in contention rude  
Great Atreus' son, in angry mood,  
Opposed to fierce Achilles stood,  
The noblest Greek, and best,

&c. &c. &c.

No! No! This will never do.



his great Original, whose lines exhibit the utmost variety of structure.\* Thus, and with the occasional introduction of lines in which the *cæsura* is deferred, or altogether dispensed with, the hexameter will be found to afford an amount of variety such as none of the English metres in use possesses.

As regards the other conditions, apart from the choice of a metre, to be observed in translating the *Iliad*, I cannot help thinking that the present tendency of opinion is to lay upon the shoulders of the translator a burden too heavy to be borne. It may indeed be possible to render, in something like verse, line for line, word for word, construction for construction, to give all the gods and heroes their Greek names, and to affix, in every instance where it occurs, the exact Homeric conventional epithet, duly rendered according to the literal meaning. This, it is conceivable, might be accomplished; and when done would probably read almost as much like a metrical production as the *propria quæ maribus*, or as in *præ-senti*, and would have about the same chance of finding a single reader out of school, where, no doubt, it would be exceedingly popular. Between such a rendering and the magnificent adumbration of Pope (for whatever may be said against it, I for one regard Pope's *Iliad*, taken *per se*, as one of the most magnificent poems, if not the most magnificent extant) a line must, somewhere or other, be drawn; and, it is readily admitted, must lie much nearer the former than the latter of the two extremes. A translation, line for line (with some small reasonable margin for mutual encroachment and recess), which shall render the full sense of the original in every material particular, and introduce as little in the nature of amplification as the difference between our monosyllabic English and Homer's *polyphloisboian* Greek occasionally necessitates, under the paramount obligation of producing unforced, fluent, and readable verses — this does not appear a task too hard for mortal man. If, however, to these conditions be superadded that of retaining throughout the conventional Homeric epithets rendered by complete English equivalents, I believe it to be impracticable without a grievous sacrifice of those essential qualities which render the perusal of a poem a pleasure, not a task; and its production something more inviting than a perpetual *tour de force*, or a school exercise.

In the following version of Book I. (which was commenced in October last on the occasion of reading an article in the *Times* of October 28th, in ignorance that any entire book of Homer had ever been placed before the English reader in its original metre), the epithets are retained *as such*, only when really expressive of some fitting accessory to the subject-matter, or when their introduction could be effected slowly, without constraint or awkwardness. In many cases, without direct verbal translation, their sense may be naturally interwoven among the

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\* In the first dozen lines of the *Iliad* occur no less than nine out of the sixteen different arrangements which the first four feet admit.

context. There is no denying that the continual recurrence of these epithets in season and out of season in Homer has a very oppressive effect on the modern ear. To be told occasionally, or incidentally, that Achilles was swift of foot, that the Greeks wore brazen armour and good boots, that their ships were black, and their swords long-shadowed, that they had rolling eyes, and Juno large ones and white arms, may not be amiss as characteristic touches thrown in to individualize our conceptions of these personages. But to be reminded of these particulars systematically whenever the persons or things so characterized are mentioned, that is to say, at about every tenth line throughout a long poem, is assuredly more in the nature of a blemish than a beauty, and one which no translator desirous of doing justice to his original ought, in the present state of literature, to aim at reproducing.

The monosyllabic character of our language (as already observed) affords in most cases abundant elbow-room, in so ample a metre as the hexameter, for the full expression in each line of the sense of its Greek original. Occasionally, indeed, the hexametric mantle will be found to sit too loosely, and to require a little expansion on the part of the wearer to fill it out properly. To do this gracefully is the most delicate and difficult part of a translator's task. But whether gracefully or not, good faith both to the original and to the reader requires that expletory words or phrases should be distinguished by some typographical difference. This is accordingly done by the use of italics in the translation here attempted.

### *Iliad.*—BOOK I.

SING, O celestial Muse! the destroying wrath of Achilles,  
 Peleus' son: which myriad mischiefs heaped on the Grecians,  
 Valiant spirits of heroes how many dismissing to Hades!  
 Flinging their corpses abroad for a prey to the dogs *and the vultures*,  
 And to each bird of the air. Thus Jove's high will was accomplished,  
 Even from that fateful hour when, opposed in *angry* contention,  
 Stood forth Atreides, king of men, and the godlike Achilles.

Say, then, which of the gods involved these two in their conflict—  
 Jove's and Latona's son! For he, with the leader offended,  
 Sent on his army a plague, and his people were perishing round him: 10  
 For that Atreides his *sacred* priest had *rudely* dishonoured,  
 Chryses, who *suppliant* came to the swift-sailing ships of the Grecians,  
 Eager to rescue his daughter, and proff'ring unlimited ransom.  
 Wreaths in his hands he bore of the *bright*, far-darting Apollo,  
 Circling a sceptre of gold. Then thus besought he the Grecians  
 All—but th' Atreide first, the two great arrayers of nations:

"O ye Atreidae! and you, all ye bright-armed Greeks, to your *valour*  
May the *great* gods, who dwell in the lofty Olympian mansions,  
Grant the destruction of Troy, and a safe return to your country!  
Only restore me my darling child, and accept what I offer, 20  
*Ever* revering the son of Zeus, far-darting Apollo."

Then loud shouted the Greeks in assent, "*Let her go!* Let Apollo  
Glorified be in his priest! Take, *take*, the magnificent ransom!"  
But Agamemnon, Atreus' son, *such compromise* brooked not.  
Roughly he drove him forth, and sternly rebuked him *at parting*.

"Hence! Let me catch thee no more, old man, in our camp, either  
ling'ring

Here round our hollow-keeled ships, or returning again *on thine errand*.

Scarce should *Apollo* then, or his wreath, or his sceptre avail thee.

No! Set her free, *be thou sure*, I will not! until age overtake her

There in our palace at home, in Argos, far from her country, 30

Weaving the web, and performing th' accustomed rites of my chamber

Hence, I say! Anger me not! Thy retreat may so be the safer."

Thus spake the king: and the old man feared, and shrank from the  
mandate.

Silent he crept by the loud-roaring sea, till far *from the vessels*;

Then to Apollo supreme, the offspring of fair-haired Latona,

Thus, *in his anguish*, he prayed, with *earnest* and long supplication:

"Hear me, thou of the silver bow! Thou guardian of Chrysa,

Thou who encompassst Cilla the sacred! Thou whose dominion

Tenedos trembling owns! O Smintheus, hear me! If ever,

Decking thy temple with festive crowns,<sup>1</sup> I have burned on thine altar 40

Thigh of the bull or fat of the goat—oh, grant my petition:

Let thine arrows requite to the Greeks these tears I am shedding."

Thus, *loud sobbing*, he prayed; and his prayer reached Phœbus Apollo.

Down from the *lofty* crest of Olympus he plunged *on the instant*,

Ire in his heart. On his shoulders his bow was slung, and his quiver

Gorgeously wrought, and the shafts clashed *loud* as he moved *in his anger*.

Down he swept, like *the presence* of night, and *approaching*, alighted

Somewhat apart from the ships, and among them sent forth an arrow.

Dire was the twang of the silver bow! Then *spread the contagion*

First among mules, and the lazy dogs<sup>2</sup> that prowled *round the vessels*. 50

<sup>1</sup> Anthon and Arnold hold to "roofing" the temple, and reject "crowning" as a neology. But this version is so utterly uncouth, that it would need half-a-dozen lines of paraphrase to explain it. I hold with Heyne and poetry *versus* pedantry and barbarism. Indeed, as Homer was a person of poetic taste and feeling, this passage itself might be cited as an early instance of the use of *ἱεῖρα* in the sense adopted.

<sup>2</sup> *κίνας ἀργούς* or *ἀργούς*.—*ἀργός* is *bright* or *swift*—a customary Homeric epithet for a dog. *ἀργός* is *wild* or *lazy*. I prefer *here* the reading which is in accordance in both its senses with the proceedings of those detestable brutes in hot climates, whose squalor, filth, and wandering habits, might very well be supposed to breed or at least to spread a pestilence.

Next came a piercing<sup>3</sup> shaft which, *winged* with bitterer<sup>3</sup> *vengeance*,  
 Flew through the ranks; and the funeral pyres blazed fast and unceasing.  
 Nine days thus did the god deal forth his darts on the army:  
 But on the tenth, convened by Achilles, the people assembled.  
 Such was the course to his mind which the white-armed Hera suggested,  
 Grieved as she was to behold her Greeks thus *helplessly* dying.

When the assembly was formed, and all were collected in council,  
 Rising before them, thus spoke forth swift-footed Achilles:  
 "Surely, methinks, O Atreides! the time is come for retreating,  
*Baffled*, back to our home; *too happy* with life but escaping, 60  
 Should the sword haply spare what the plague may leave of the Grecians.  
 Let us, however, consult some priest, or prophet, or dreamer,  
 (For in the visions of night Zeus oft discloseth his counsels):  
 Such may reveal why Phœbus Apollo's wrath is excited;  
 Whether by broken vows, or by hecatombs *due but neglected*:  
 So that perchance by the savour of lambs and kidlings unblemished  
*Soothed* and appeased, he may stay this plague *and cease from his anger*."

Thus having said, he resumed his seat. Then arose from among them  
 Calchas, Thestor's son, *far-famed* as the wisest of augurs;  
 One to whose mind inspired, the past, the present, the future— 70  
 All were alike revealed: that seer, whose *sage* divination  
 (Phœbus Apollo's gift) had guided the ships of the Grecians  
*Safely* to Ilion's shore. And thus, complying, he answered:

"Dost thou command me, Achilles, beloved of Jove, to inform thee  
 Wherefore Apollo, the *bright*, far-darting king, is offended?  
 Then must I speak. But swear to me first, and pledge me thine honour,  
 Promptly with word and with deed to support me, *whatever may happen*.  
 Well do I deem my report will enrage that Prince whose dominion  
 Glorious o'er Argos extends, and whose sway the Achæians acknowledge.  
*Dire* is the wrath of a king when *unequally matched* with a subject. 80  
 What though he seem to digest<sup>4</sup> the affront? Yet *the pride* of the monarch  
 Inwardly broods o'er revenge, and *long, long* after will wreak it. [*ring?*]"  
 Weigh then the risk. Wilt thou hold me unharmed, *such danger incur*—

Then, making answer in turn, thus spoke swift-footed Achilles:  
 "Boldly declare what thou knowest. Whatever thine oracle, say it!  
 For by Apollo, beloved of Jove; *by the God* at whose altars,  
 Bending in prayer, thou, Calchas! *receiv'st* Heav'n's dread revelations,  
 None, while I live and view *with these eyes* the conduct of mortals—  
 No! not one of the Greeks shall lay but a finger upon thee, [non.  
 Here in our hollow-keeled ships—not ev'n should'st thou name Agamem-  
 Noblest and mightiest of all in our host though he vaunt his position."

<sup>3</sup> *ἰχνηυτής* is either *piercing*, *bitter*, or *made of pine wood*. While adopting (or referring to) the two former of these meanings, I half suspect that Homer, in his fondness for specifying material particulars, intended it in the latter of the three senses.

<sup>4</sup> *καταπίψυ*, literally, *digest*.

Thus reassured, the blameless<sup>5</sup> prophet took courage, and answered:  
 " 'Tis for no broken vow, no hecatomb *due but neglected*;  
 But for his outraged priest, by Atreides rudely insulted—  
 Heeding nor ransom nor prayer, but detaining his daughter in bondage.  
 For this cause the far-darting god hath sent, and will send us,  
 Woes upon woes: and heavy his hand shall weigh on the Grecians,  
 Till, without ransom or price, the bright-eyed<sup>6</sup> maid be conducted  
 Back to her father in Chrysa. Perchance, then, a hecatomb offered  
 To the offended pow'r may disarm his wrath, and preserve us." 100

Thus having said, he resumed his seat. Then arose Agamemnon,  
 Atreus' heroic son, wide ruling o'er many a nation.  
 Furious he rose. In his gloomy soul o'ermastering passion  
 Struggled for vent, and a torch-like fire blazed forth from his eyeballs.  
 Bending on Calchas a *withering* scowl, thus at once he addressed him:  
 " Prophet of evil! To me thy bodings have ever been hateful.  
 Still doth thy *cankered* heart delight in th' announcement of mischief.  
 Ne'er from thy lips good words, from thy hands good works have pro-  
 ceeded.

And now, *true to thy mission of ill*, the Greeks thou haranguest,  
 Stirring them up to believe that Apollo for me hath chastised them. 110  
 Mine, forsooth! is the crime, who the virgin daughter of Chryses  
*Lawfully kept*, and her ransom refused: much longing to carry  
 Back to my native home *so fair, so graceful* a maiden,  
 Whom Clytemnestra herself, when I led her a bride to the altar,  
 Hardly in person, in temper,<sup>7</sup> in mind, or accomplishments equalled.  
 But, if it must be so, then *let her depart*—I resign her.  
 Ne'er be it said that for *pleasure of mine* the people should perish.  
 Only forthwith prepare me a prize: that alone of the Argives  
 Unrewarded I go not; for that indeed were unseemly.

All of you bear me witness! My prize is elsewhere disposed of." 120

Godlike Achilles, swift in the race, then rose up in answer.  
 " Ill beseems, O Atreides! such rank with such avarice blended!  
 How can our generous Greeks *be taxed*, a *new* prize to assign thee?  
 Public store have we none where treasure is laid up in common.  
 Soon as a town is sacked, the spoil on the spot is divided,  
 Nor were it just to reclaim from the troops what once is allotted. [sate  
 Yield her then, *frankly*, at once to the god, and the Greeks will compen-

<sup>5</sup> A writer in the *London Review* denies that ἀμύμων can ever be properly rendered by *blameless*. If so, read *stainless*, which would come nearer to the sense advocated. But we believe every scholar construes πάντις ἀμύμων as "the blameless prophet," and further on we find ἀμύμονες Αἰθιοπῆται, to express blameless innocence of life.

<sup>6</sup> ἑλκώπιδας, literally Anglicè, "*screw-eyed*," from ἑλκίς, a screw: nauticè, "*swivel-eyed*," poeticè, with "*rolling-eyes*," or, by an easy transition from the movement to the brilliancy, "*bright-eyed*."

<sup>7</sup> φῶνιν, which may be rendered either *figure*, *feature*, *nature* (quasi φῶνιν), or *disposition*.

Threefold and four thy loss, when Jove's decree is accomplished,  
And the embattled towers of Troy lie smoking in ruin."

Fierce in his royal pride, this answer returned Agamemnon : 130

"Not so, brave as thou art, and of godlike presence, Achilles!

Not so deceive thyself, nor think to beguile or persuade me.

Think'st thou thy prize to retain unquestioned? that, tamely contented,

I shall my own resign? — Resign her, too, at thy orders?

No! Let the generous Greeks, with fitting and duteous selection,

Grant an equivalent prize, as a fair and just compensation—

All shall be well. If not, I shall seize on the prize of another :

Thine, perchance, or the spoil of Aias or mighty Odysseus.

Rage he may upon whom I shall come—I reckon not his anger.

This when the time shall better allow. Now proceed we to action.

First let a sable vessel be launched on the wide-rolling ocean, 141

Manned with our choicest rowers. A hecatomb duly provided

Place in her hold, and let fair Chryseis herself be conducted

Safely on board. To some chief of renown the command be entrusted,

Aias, or Creta's king, or the wisdom divine of Odysseus,

Ay, or thyself, Pelides, most dreadful of men! that the anger

Of the far-darting god may be soothed by our prayers and our off'rings."

Scornfully frowning upon him, at once swift-footed Achilles

Answered him thus: "O wrapped up in insolence! Blinded by lucre!

Which of the Greeks henceforth will cheerfully arm at thy bidding?

Toil in the wearisome march, or rush with delight to the combat? 151

Moved by no personal hate 'gainst Troy and her warlike defenders

Came I hither to fight; for nought have they done to offend me.

Cattle nor steed of mine have they seized; nor in hostile invasion

Swept over Phthia's realm, nor wasted her bounteous harvests.

Far, far parted we lie, with the roaring ocean between us,

And the o'ershadowing crests of many a mountainous barrier.

In thy quarrel, O lost to all shame! are we come; for thy pleasure,

Insolent! seeking redress from the Trojans for thee and thy brother;

Thankless, and reckless of all we have done, of all we have suffered. 160

Now, for a crowning affront, to seize my prize thou hast threatened,

Bravely and hardly won, and conferred by the sons of Achaia!

Equal to thine no spoil has ever to me been awarded,

When to the Grecian arms some populous city has yielded.

Foremost ever in fight, and sustaining the brunt of the battle,

Sword in hand am I found;—but so sure as the spoil is divided,

Thine is the choice of the prey; while, some pleasing trifle accepting,

Wearied and faint with toil, I bear it away to my vessels.

Now unto Phthia my course I shall take:—for better I deem it

Home with my ships to return, since thus dishonoured, and leave thee

Here to thy fate, ingloriously fighting for riches and plunder."

Then Agamemnon, king of men, this answer returned him:

"Fly by all means, if such be thy mind. Not ev'n for a moment



Will I entreat thee for me to remain. I lack not companions 174  
 True to *my cause and my glory*, nor Jove for my guide and protector.  
 Hateful beyond all princes whom heaven with power hath entrusted,  
 Nought but strife is thy soul's delight, and battle and slaughter;  
 Say, thou art brave! 'Tis the gift of God *which thus thou profanest*.  
 Fly then, I say! With thy ships and thy troops betake thee to Phthia;  
 There o'er thy Myrmidons rule. For know, proud prince, that I reck not  
 Or of thine aid or thy wrath. And *speakest thou of threats?* Thus I threaten:  
 Since at my hands Apollo demands the daughter of Chryses,  
 Forthwith let her depart. In my ship, with my escort, I send her.  
 Then to thy tent I shall come, and thy prize, thy lovely Briseis,  
 Claim, and lead her away:—so that ev'n thyself shalt acknowledge  
 Mine the superior power, and, warned by thy bitter example,  
 All shall henceforward dread to dispute my right or defy me."

Thus he spake; and a pang through Pelides shot. In his bosom,  
 Shaggy and rough, his heart by conflicting thoughts was divided:  
 Whether at once to snatch from his thigh his keen-edged falchion, 190  
 Break through th' assembled chiefs, and strike to the earth his insulter,  
 Or to control his mind and arrest *the career* of his passion.

Thus, while doubtful he stood, in his troubled spirit debating—  
 Half unsheathed while appeared the mighty sword—from Olympus  
 Pallas Athene came, whom the white-armed Hera commissioned,  
 Equally both in her heart regarding, and anxious *to save them*.  
 Standing behind him, his golden locks she grasped;—and Pelides  
 Turned; and amazed he stood when her awful eyes he encountered,  
 Only to him revealed among all the heroes assembled. 199

Startled, but yet not calmed, in impassioned words he addressed her,—  
 "And art thou come *from heav'n*, great daughter of Jove, to be witness  
 How Agamemnon, Atreus' son, both wrongs and degrades me?  
 Then shalt thou see—and my words may not be long in fulfilling—  
 How, perchance with his life, he shall pay for his pride and his insults."

Thus, then, in turn replied the blue-eyed goddess Athena:  
 "Hear me! and calm thy passion, and bend thy soul to obey me!  
 For this cause from Olympus I come, by Hera commissioned,  
 Equally friendly to both, and equally anxious to save you. [bard.  
 Cease from this strife! With thy hand draw not thy sword from its scab-  
 Words be thine only weapons: and spare them not, but reproach him;  
 For be assured (and ere long my words shall be fully accomplished)  
 Threefold in splendour and worth shall gifts upon gifts be repaid thee  
 For this insolent act. But restrain thy rage, and obey us."

Then replying in turn, thus spake swift-footed Achilles:  
 "At such bidding, O goddess! no choice but obedience is left me,

\* *ἔπεα προείρνα* Winged conveys no distinct idea as applied to words. All words fly with equal speed. It is merely intensifying, and may be rendered *pro re nata* by any epithet denoting energy or readiness of speech.

Grievously angered at heart though I be : for such is my duty. 216  
 Whoso the gods reveres, his prayers will find them propitious."  
 Then, with a ponderous grasp on the hilt with silver resplendent,  
 Back in its scabbard he plunged the mighty sword, to Athena  
 Harkening. She meanwhile her flight to Olympus had taken, 220  
 There in the mansions of Zeus rejoining her fellow immortals.

Once more now, his heart still swelling with anger, Achilles  
 Thus Agamemnon addressed, in words injurious and bitter :  
 "Drunken with pride, thou dog in thy look, but deer in thy nature !  
 When didst thou ever with hearty alacrity arm for the battle,  
 Or to the dreadful ambush go forth with the chiefs of the Grecians ?  
 Nought but terror and death in exploits like these thou beholdest.  
 Easier seems it and safer to plunder thy friends ; through the army  
 Ranging at large, and seizing the share of whoe'er may oppose thee !  
*Ita ! what a king art thou, who mak'st a prey of thy subjects !* 230  
 Subjects too base to resent :—or this were the last of thy insults.  
 Hear, then, my fixed resolve, and the oath I take to confirm it :  
 By this sceptre which, torn from its parent trunk on the mountains,  
 Blossom or bud shall never renew, by the axe of the woodman  
 Stripped of its branches and bark—by this sacred sceptre I swear it,  
 Emblem of justice and truth, upborne by the sons of the Grecians,  
 Guardians of laws and protectors of rights handed down from their fathers,  
 Sanctioned by Jove himself !—(such an oath *e'en* to thee would be binding)—  
 Surely with yearning of heart each Greek shall long for Achilles  
 When beneath Hector's slaughtering sword thine armies shall perish ; 240  
 Then shalt thou groan in spirit, unable to save or to help them,  
 Self-condemned, and gnawed by remorse and rage at thy folly,  
 Shamefully thus to have used the best and bravest among them."

Thus he spake ; and dashed on the ground his sceptre in anger,  
 Studded with golden stars : then sate, defiant and scornful.  
 Him with increasing wrath Agamemnon eyed. Up arose<sup>9</sup> then  
 Nestor, the Pylian sage, whose eloquence, clear and persuasive,  
 Flowed from his lips in harmonious accents, sweeter than honey.  
 Two generations in sacred Pylos beneath his dominion  
 Reared to articulate speech,<sup>10</sup> and o'ertaken by age had he witnessed,  
*Sov'reign at once and friend.* Now ruled he the third in succession.  
 Wisely and kindly counselling both, in these words he addressed them :  
 "Gods ! what a weight of grief descends on the land of Achaia !  
 How will Priam exult, and his sons, and the host of the Trojans !

<sup>9</sup> Pope makes Nestor "slow from his seat" arise. But the moment was pressing, and the instant of pause had to be promptly seized. Homer uses the expression *ἀνέσπευε*, *rushed up*, or *started to his feet*, a phrase as much too strong for Nestor's age as Pope's is too dilatory for the occasion. Is not *arose*, however, some sort of derivative of *ἀνέσπευε* ?

<sup>10</sup> *μερόπων ἀνθρώπων*. It is just possible to bring in the Homeric epithet here as in some way or other relevant to the subject matter.

How will their souls rejoice should report convey to their hearing 255  
*This unseemly dispute*, where two such chiefs are contending;  
 First in the councils of Greece, and her foremost leaders in battle!  
 Be persuaded! Remember that I am much older than either,  
 Ay, and in days gone by, with men *far braver and greater*  
 Long consorted on friendly terms; and they never disdained me. 260  
 Ne'er have I seen—ne'er more shall I see—such men as were Dryas,  
 Shepherd and guide of his flock; Peirithôus, Exadius, and Cæneus:  
*These were heroes indeed!* Nor less divine Polyphemus,  
 Theseus too, great Ægeus' son, most like the immortals.  
 Bravest were these of all whom this earth on her bosom hath nurtured.  
 Bravest they were, and bravely they fought with *the fiercest of beings*,  
 Ev'n with the mountain centaurs, and slew them in terrible<sup>11</sup> combat.  
 These were my friends and associates: by these from Pylos invited  
 Hastening to join them I came from afar, from the Apian country;  
 And by their side I fought, as best I might. But against them 270  
 No man of mortal mould could avail, such as earth now produces.  
 Yet they obeyed my word; gave willing ear to my counsels.  
 You, too, let me persuade: for to yield to persuasion is wiser.  
 Great as thou art, O Atreides! beware how thou seize on the damsel.  
 Leave her. Respect th' award pronounced by the sons of Achaia.  
 Thou, too, Peleus' son! forbear<sup>12</sup> to contend with our sov'reign;  
 Since to no sceptred prince whom Zeus hath delighted to honour  
 Loftier place or greater renown hath e'er been accorded.  
 Say thou art mighty, as well beseems thy descent from a goddess,  
 Yet is he higher in rank; for wider extends his dominion. 280  
 Once more, Atreides, dismiss thy wrath! 'Tis Nestor entreats thee.<sup>13</sup>  
 Urge thine opponent no more: for to whom shall we look but Achilles,  
 In the rough chances of war, as the bulwark and stay of our nation?"  
 Then making answer, replied Agamemnon, ruler of nations:  
 "Rightly, O *reverend sage!* on either part hast thou spoken,  
 But we have here a man who will dictate on every occasion;  
 Nought but his will must be law, and all must bend in his presence.  
 Yet there is one, methinks, who will yield to no such pretensions.  
 Grant that th' immortal gods an *accomplished* warrior have made him,  
 Have they with this conferred an *unbounded* licence of insult?" 290  
 Him interrupting, thus broke in the godlike Achilles:  
 "Base, indeed, should I be, and deserve the name of a coward,

<sup>11</sup> *ἐκπύλως δλίκοντο*, *lit.* "dreadfully slew them."

<sup>12</sup> *Μῆτερόν, Πηλείδην, θελ' ἐριζέμεναι*. The lexicons inform us that Homer invariably uses *ἐθελειν* and its inflexions, and never *θέλειν*. Here is one instance to the contrary.

<sup>13</sup> *Ἔγωγε λίσσομαι, Ἀχιλλεῖ, μεθίμεν χρόνον*. *λίσσομαι* would govern an accusative, not a dative of the person besought, so that here Pope, when he writes—

"Leave me, O king, to calm Achilles' rage"

seems to have missed the true meaning of the passage.

Were I to yield me a slave to whate'er thy caprices may dictate.  
 Issue thy orders to others! Command not me! for henceforward  
*Thee and thy cause I disown*, and spurn the control of a tyrant.  
 This, too, hear me declare, and well shalt thou do to observe it:  
 Neither with thee nor *that other in Troy*<sup>14</sup> will I fight for a woman.  
 (Since<sup>15</sup> *thus meanly, ye Greeks*, ye resume the prize ye have given,  
*Take it!*) But when *thou*<sup>16</sup> com'st to my ship, dark frowning<sup>17</sup> upon thee,  
 Nought that is mine beside shalt thou touch, with me to resist thee. 300  
 Or shouldst thou dare it, come on; make trial, that all may behold it!  
 Quickly my spear's broad blade with thy streaming blood shall be purpled."

Thus with fierce words contended the chiefs by the ships of the Grecians.  
 Both then *abruptly* rose, and at once dissolved the assembly.  
 Thence to his tents and stately<sup>18</sup> ships departed Achilles;  
 With him his faithful friend Menœtius' son and their comrades.  
 But by Atreides' order was launched a swift-sailing galley,  
 Manned with twenty selected rowers; a hecatomb duly  
 Placed in the hold for the god; and the fair Chryseis conducted  
 Ev'n by himself on board; and Odysseus the wise was commander. 310  
*Swiftly*, when all were embarked, they swept o'er the paths of the waters.

*This performed*, Atreides a solemn lustration commanded.  
 All the people were cleansed, and the sea received their ablutions.  
 Next, to Apollo of bulls and of goats whole hecatombs offered  
 Blazed, in long order ranged, on the shore of the desolate ocean.  
 Rich was the steam that rose with the eddying smoke from the altars.

In such rites was the army engaged. Meanwhile Agamemnon,  
 Bearing his threat to Achilles in mind, Eurybates summoned,  
 And Talthylus, heralds and messengers swift; and addressed them:  
 "Haste ye both to the tent of Peleus' son, to Achilles; 320  
 Claim<sup>19</sup> Briseis the fair, and lead her respectfully hither.

<sup>14</sup> οὐτε τῷ ἄλλῳ with *that other*, not with *any other* (?).

<sup>15</sup> Here he parenthetically addresses the Greeks, so putting it as to appear to yield to them and not to Agamemnon, while at the same time obliquely reproaching them for their acquiescence, and holding them responsible for the consequences. This is plainly indicated by the vocative plural transiently introduced in the Greek without interrupting the continuity of the sentence, which would be very awkward if directly imitated in English.

<sup>16</sup> Here he resumes his address to Agamemnon.

<sup>17</sup> παρὰ νηὶ μέλαινῃ. Here again the conventional epithet can be rendered in consonance with the general sense, and serves to heighten it.

<sup>18</sup> ἡσασ, "well-balanced" or "evenly-trimmed," i. e. built so as to sit upright in still water, the first condition of "staleness" in a ship. If any reader prefer "balanced," or "well-balanced," he may read it so.

<sup>19</sup> Homer does not make Agamemnon order the heralds to deliver this as a *message* to Achilles. It is a personal instruction to them. Had he done so, they must have repeated it word for word, as messengers in the Iliad always do, and so would have been lost not only the heroic courtesy of Achilles on their reception, but all the exquisite management of this most difficult situation in which every point is saved by the discreet bearing of the heralds.

This should Achilles refuse, I shall take her *by force*; and in person,  
 Backed by o'erwhelming numbers; and that will be harder upon him."  
 Such was his order, and strict the injunction he added on parting.  
*Sad and reluctant* they passed, on the shore of the desolate ocean,  
 Ev'n to the tents and ships of the Myrmidon host: and Achilles  
*Gloomily* sitting they found in front of his tent, by the vessels.  
*Greeting* he gave them none, for small was his joy to behold them.  
 They, on their part, confused in his princely presence, and awe-struck,  
 Silent remained, *nor raised their eyes*, nor delivered their errand. 330  
 This when the chief perceived in his mind, he *mildly* addressed them:

"Hail, ye heralds! messengers high of Jove and of mortals.  
*Fearless and free* draw nigh. Not you do I blame, but your master.  
*Well do I know* by constraint ye come for the damsel Briseis,  
*And ye shall take her.* Divine Patroclus! bring forth the maiden.  
 Hand her to these in charge. But now I call you to witness,  
 Now unto gods in heaven and mortals on earth to proclaim it,  
 And to your tyrant king: should ever henceforth by his army  
 Need of my aid be felt, to save them from shame and destruction—  
*No! let them die!*—while he, in the frenzied whirl of his passion, 340  
 Powerless alike to learn from the past or plan for the future, [them."  
 Driv'n to their ships when they fight for their lives, shall be helpless to lead

Thus he spake: and Patroclus obeyed his friend and companion,  
 And from the inmost tent led forth the lovely Briseis  
 And to their charge consigned. With womanly *fear and reluctance*,  
 Slowly she moved by their side as they passed to the ships of Achaia.

Then retreated Achilles apart from the *sight* of his comrades.  
 Downward bent,<sup>20</sup> and weeping, he sate, as he gazed o'er the ocean  
 Hoary with breakers ashore, but darkening *with storm* in the distance.  
*Seaward* his hands extending, *at length* he prayed to his mother. 350

"O my mother! since at my birth short life was ordained me,  
 Surely, *almighty* Zeus, high-thundering, throned in Olympus,  
 Should have enlarged<sup>21</sup> it with glory. But none<sup>22</sup> hath he hitherto granted.  
 Lo! with what *burning* disgrace Agamemnon, ruler of nations,  
*Brands me*, wresting away the prize I won by my valour."

Thus he spake. But his mother august in the depths of the ocean  
 Heard his complaint, where she sate beside her reverend father.

<sup>20</sup> *λίσσεσθαι*. The attitude is that of a man sitting, elbow on knee, chin on hand, weeping, and gazing wistfully between his tears upwards and forwards. The expression of the features would be a study for a painter. Has any tried it? It would be a noble picture. The tents, the ships, the darkling sea in the offing (*πρόσθω*), typical of the storm brooding over the future of Greece; the ground-swell rolling in its breakers (*ἀλός*) as an earnest of the great commotion soon to burst over all, &c. &c.

<sup>21</sup> *ἐγγυαλίξαι*. An odd word, meaning to fill up a hollow, and so, metaphorically, to give full measure, to fill to repletion, to distend with fullness.

<sup>22</sup> *ὅς τις*, not a jot, not a tittle. Perhaps, "but now not a whit hath he granted" might be borne.

Swift, like a rising mist, from the hoary deep she ascended ; 358  
 Sate beside him, and marked his tears : then fondly caressing,  
*Laid in his hand her own*, and endearingly naming, bespoke him : [spirit ?

"Why dost thou weep, my child ?<sup>23</sup> What grief has seized on thy  
 Speak ! conceal not thy sorrows, but let them be common between us."

Heavily sighing, thus replied swift-footed Achilles :

"Well thou know'st. Why then should I tell thee all as it happened ?  
 Thebé the sacred fell to our arms, Aëtion's city.

This we *sacked and* plundered, and hither we came with the booty.

Fairly and justly was all disposed by the sons of Achaia,

And to our chief, Atreides, the fair Chryseis allotted.

Chryses then, the priest of the *bright*, far-darting Apollo, 360

Came to our camp and the ships of the Greeks resplendent in armour,

*Eager* to rescue his daughter, and proff'ring unlimited ransom.

Wreaths in his hands he bore of the *bright*, far-darting Apollo

Circling a sceptre of gold : and he urged his suit on the Grecians

All—but th' Atreidæ first, the two great arrayers of nations.

Then, with one voice, loud shouted the Greeks in assent ; that Apollo

Honoured should be in his priest, and the costly ransom accepted.

But Agamemnon, Atreus' son, *such compromise* brooked not.

Roughly he drove him forth, and sternly rebuked him at parting.

*Boasted* and angry, the *good* old man withdrew, but Apollo 370

Heard the complaint of his prayer (for he loved him well), *and avenged him*.

Upon the Argives he sent a destroying shaft ; and the people

Perished in heaps on heaps ; for each moment *faster and thicker*

Flew through the army the darts of the god. Out<sup>24</sup> spake then a prophet

Who the far-darter's will well knew ; and denounced the offender.

Foremost, at once I exhorted, the god to appease. But Atreides

Took it in wrathful mood, and rising before the assembly

Uttered that *shameful* threat which now he has *dared* to accomplish.

Even while the keen-eyed<sup>25</sup> Greeks are escorting the damsel to Chrysa,

Freighting with costly gifts for the god the *best* of their vessels, [ing

Heralds have come to my tent and my ships, and have siezed, and are lead-

Brises' daughter away—my prize, and the gift of Achaia. 391

Now, my mother, aid, if thou canst, thy son *in his trouble*.

Speed to Olympus, and there prefer to Zeus thy petition,

If thou hast ever in word or deed done aught to delight him.

Have I not heard thee boast in my father's palace, relating

<sup>23</sup> *Τίκνον*, a child, not a son. (*τίκνον τέφλον γρόντος Αντιγόνη*.) His mother only could, and a mother would, address such a person as Achilles as a *child*.

<sup>24</sup> Achilles here rather misstates the transaction. He it was who spoke first, and brought up Calchas to the denouncing point by his public assurance of protection.

<sup>25</sup> *Είδωπες*. The conventional epithet may have a special appropriateness here from the position of a rower who must sit face-forward, while his attention is required to the right and left to notice (by the roll of the eye) any floating obstruction. Watchful, or keen-eyed, meets this meaning.



How that the cloud-enshrouded Kronion to thee was indebted— 396  
 Thee of the immortals alone—for his rescue from *bonds* and dishonour,  
*Even in that fearful hour* when all endeavoured to chain him,  
 Hera with dread Poseidon joined, and Pallas Athena.  
 Then thou cam'st, O goddess, and freed him. Then at thy summons 400  
 He of the hundred hands, Briareus<sup>26</sup> (called so in heaven,  
 But upon earth, *Ægeon*), Olympus scaled, and beside him  
 Sate, exulting in night. Far mightier was he than his father!  
 Him when the gods beheld, they shuddered, *obeyed*, and desisted.  
 Go, then; remind him of this, and his knees embracing, approach him;  
 Bid him be gracious and aid the Trojans to drive to their vessels,  
 Crowded *like sheep* to the slaughter, the *recreant* Greeks; who may glory  
 Then, if they please, in their king—their *Atræides*, ruler of nations!  
 While Agamemnon himself shall know and acknowledge his frenzy 409  
 Thus to have shamed and dishonoured the best and bravest among them.”

Dropping a *pitying* tear, thus Thetis kindly responded:  
 “Why, ah, why did I bear thee, my child, and rear thee to sorrow?  
 Evil, alas! was the hour when I gave thee birth in my palace.  
 Oh! could'st thou safe remain withdrawn from war by thy vessels,  
 Tearless, at least, if not long-lived, since destiny wills it.  
 Now must thy span of days be at once both joyless and fleeting!  
 Yet will I bear thy words to the thunderer's throne, to Olympus,  
*Soaring aloft* to its snow-crowned heights; and perchance he will hear me.  
 Thou, meanwhile, by the swift-sailing ships, in haughty seclusion  
 Hold thee aloof from the Greeks, and lead not thy troops to the battle.  
 Zeus since yesternorn, on the farthest verge of the ocean, 421  
 Honours the pure *Æthiopians'* *innocent* feast. At the banquet  
 All th' immortals attend: twelve days *they feast*; then Olympus  
 Opens its bronze-paved halls to receive them. There will I enter,  
 Clasp his knees and beseech him,—and surely, I think, he will hear me.”  
 Thus having spoken, the goddess departed, leaving Achilles  
 Wroth for the loss of his captive, the fair one so gracefully cinctured,  
 Torn from *his tent* by force.

Now *happily speeding*, Odysseus  
 Chrysa's shore had attained, the votive hecatomb bearing.  
 When to the haven deep they had come, and were fairly within it, 430  
 First their sails they furled, then stowed them away in the vessel.  
 Lowering next the mast, they lodged it secure on its bearing,  
 Smartly bringing it down by the stays: then rowed to their moorings;  
 Dropped astern huge sleepers of stone, made fast by the hawser,  
 And through the breaking surf made good their footing, and landed.  
 Then disembarked the hecatomb due to Phœbus Apollo:

<sup>26</sup> “Whom gods Briareus, men *Ægeon* call,” and “Bold Briareus with his hundred hands.” So Pope—so English usage in consequence. But Homer shortens the third syllable and accentuates the last.

Fair Chryseïs the last from the ship to the shore they conducted.  
 Leading her then to the altar, the wise Odysseus restored her  
 Safe to the hands of her father dear; and thus he addressed him:  
 "Hither, O Chryses! sent by the king of men, Agamemnon, 440  
 Lead I thy daughter back, and a hecatomb bring to Apollo,  
 Due from the *suffering* Greeks, who, beneath the scourge of his anger,  
 Bitterly groan, and *pray that*, appeased, *he will cease to afflict them.*"  
 Then to her father gave, and he rejoicing received her.

Now, without further delay, were the victims ranged round an altar,  
 Solidly built *and sculptured*, in goodly array, for the off'ring.  
 Then with clean-washed hands they upheaved the salt and the barley,  
 Chryses praying aloud with arms extended to heaven.  
 "Hear me, thou of the silver bow! Thou guardian of Chrysa!  
 Thou who encompassst Cilla the sacred! Thou whose dominion 450  
 Tenedos owns; since bending thine ear to the prayer of my anguish,  
 Honouring thy priest, thou hast poured affliction and woe on the Grecians,  
 Once more extend thy grace, and grant this further petition:  
*Cease from thy wrath, and avert from Greece the plague which consumes her.*"

Thus he prayed, and his prayer was heard by Phœbus Apollo:  
 But when the prayer was ended, the meal on the victims they sprinkled,  
 Turned up their heads to heaven and slew them and flayed and divided.  
 Severing the thighs, they wrapped them in cauls of fat, and about them  
 Doubled the folds and morsels attached from each part of the carcase.  
 These with billets the old man burned on the altar, and o'er them 460  
 Poured the red sparkling wine; while youths attendant around him,  
 Each with his five-pronged fork in hand, stood ready for service.  
 They, when the thighs were burned and the entrails *formally* tasted,  
 Cut to pieces the rest, transfixed, and skilfully roasted;  
 Drew them *from off their forks and served them for meat to the vot'ries.*

Now was the rite concluded, the banquet spread, and they feasted  
 Each to his soul's content; nor lacked there abundance or welcome.  
 But when the cravings of hunger and thirst were somewhat abated,  
 Full to the brim with wine th' attendants handed them goblets,  
 First having spilled a libation from each; and the youths of Achaia 470  
 All through the live-long day raised high their voices in chorus;  
 Hymned the far-darting god, and in sweet melodious cadence  
 Chanted their pœans of praise: and his soul was pleased as he listened.  
 Then, when the sun was set, and darkness had fall'n on the ocean,  
 All retired to sleep on the shore, by the stern of the vessel.

Soon as the mother of dawn, the rosy-fingered Aurora,<sup>87</sup>  
 Tinted the eastern sky, for the Grecian camp they departed.  
 Fair was the wind *and strong*, which the bright, far-darting Apollo [it  
 Sent: and they hoisted the mast, and the white sails spread, which received

<sup>87</sup> I am unwilling to sacrifice the familiar "rosy-fingered Aurora"—but if the Greek names must be retained, we might render it,

"Soon as the rosy-fingered Eôs, mother of morning."

Full in the midst of their swell :—and they bounded along ; and the waters  
 Roared round the keel as it ploughed the dark blue wave in its progress.  
 Soon to the camp they came and the long-drawn lines of the Grecians.  
 Then on the main-land shore their sable galley they stranded 483  
 High on the beach, and supported on beams extended beneath her :  
 Then dispersed, and returned each man to his tent or his vessel.

Peleus' heav'n-born son meanwhile, swift-footed Achilles,  
 Sate by his ships aloof ; and still o'er his injuries brooding,  
 Nurtured his wrath : nor once did he join the chiefs in their council,  
 Nor to the war go forth : but pined in heart *with impatience*  
 Thus to remain *inactive*, and longed for the din of the battle. 490

Day after day thus passed. With the dawn of the twelfth to Olympus  
 All the immortal gods *in long procession* ascended,  
 Zeus at their head. Then, mindful of all to her son she had promised,  
 Thetis rose from the waves, and soaring aloft *in the æther*  
 Through the wide concave of heaven, attained the heights of Olympus.  
 There, on the loftiest of all its bristling peaks she beheld him,  
 Him, the far-seeing son of ancient Chronos, *exalted*  
 High, and apart enthroned :—and she sate before him and, suppliant,  
 With her left hand embraced his knees, while her right she extended,  
 Raising his flowing beard ; and, *seconding thus her petition*, 500  
 Humbly besought Kronion, the sov'reign of gods and of mortals :

“ Father Zeus ! If e'er in thy need I have brought thee assistance  
 Either by word or in deed here in heav'n, oh ! grant my petition.  
 Honour my son ! *If* his days indeed must be transient and fleeting,  
*Gild them with glory !* Behold how the king of men, Agamemnon,  
 Shames and degrades him, claiming his prize and wresting it from him.  
 Wipe off the stain ! Great sire of Olympus, wise in thy counsels !  
 Grant unto Troy success, and increase her force, till the Grecians  
 Haste to requite the wrongs of my son and restore him to honour.”

Thus she spake : but Zeus nought answered. In cloud and in silence  
 Long he remained unmoved. But Thetis renewed her entreaties, 511  
 Clasping more closely his knees, and *beseechingly urgent*, implored him.  
 “ Grant, oh ! grant what I ask.—Assuredly grant :—or refusing  
 Tell me at once. (Thou needest no reserve.) That word shall convince me  
 How among all the pow'rs the most dishonoured is Thetis.”

Zeus, compeller of clouds, thus answered, touched with compassion :  
 “ This will be matter of high dispute. Unwelcome to Hera  
 Must my decision appear, and bitter will be her reproaches.  
 Oft to th' immortal gods unjustly I hear her complaining,  
 That with too partial mind I assist the arms of the Trojans. 520  
 Therefore depart, lest Hera behold thee *ling'ring beside me*.  
 So let it be. Thy prayer is heard. Be mine to fulfil it.  
 Lo ! in assent my head I bow. This holiest of pledges,  
 Known to th' immortals all as the sign and seal of the future,  
 Faithful, never revoked, unfailling, take for assurance.”

Forward his dark and awful brows he bent, and inclining,  
Bowed his immortal head; while deep, at the nod, o'er his features  
Rolled his ambrosial locks: and Olympus shook to its centre.

Thus resolved they parted; and down in the depths of the ocean  
Thetis plunged at once from the glorious heights of Olympus. 530  
Zeus to his palace returned, where the gods all rose at his entrance  
Rev'rent before their sire. Not one dared wait his arrival  
Seated: but all stood *ranged in awed array* in his presence  
Till he assumed his throne. Then Hera, keenly rememb'ring  
How to her consort, Thetis the silver-footed, the daughter  
Of the old Ocean sire, had come and conferred, with reproaches  
Bitter and sharply urged, the son of Chronos accosted.

"Artful one! which of the gods admitt'st thou now to thy counsels?  
Ever delighting thy plans to conceal, and maturing in secret  
All thy decisions apart: unto *her most entitled to know them* 540  
Ne'er dost thou deign to impart one word of all thou designest."

Thus then returned for answer the father of gods and of mortals:  
"Hope not, Hera! that all my plans shall to thee be confided,  
That were too hard for thy thoughts, though my throne and my couch  
thou partakest.

Yet be assured of this, that whate'er may be fit for thy knowledge,  
No one, either of gods, or of men, shall learn it before thee.  
As for the rest—whate'er I conceal in the depths of my counsels,  
That forbear thou to ask—and *resign ev'n the wish* to discover."

*Raising* her large majestic eyes, thus Hera responded: 549  
"Dread and severe Kronion! What words are these thou hast uttered?  
Rarely indeed have I asked, or wished to partake of thy secrets.  
Free wert thou ever from question of mine to plan as thou listed'st.  
But now I tremble *for Greece*: for have I not seen, on Olympus,  
Thetis the silver-footed, old Nereus' daughter, approach thee,  
Clasping thy knees at dawn? Ay! and much I fear she beguiled thee,  
And that the awful pledge thou gav'st was to honour Achilles,  
Heaping the shore with dead, by the ships of the *suffering* Grecians."

Zeus, compeller of clouds, thus answering, sternly addressed her:  
"Restless ever in spirit, and too perversely suspicious!  
Nought will *thy wiles* effect; but can only place thee in future 560  
Farther apart from my heart: and this will be harder upon thee.  
Say! were it e'en as thou think'st, what imports? if such be my pleasure.  
Take, then, in silence thy seat, and respect the word of *thy sov'reign*:  
For, be assured, not all the power of the gods in Olympus  
Aught would avail in thy cause, should my anger be kindled against thee."

Thus he spake, and the goddess august, subdued and in silence,  
*Bent* her large orbs *on the ground*, and resumed her throne: and a sadness  
Fell on th' assembled gods in Jove's celestial mansion.  
This to dispel essayed Hephaestus. He the contriver,  
Famed for his works of toil and of art, up rose to harangue them, 570

Covering with *festive speech, well-timed*, his mother's confusion :  
 "Here will be mischief indeed, if you two quarrel, disturbing  
 All the peace of Olympus with insupportable wrangling !  
*Let men settle their own disputes* : for if strife and contention  
 Reign in these halls, then, alas ! farewell to the joy of our banquets.  
 Let me advise thee, my mother (who ne'er wert lacking in prudence),  
 Make thy peace with my father Zeus, lest again he upbraid thee  
*This time worse than the last*, and our feast be spoiled by your quarrel.  
 Think ! Should the lightning flash of Olympian Jove be directed  
 Full upon all your thrones, ye gods ! — *I tremble to think on't !* 580  
 Soothe him, then, with appeasing words, dear mother ; and trust me,  
 Soon will the gracious pow'r be pleased, and restore us to favour."  
 Thus having spoken, he rose, and filling a two-handled goblet,  
 Held it forth to his mother dear, and thus he addressed her.

"Patiently bear *what thou canst not mend*, and make no remonstrance,  
 Hard though it seem, my mother : for sad would it be to behold thee,  
 Dear as thou art, struck down ; while in vain I should long to assist thee.  
 Trust me, full hard is the task to contend with Zeus in his anger.  
*Once too oft have I tried it myself*, when, pressing to aid thee,  
 Seized by the foot, I was hurled from the lofty portals of heaven. 590  
 All day long did I *spin* through the air, and the sun was descending  
 When upon Lemnos I fell : and the Sintians found and restored me,  
 Breathless and bruised as I lay : for small was the life that was left me."

Thus he spake, and Hera was cheered, and her arm *she extended*  
 White as the snow, and with smiles the cup from her son she accepted.  
 He forthwith to the rest of the gods, and to each in his order,  
 Filled ; drawing *fresh* from its urn the *delicious juice of the nectar* ;  
 While from them all unextinguished laughter arose, as Hephæstus,  
 Bustling with *awkward gait*, they beheld, through the halls of Olympus.

Thus they feasted in bliss all day till the sun was declining : 600  
 Nor was there wanting aught to *enhance the joy of* their banquet  
 Either of *festive cheer*, or the tuneful harp, by Apollo  
 Struck ; while the muses sang, sweet answering, or *blending in chorus*.  
 But when the sun had withdrawn his glorious light and departed,  
 Then for needful repose each god retired to his palace,  
 For with ingenious craft that limping artist Hephæstus,  
 Famed for his skill, had constructed for each his separate dwelling.  
 Zeus ascended the couch which, whene'er he *consented to slumber*—  
*Laying aside for an instant* his flaming bolts—he frequented.  
 There he reclined, in celestial calm reposing ; and Hera, 610  
 Quitting her throne of gold, lay *tranquilly sleeping* beside him.

J. F. W. HERSCHIEL.

Collingwood, February 6, 1862.

## Agnes of Sorrento.

### CHAPTER XXVII.

#### THE SAINT'S REST.

AGNES entered the city of Rome in a trance of enthusiastic emotion, almost such as one might imagine in a soul entering the heavenly Jerusalem above. To her exalted ideas she was approaching not only the ground hallowed by the blood of apostles and martyrs, not merely the tombs of the faithful, but the visible "general assembly and church of the first-born which are written in heaven." Here reigned the appointed representative of Jesus: she imagined a benignant prince clothed with honour and splendour, who was yet the righter of all wrongs, the redresser of all injuries, the friend and succourer of the poor and needy; and she was firm in a secret purpose to go to this great and benignant father, and on her knees entreat him to forgive the sins of her lover, and remove the excommunication that threatened at every moment his eternal salvation. For—she trembled to think of it,—a sudden accident, a thrust of a dagger, a fall from his horse, might put him for ever beyond the pale of repentance: he might die unforgiven, and sink to eternal pain.

Agnes and her grandmother entered the city of Rome just as the twilight had faded into night; and though Agnes, full of faith and enthusiasm, was longing to realize immediately the ecstatic vision of shrines and holy places, old Elsie commanded her not to think of anything further that night. They proceeded, therefore, with several other pilgrims who had entered the city, to a church specially set apart for their reception, connected with which were large dormitories and a religious order, whose business was to receive and wait upon them, and to see that all their wants were supplied. This religious foundation is one of the oldest in Rome; and it is esteemed a work of especial merit and sanctity among the citizens to associate themselves temporarily in these labours in Holy Week. Even princes and princesses come, humble and lowly, mingling with those of common degree, and all, calling each other brother and sister, vie in kind attentions to these guests of the Church. When Agnes and Elsie arrived, several of these volunteer assistants were in waiting. Agnes was remarked among all the rest of the company for her peculiar beauty and the rapt, enthusiastic expression of her face.

Almost immediately on their entrance into the reception-hall connected with the church, they seemed to attract the attention of a tall lady dressed in deep mourning, and accompanied by a female servant, with



whom she was conversing on those terms of intimacy which showed confidential relations between the two.

"See!" she said, "my Mona, what a heavenly face is there!—that sweet child has certainly the light of grace shining through her. My heart warms to her."

"Indeed," said the old servant, looking across, "and well it may,—dear lamb, come so far! But, Holy Virgin, how my head swims! How strange!—that child reminds me of some one. My lady, perhaps, you may think of some one whom she looks like."

"Mona, you say true. I have the same strange impression of having seen a face like hers, but where I cannot say."

"What would my lady say, if I said it was our dear Prince?"

"Mona, it is so,—yes," added the lady, looking more intently,—"how singular!—the very traits of our house in a peasant-girl! She is of Sorrento, I judge, by her costume; what a pretty one it is! That old woman is her mother, perhaps. I must choose her for my care,—and, Mona, you shall wait on her mother."

So saying, the Princess Paulina crossed the hall, and, bending affably over Agnes, took her hand and kissed her, saying,—

"Welcome, my dear little sister, to the house of our Father!"

Agnes looked up with strange, wondering eyes into the face that was bent to hers. It was sallow and sunken, with deep lines of ill-health and sorrow, but the features were noble, and must once have been beautiful; the whole action, voice, and manner were dignified and impressive. Instinctively she felt that the lady was of superior birth and breeding to any with whom she had been in the habit of associating.

"Come with me," said the lady; "and—your mother?"—she added.

"She is my grandmother," said Agnes.

"Well, then, your grandmother, sweet child, shall be attended by my good sister Mona here."

The Princess Paulina drew the hand of Agnes through her arm, and, laying her hand affectionately on it, looked down and smiled tenderly on her.

"Are you very tired, my dear?"

"Oh, no! no!" replied Agnes—"I am so happy, so blessed to be here!"

"You have travelled a long way?"

"Yes, from Sorrento; but I am used to walking; I did not feel it to be long; my heart kept me up,—I wanted to come home so much."

"Home?" said the princess.

"Yes, to my soul's home,—the house of our dear Father the Pope."

The princess started, and looked incredulously down for a moment; then noticing the confiding air of the child, she sighed and was silent.

"Come with me above," she said, "and let me attend to your comfort."

"How good you are, dear lady!" responded Agnes.

"I am not good, my child,—I am only your unworthy sister in

Christ ;" and as the lady spoke, she opened the door into a room where were a number of other female pilgrims seated around the wall, each attended by a person whose peculiar care she seemed to be.

At the feet of each was a vessel of water, and when the seats were all full, a cardinal in robes of office entered, and began reading prayers. Each lady present, kneeling at the feet of her chosen pilgrim, divested them carefully of their worn and travel-soiled shoes and stockings, and proceeded to wash them. It was not a mere rose-water ceremony, but a good hearty washing of feet that for the most part had great need of the ablution. While this service was going on, the cardinal read from the Gospel how a Greater than they all had washed the feet of His disciples and said, "If I, your Lord and Master, have washed your feet, ye also ought to wash one another's feet." Then all repeated in concert the Lord's Prayer, while each humbly kissed the feet she had washed, and proceeded to replace the worn and travel-soiled shoes and stockings with new and strong ones, the gift of Christian love. Each lady then led her charge into a room where tables were spread with a plain and wholesome repast of all such articles of food as the season of Lent allowed. Each placed her *protégée* at table, and carefully attended to all her wants at the supper, and afterwards dormitories were opened for their repose.

The Princess Paulina performed all these offices for Agnes with a tender earnestness which won upon her heart. The young girl thought herself indeed in that blessed society of which she had dreamed, where the high-born and the rich become, through Christ's love, the servants of the poor and lowly; through all the services she sat in a sort of dream of rapture. How lovely this reception into the Holy City! how sweet thus to be taken to the arms of the great Christian family, bound together in the charity which is the bond of perfectness!

The princess and her attendant went out of the church-door, where her litter stood in waiting. The two took their seats in silence, and silently pursued their way through the streets of the old dimly-lighted city and out of one of its principal gates to the wide Campagna beyond. The villa of the princess was situated on an eminence at some distance from the city, and the night-ride to it was solemn and solitary. They passed along the old Appian Way, over pavements that had rumbled under the chariot-wheels of the emperors and nobles of a by-gone age, while along their way, glooming up against the clear of the sky, were vast shadowy piles—the tombs of the dead of other days. All mouldering and lonely, shaggy, and fringed with bushes and streaming wild vines, through which the night-wind sighed and rustled, they might seem to be pervaded by the restless spirits of the dead; and as the lady passed them, she shivered, and, crossing herself, repeated an inward prayer against wandering demons that walk in desolate places.

Timid and solitary, the high-born lady shrank and cowered within herself with a distressing feeling of loneliness. A childless widow, in delicate health, whose paternal family had been for the most part cruelly

robbed, exiled, or destroyed by the reigning Pope and his family, she felt her own situation a most unprotected and precarious one; since the least jealousy or misunderstanding might bring upon her, too, the ill-will of the Borgias, which had proved so fatal to the rest of her race. No comfort in life remained to her but her religion, to whose practice she clung as to her all; but even in this, her life was embittered by facts to which, with the best disposition in the world, she could not shut her eyes. Her own family had been too near the seat of power not to see all the base intrigues by which that sacred and solemn position of Head of the Christian Church had been traded for as a marketable commodity. The pride, the indecency, the cruelty of those who now reigned in the name of Christ came over her mind in contrast with the picture painted by the artless, trusting faith of the peasant-girl with whom she had just parted. Her mind had been too thoroughly drilled in the non-reflective practice of her faith to dare to put forth any act of reasoning upon facts so visible and so tremendous; she rather trembled at herself for seeing what she saw, and for knowing what she knew, and feared somehow that this very knowledge might endanger her salvation; and so she rode homeward, cowering and praying like a frightened child.

"Mona, I shall not go out to-morrow," said the princess; "but you go to the services, and find the girl and her grandmother, and bring them out to me. I want to counsel the child: she interests me."

"It shall be so," said Mona.

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#### CHAPTER XXVIII.

#### PALM SUNDAY.

THE morning after her arrival in Rome, Agnes was awakened from sleep by a solemn dropping of bell-tones which seemed to fill the whole air, intermingled dimly at intervals with long-drawn, plaintive sounds of chanting. She had slept profoundly, overwearied with her pilgrimage, and soothed by that deep lulling sense of quiet which comes over one when, after long and weary toils, some auspicious goal is at length reached. She had come to Rome, and been received with open arms into the household of the saints, and seen even those of highest degree imitating the simplicity of the Lord in serving the poor. Surely, this was indeed the house of God and the gate of heaven; and so the bell-tones and chants, mingling with her dreams, seemed naturally enough angel-harpings and distant echoes of the perpetual adoration of the blessed. She rose and dressed herself with a tremulous joy. She felt full of hope that somehow—in what way she could not say—this auspicious beginning would end in a full fruition of all her wishes, an answer to all her prayers.

"Well, child," said old Elsie, "you must have slept well; you look fresh as a lark."

"The air of this holy place revives me," replied Agnes, with enthusiasm.

"I wish I could say as much," returned Elsie. "My bones ache yet with the tramp; and I suppose nothing will do but we must go out now to all the holy places, up and down and hither and thither, to everything that goes on. I saw enough of it all years ago when I lived here."

"Dear grandmother, if you are tired, why should you not rest? I can go forth alone in this holy city. No harm can possibly befall me here. I can join any of the pilgrims who are going to the holy places where I long to worship."

"A likely story," cried Elsie. "I know more about old Rome than you do, and I tell you, child, that you do not stir out a step without me; so if you must go, I must go too; and like enough it's for my soul's health. I suppose it is," she added, after a reflective pause.

"How beautiful it was that we were welcomed so last night!" exclaimed Agnes, "that dear lady was so kind to me!"

"Ay, ay, and well she might be!" replied Elsie, nodding her head. "But there's no truth in the kindness of the nobles to us, child. They don't do it because they love us, but because they expect to buy heaven by washing our feet and giving us what little they can clip and snip off from their abundance."

"Oh, grandmother," cried Agnes, "how can you say so? Certainly, if any one ever spoke and looked lovingly, it was that dear lady."

"Yes, and she rolls away in her carriage, well content, and leaves you with a pair of new shoes and stockings,—you, as worthy of a carriage and a palace as she."

"No, grandmamma; she said she should send for me to talk more with her."

"She said she should send for you?" asked Elsie. "Well, well, that is strange, to be sure!—that is wonderful!" she added, reflectively.

"But come, child, we must hasten through our breakfast and prayers, and go to see the Pope, and all the great birds with fine feathers that fly after him."

"Yes, indeed!" exclaimed Agnes, joyfully. "Oh, grandmamma, what a blessed sight it will be!"

"Yes, child, and a fine sight enough he makes, with his great canopy and his plumes and his servants and his trumpeters; there isn't a king in Christendom that goes so proudly as he."

"No other king is worthy of it," returned Agnes. "The Lord reigns in him."

"Much you know about it!" Elsie retorted between her teeth, as they started out.

The streets of Rome through which they walked were damp and cellar-like, filthy and ill-paved; but Agnes neither saw nor felt anything of inconvenience in this: had they been floored, like those of the New Jerusalem, with translucent gold, her faith could not have been more fervent.

Rome is at all times a forest of quaint costumes, a pantomime of shifting scenic effects of religious ceremonies. Nothing there, however singular, strikes the eye as out-of-the-way or unexpected, since no one knows precisely to what religious order it may belong, or what individual vow or purpose it may represent. Neither Agnes nor Elsie, therefore, was surprised, when they passed through the doorway to the street, at the apparition of a man covered from head to foot in a long robe of white serge, with a high-peaked cap of the same material drawn completely down over his head and face. Two round holes cut in this ghostly head-gear revealed simply two black glittering eyes, which shone with that singular elfish effect which belongs to the human eye when removed from its appropriate and natural accessories. As they passed out, the figure rattled a box on which was painted an image of despairing souls raising imploring hands from very red tongues of flame, by which it was understood at once that he sought aid for souls in Purgatory. Agnes and her grandmother each dropped therein a small coin and went on their way; but the figure followed them at a little distance behind, keeping carefully within sight of them.

By means of energetic pushing and striving, Elsie contrived to secure for herself and her grandchild stations in the piazza in front of the church, in the very front rank, where the procession was to pass. A motley assemblage it was, this crowd, comprising every variety of costume of rank and station and ecclesiastical profession: cowls and hoods of Franciscan and Dominican, picturesque head-dresses of peasant-women of different districts, plumes and ruffs of more aspiring gentility, mixed with every quaint phase of foreign costume belonging to the strangers from different parts of the earth;—for, like the old Jewish Passover, this celebration of Holy Week had its assemblage of Parthians, Medes, Elamites, dwellers in Mesopotamia, Cretes, and Arabians, all blending in one common memorial.

Amid the strange variety of persons among whom they were crowded, Elsie remarked the stranger in the white sack, who had followed them, and who had stationed himself behind them, but it did not occur to her that his presence there was other than merely accidental.

And now came sweeping up the grand procession, brilliant with scarlet and gold, waving with plumes, sparkling with gems,—it seemed as if earth had been ransacked and human invention taxed to express the ultimatum of all that could dazzle and bewilder,—and, with a rustle like that of ripe grain before a swaying wind, all the multitude went down on their knees as the cortege passed. Agnes knelt, too, with clasped hands, adoring the sacred vision enshrined in her soul; and as she knelt with upraised eyes, her cheeks flushed with enthusiasm, her beauty attracted the attention of more than one in the procession.

"There is the model which our master has been looking for," said a young and handsome man in a rich dress of black velvet, who, by his costume, appeared to hold the rank of first chamberlain in the Papal suite.

The young man to whom he spoke gave a bold glance at Agnes, and answered,—

"Pretty little rogue, how well she does the saint!"

"One can see that, with judicious arrangement, she might make a nymph as well as a saint," said the first speaker.

"A Daphne, for example," returned the other, laughing.

"And she wouldn't turn into a laurel, either," rejoined the first. "Well, we must keep our eye on her." And as they were passing into the church-door, he beckoned to a servant in waiting and whispered something, indicating Agnes with a backward movement of his hand.

The servant, after this, kept cautiously within observing distance of her, as she with the crowd pressed into the church to assist at the devotions.

Long and dazzling were those ceremonies, when, raised on high like an enthroned God, Pope Alexander VI. received the homage of bended knee from the ambassadors of every Christian nation, from heads of all ecclesiastical orders, and from generals, and chiefs, and princes, and nobles, who, robed and plumed and gemmed in all the brightest and proudest that earth could give, bowed the knee humbly and kissed his foot in return for the palm-branch which he presented. Meanwhile, voices of invisible singers chanted the simple event which all this splendour was commemorating,—how of old Jesus came into Jerusalem, meek and lowly, riding on an ass,—how His disciples cast their garments in the way, and the multitude took branches of palm-trees to come forth and meet Him,—how He was seized, tried, condemned to a cruel death; and the crowd, with dazzled and wondering eyes following the gorgeous ceremonial, reflected little how great was the satire of the contrast, how different the coming of that meek and lowly One to suffer and to die from this triumphant display of worldly pomp and splendour in His professed representative.

But to the pure all things are pure, and Agnes thought only of the enthronement of all virtues, of all celestial charities and unworldly purities, in that splendid ceremonial, and longed within herself to approach so near as to touch the hem of those wondrous and sacred garments. It was to her enthusiastic imagination like the unclosing of celestial doors, where the kings and priests of an eternal and heavenly temple move to and fro in music, with the many-coloured glories of rainbows and sunset clouds. Her whole nature was wrought upon by the sights and sounds of that gorgeous worship; she seemed to burn and brighten like an altar-coal, her figure appeared to dilate, her eyes grew deeper and shone with a starry light, and the colour of her cheeks flushed up with a vivid glow. Nor was she aware how often eyes were turned upon her, nor how murmurs of admiration followed all her absorbed, unconscious movements. "*Ecco! Eccola!*" was often repeated from mouth to mouth around her, but she heard it not.

When at last the ceremony was finished, the crowd rushed again out of the church to see the departure of various dignitaries. There was a



perfect whirl of dazzling equipages, and glittering lackeys, and prancing horses, crusted with gold, flaming in scarlet and purple, retinues of cardinals and princes and nobles and ambassadors, all in one splendid confused jostle of noise and brightness.

Suddenly a servant in a gorgeous scarlet livery touched Agnes on the shoulder, and said, in a tone of authority,—

"Young maiden, your presence is commanded."

"Who commands it?" asked Elsie, laying her hand on her grand-child's shoulder fiercely.

"Are you mad?" whispered two or three women of the lower orders to Elsie at once; "don't you know who that is? Hush, for your life!"

"I shall go with you, Agnes," said Elsie, resolutely.

"No, you will not," retorted the attendant, insolently. "This maiden is commanded, and none else."

"He belongs to the Pope's nephew," whispered a voice in Elsie's ear "You had better have your tongue torn out than say another word." Whereupon, Elsie found herself actually borne backward by three or four stout women.

Agnes looked round and smiled on her,—a smile full of innocent trust,—and then, turning, followed the servant into the finest of the equipages, where she was lost to view.

Elsie was almost wild with fear and impotent rage; but a low, impressive voice now spoke in her ear. It came from the white figure which had followed them in the morning.

"Listen," it said, "and be quiet; don't turn your head, but hear what I will tell you. Your child is followed by those who will save her. Go your ways whence you came. Wait till the hour after the Ave Maria, then come to the Porta San Sebastiano, and all will be well."

When Elsie turned to look she saw no one, but caught a distant glimpse of a white figure vanishing in the crowd.

She returned to her asylum, wondering and disconsolate, and the first person whom she saw was old Mona.

"Well, good morrow, sister!" she said. "Know that I am here on a strange errand. The princess has taken such a liking to you that nothing will do but we must fetch you and your little one out to her villa. I looked everywhere for you in church this morning. Where have you hid yourselves?"

"We were there," said Elsie, confused, and hesitating whether to speak of what had happened.

"Well, where is the little one? Get her ready; we have horses in waiting. It is a good bit out of the city."

"Alack!" cried Elsie, "I know not where she is."

"Holy Virgin!" exclaimed Mona, "how is this?"

Elsie, moved by the necessity which makes it a relief to open the heart to some one, sat down on the steps of the church and poured forth the whole story into the listening ear of Mona.

"Well, well, well!" said the old servant, "in our days, one does not wonder at anything,—one never knows one day what may come the next,—but this is bad enough!"

"Do you think," inquired Elsie, "there is any hope in that strange promise?"

"One can but try it," answered Mona.

"If you could but be there then," said Elsie, "and take us to your mistress."

"Well, I will wait, for my mistress has taken an especial fancy to your little one, more particularly since this morning, when a holy Capuchin came to our house and held a long conference with her; after he was gone I found my lady almost in a faint, and she would have it that we should start directly to bring her out here, and I had much ado to let her see that the child would do quite as well after services were over. I tired myself looking about for you in the crowd."

The two women then digressed upon various gossiping particulars, as they sat on the old mossy, grass-grown steps, looking up over house-tops yellow with lichen, into the blue spring air, where flocks of white pigeons were soaring and careering in the soft, warm sunshine. Brightness and warmth and flowers seemed to be the only idea natural to that charming weather, and Elsie, sad-hearted and foreboding as she was, felt the benign influence. Rome, which had been so fatal a place to her peace, yet had for her, as it has for every one, potent spells of a lulling and soothing power. Where is the grief or anxiety that can resist the enchantment of one of Rome's bright, soft spring days?

## CHAPTER XXIX.

### THE NIGHT-RIDE.

THE villa of the Princess Paulina was one of those soft, idyllic paradises which lie like so many fairy-lands around the dreamy solitudes of Rome. They are so fair, so wild, so still, these villas! Nature in them seems to run in such gentle sympathy with Art, that one feels as if they had not been so much the product of human skill as some indigenous growth of Arcadian ages. There are quaint terraces shadowed by clipped ilex-trees whose branches make twilight even in the sultriest noon; there are long-drawn paths, through wildernesses where cyclamens blossom in crimson clouds among crushed fragments of sculptured marble green with the moss of ages, and glossy-leaved myrtles put forth their pale blue stars in constellations under the leafy shadows. Everywhere is the voice of water, ever lulling, ever babbling, and taught by art to run in many a quaint caprice,—here to rush down marble steps slippery with sedge green, there to spout up in silvery spray, and anon to spread into a cool, waveless lake,

whose mirror reflects trees and flowers far down in some visionary underworld. Then there are wide lawns, where the grass in spring is a perfect rainbow of anemones, white, rose, crimson, purple, mottled, streaked, and dappled with ever varying shade of sunset clouds. There are soft, moist banks where purple and white violets grow large and fair, and trees all interlaced with ivy, which runs and twines everywhere, intermingling its dark, graceful leaves and vivid young shoots with the bloom and leafage of all shadowy places.

In our day, these lovely places have their dark shadow ever haunting their loveliness: the malaria, like an unseen demon, lies hid in their sweetness. And in the time we are speaking of, a curse not less deadly poisoned the beauties of the princess's villa,—the malaria of fear.

The gravelled terrace in front of the villa commanded, through the clipped arches of the ilex-trees, a view of the Campagna with its soft, undulating bands of many-coloured green, and the distant city of Rome whose bells were always filling the air between with a tremulous vibration. Here, during the long sunny afternoon, while Elsie and Monica were crooning together on the steps of the church, the Princess Paulina walked restlessly up and down, looking forth on the way towards the city for the travellers whom she expected.

Father Francesco had been there that morning and communicated to her the dying message of the aged Capuchin, from which it appeared that the child who had so much interested her was her near kinswoman. Perhaps had her house remained at the height of its power and splendour, she might have rejected with scorn the idea of a kinswoman whose existence had been owing to a *mésalliance*; but a member of an exiled and disinherited family, deriving her only comfort from unworldly sources, she regarded this event as an opportunity afforded her to make expiation for one of the sins of her house. The beauty and winning graces of her young kinswoman were not without their influence in attracting a lonely heart deprived of the support of natural ties. The princess longed for something to love, and the discovery of a legitimate object of family affection was an event in the weary monotony of her life; and therefore it was that the hours of the afternoon seemed long while she looked forth towards Rome, listening to the ceaseless chiming of its bells, and wondering why no one appeared along the road.

The sun went down, and all the wide plain seemed like the sea at twilight, lying in rosy and lilac and purple shadowy bands, out of which rose the old city, solemn and lonely as some enchanted island of dream-land, with a flush of radiance behind it and a tolling of weird music filling all the air around. Now they are chanting the Ave Maria in hundreds of churches, and the princess worships in distant accord, trying to still the anxieties of her heart with many a prayer. Twilight fades and fades, the Campagna becomes a black sea, and the distant city looms up like a dark rock against the glimmering sky; the princess goes within and walks restlessly through the wide halls, stopping first at one open

window and then at another to listen. Beneath her feet she treads a cool mosaic pavement where laughing cupids are dancing; above, from the ceiling, Aurora and the Hours look down in many-coloured clouds of brightness. The sound of the fountains without is so clear in the intense stillness that the peculiar voice of each one can be told; that is the swaying noise of the great jet that rises from marble shells and falls into a wide basin, where silvery swans swim round and round in enchanted circles; and the other slenderer sound is the smaller jet that rains down its spray into the violet-borders deep in the shrubbery; and that other, the shallow babble of the waters that go down the marble steps to the lake. How dreamlike and plaintive they all sound in the night stillness! The nightingale sings from the dark shadows of the wilderness; and the musky odours of the cyclamen come floating ever and anon through the casement, in that strange, cloudy way in which flower-scents seem to come and go in the air in the night season.

At last the princess fancies she hears the distant tramp of horses' feet, and her heart beats so that she can scarcely listen: now she hears it; and now a rising wind, sweeping across the Campagna, seems to bear it moaning away. She goes to a door and looks out into the darkness. Yes, she hears it now, quick and regular,—the beat of many horses' feet coming in hot haste along the road. Surely the few servants whom she has sent cannot make all this noise! and she trembles with vague affright. Perhaps it is a tyrannical message, bringing imprisonment and death. She calls a maid, and bids her bring lights into the reception-hall. A few moments more, and there is a confused stamping of horses' feet approaching the house, and she hears the voices of her servants. She runs into the piazza, and sees dismounting a knight who carries Agnes in his arms, pale and fainting. Old Elsie and Monica, too, dismount, with the princess's men-servants; but, wonderful to tell, there seems, besides them, to be a train of some hundred armed horsemen.

The timid princess was so fluttered and bewildered that she lost all presence of mind, and stood in uncomprehending wonder; while Monica pushed authoritatively into the house, and beckoned the knight to bring Agnes and lay her on a sofa, when she and old Elsie busied themselves vigorously with restoratives.

The Lady Paulina, as soon as she could collect her scattered senses, recognized in Agostino the banished lord of the Sarelli family, a race who had shared with her own the hatred and cruelty of the Borgia tribe; and he, in turn, had recognized a daughter of the Colonnas.

He drew her aside into a small boudoir adjoining the apartment.

"Noble lady," he said, "we are companions in misfortune, and so, I trust, you will pardon what seems a tumultuous intrusion on your privacy. I and my men came to Rome in disguise, that we might watch over and protect this poor innocent, who now finds asylum with you."

"My lord," replied the princess, "I see in this event the wonderful

working of the good God. I have but just learned that this young person is my near kinswoman; it was only this morning that the fact was certified to me on the dying confession of a holy Capuchin, who privately united my brother to her mother. The marriage was an indiscretion of his youth; but afterwards he fell into more grievous sin in denying the holy sacrament, and leaving his wife to die in misery and dishonour: and perhaps for this fault such great judgments fell upon him. I wish to make atonement in such sort as is yet possible, by acting as a mother to this child."

"The times are so troublous and uncertain," pleaded Agostino, "that she must have stronger protection than that of any woman. She is of a most holy and religious nature, but as ignorant of sin as an angel who never has seen anything out of heaven; and so the Borgias enticed her into their impure den, from which, God helping, I have saved her. I tried all I could to prevent her coming to Rome, and to convince her of the vileness that ruled here; but the poor little one could not believe me, and thought me a heretic only for saying what she now knows from her own senses."

The Lady Paulina shuddered with fear.

"Is it possible that you have come into collision with the dreadful Borgias? What will become of us?"

"I brought a hundred men into Rome in different disguises," replied Agostino, "and we gained over a servant in their household, through whom I entered and carried her off. Their men pursued us, and we had a fight in the streets; but for the moment we mustered more than they: some of them chased us a good distance. But it will not do for us to remain here. As soon as she is revived enough, we must retreat towards one of our fastnesses in the mountains, whence, when rested, we shall go northward to Florence; where I have powerful friends, and she has also an uncle, a holy man, by whose counsels she is much guided."

"You must take me with you," said the princess, in a tremor of anxiety: "not for the world would I stay, if it be known you have taken refuge here. For a long time their spies have been watching about me; they only wait for some occasion to seize upon my villa, as they have on the possessions of all my father's house. Let me flee with you. I have a brother-in-law in Florence, who hath often urged me to escape to him till times mend:—for, surely, God will not allow the wicked to bear rule for ever."

"Willingly, noble lady, will we give you our escort,—the more so that this poor child will then have a friend with her befitting her father's rank. Believe me, lady, she will do no discredit to her lineage. She was trained in a convent, and her soul is a flower of marvellous beauty. I must declare to you here that I have wooed her honourably to be my wife, and she would willingly be so, had not some scruples of a religious vocation taken hold on her; to dispel which I look for the aid of the holy father, her uncle."

"It would be a most fit and proper thing," said the princess, "thus to ally our houses, in hope of some good time to come which shall restore their former standing and possessions. Of course some holy man must judge of the obstacle interposed by her vocation; but I doubt not the Church will be an indulgent mother in a case where the issue seems so desirable."

"If I be married to her," urged Agostino, "I can take her, out of all these strifes and confusions which now agitate our Italy, to the court of France, where I have an uncle high in favour with the king, and who will use all his influence to compose these troubles in Italy, and bring about a better day."

While this conversation was going on, bountiful refreshments had been provided for the whole party, and the attendants of the princess received orders to pack all her jewels and valuable effects for a sudden journey.

As soon as preparations could be made, the whole party left the villa of the princess for a retreat in the Alban Mountains, where Agostino and his band had one of their rendezvous. Only the immediate female attendants of the princess, and one or two men-servants, left with her. The silver plate, and all objects of particular value, were buried in the garden. This being done, the keys of the house were intrusted to a gray-headed servant, who with his wife had grown old in the family.

It was midnight before everything was ready for starting. The moon cast silver gleams through the ilex-avenues, and caused the jet of the great fountain to look like a wavering pillar of cloudy brightness, when the princess led forth Agnes upon the wide verandah. Two gentle, yet spirited little animals from the princess's stables were there awaiting them, and they were lifted into their saddles by Agostino.

"Fear nothing, madam," he said, observing how the hands of the princess trembled; "a few hours will put us in perfect safety, and I shall be at your side constantly."

Then lifting Agnes to her seat, he placed the reins in her hand.

"Are you rested?" he asked.

It was the first time since her rescue that he had spoken to Agnes. The words were brief, but no expressions of endearment could convey more than the manner in which they were spoken.

"Yes, my lord," replied Agnes, firmly, "I am rested."

"You think you can bear the ride?"

"I can bear anything, so I escape," was her response.

The company were now all mounted, and were marshalled in regular order. A body of armed men rode in front; then came Agnes and the princess, with Agostino between them, while two or three troopers rode on either side; Elsie, Monica, and the servants of the princess followed close behind, and the rear was brought up in like manner by armed men.

The path wound first through the grounds of the villa, with its plats



of light and shade, its solemn groves of stone-pines rising like palm-trees high in air above the tops of all other trees, its terraces, and statues, and fountains,—all seeming so lovely in the midnight stillness.

"Perhaps I am leaving all this for ever," exclaimed the princess.

"Let us hope for the best," said Agostino. "It cannot be that God will suffer the seat of the Apostles to be subjected to such ignominy and disgrace much longer. I am amazed that no Christian kings have interfered before for the honour of Christendom. I have it from the best authority that the King of Naples burst into tears when he heard of the election of this wretch to be Pope: he said that it was a scandal which threatened the very existence of Christianity. He has sent me secret messages divers times expressive of sympathy, but he is not of himself strong enough. Our hope must lie either in the King of France or the Emperor of Germany: perhaps both will engage. There is now a most holy monk in Florence who has been stirring all hearts in a wonderful way. It is said that the very gifts of miracles and prophecy are revived in him, as among the holy Apostles, and he has been bestirring himself to have a general council of the Church to look into these matters. When I left Florence, a short time ago, the faction opposed to him broke into the convent and took him away. I myself was there."

"What!" asked Agnes, "did they break into the convent of the San Marco? My uncle is there."

"Yes, and he and I fought side by side with the mob who were rushing in."

"Uncle Antonio fight!" exclaimed Agnes, in astonishment.

"Even women will fight, when what they love most is attacked," returned the knight.

He turned to her as he spoke, and saw in the moonlight a flash from her eye, and an heroic expression on her face, such as he had never remarked before; but she said nothing. The veil had been rudely torn from her eyes; she had seen with horror the defilement and impurity of what she had ignorantly adored in holy places, and the revelation seemed to have wrought a change in her whole nature.

"Even you could fight, Agnes," said the knight, "to save your religion from disgrace."

"No," she replied; "but," she added, with gathering firmness, "I could die. I should be glad to die with and for the holy men who would save the honour of the true faith. I should like to go to Florence to my uncle. If he dies for his religion, I should like to die with him."

"Ah, live to teach it to me!" pleaded the knight, bending towards her, as if to adjust her bridle-rein, and speaking in a voice scarcely audible. In a moment he was turned again towards the princess, listening to her.

"So it seems," she said, "that we shall be running into the thick of the conflict in Florence."

"Yes, but my uncle hath promised that the King of France shall

interfere. I have hope something may even now have been done. I hope to effect something myself."

Agostino spoke with the cheerful courage of youth. Agnes glanced timidly up at him. How great the change in her ideas! No longer looking on him as a wanderer from the fold, an enemy of the Church, he seemed now in the attitude of a champion of the faith, a defender of holy men and things against a base usurpation. What injustice had she done him, and how patiently had he borne that injustice! Had he not sought to warn her against the danger of venturing into that corrupt city? Those words which so much shocked her, against which she had shut her ears, were all true; she had found them so: she could doubt no longer. And yet he had followed her, and saved her at the risk of his life. Could she help loving one who had loved her so much, one so noble and heroic? Would it be a sin to love him? She pondered the dark warnings of Father Francesco, and then thought of the cheerful, fervent piety of her old uncle. How warm, how tender, how life-giving had been his presence always!—how full of faith and prayer, how fruitful of heavenly words and thoughts had been all his ministrations!—And yet it was for him, and with him and his master, that Agostino Sarelli was fighting, and against him the usurping head of the Christian Church. Then, there was another subject for pondering during this night-ride. The secret of her birth had been told her by the princess, who claimed her as kinswoman. It had seemed to her, at first, like the revelations of a dream; but, as she rode and reflected, gradually the idea shaped itself in her mind. She was, in birth and blood, the equal of her lover, and henceforth her life would no more be in that lowly plane where it had always moved. She thought of the little orange-garden at Sorrento, of the gorge with its old bridge, the convent, and the sisters, with a sort of tender, wondering pain. Perhaps she should see them no more. In this new situation she longed once more to see and talk with her old uncle, and to have him tell her what were her duties.

Their path soon began to be a wild clamber among the mountains, now lost in the shadow of groves of gray, rustling olives, whose knotted, serpent roots coiled round the rocks, and whose leaves silvered in the moonlight whenever the wind swayed them. Whatever might be the roughness and difficulties of the way, Agnes found her knight ever at her bridle-rein, guiding and upholding, steadying her in her saddle when the horse plunged down short and sudden descents, and wrapping her in his mantle to protect her from the chill mountain air. When the day was just reddening in the sky, the whole troop made a sudden halt before a square stone tower which seemed to be a portion of a ruined building, and here some of the men, dismounting, knocked at an arched door. It was soon swung open by a woman with a lamp in her hand, the light of which revealed very black hair and eyes, and heavy gold carrings.

"Have my directions been attended to?" demanded Agostino, in a

tone of command. "Are their places made ready for these ladies to sleep?"

"There are, my lord," answered the woman, obsequiously; "the best we could get ready on so short a notice."

Agostino came up to the princess. "Noble madam," he said, "you will value safety before all things; doubtless, the best that can be done here is but poor, but it will give you a few hours for repose where you may be sure of being in perfect safety."

So saying, he assisted her and Agnes to dismount; and Elsie and Monica also alighting, they followed the woman into a dark stone passage, and up some rude stone steps. She opened, at last, the door of a brick-floored room, where beds appeared to have been hastily prepared. There was no furniture of any sort except the beds; the walls were dusty and hung with cobwebs. A smaller apartment opening into this had beds for Elsie and Monica. The travellers, however, were too much exhausted with their night-ride to be critical; the services of disrobing and preparing for rest were quickly concluded, and in less than an hour all were asleep, while Agostino was busy concerting the means for an immediate journey to Florence.

# CHAPTER XXX.

"LET US ALSO GO, THAT WE MAY DIE WITH HIM."

FATHER ANTONIO sat alone in his cell in the San Marco, in an attitude of deep dejection. The open window looked into the garden of the convent, from which steamed up the fragrance of violet, jessamine, and rose, and the sunshine lay fair on all that was without. On a table beside him were many loose and scattered sketches, and an unfinished page of the Breviary he was executing, rich in quaint tracery of gold and arabesques, seemed to have recently occupied his attention, for his palette was wet and many loose brushes lay strewed around. Upon the table stood a Venetian glass with a narrow neck and a bulb clear and thin as a soap-bubble, containing vines and blossoms of the passion-flower, which he had evidently been using as models in his work.

The page he was illuminating was the prophetic Psalm which describes the ignominy and sufferings of the Redeemer. It was surrounded by a wreathed border of thorn-branches interwoven with the blossoms and tendrils of the passion-flower, and the initial letters of the first two words were formed by a curious combination of the hammer, the nails, the spear, the crown of thorns, the cross, and other instruments of the Passion; and clear, in red letter, gleamed out those wonderful, mysterious words, consecrated by the remembrance of a more than mortal anguish—"My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?"

The artist-monk had perhaps fled to his palette to assuage the throb-

blings of his heart, as a mourning mother flies to the cradle of her child; but even there his grief appeared to have overtaken him, for the work lay as if pushed from him in an access of anguish such as comes from the sudden recurrence of some overwhelming recollection. He was leaning forward with his face buried in his hands, sobbing convulsively.

The door opened, and a man advancing stealthily behind laid a hand kindly on his shoulder, saying softly, "So, so, brother!"

Father Antonio looked up, and, dashing his hand hastily across his eyes, grasped that of the new-comer convulsively, and saying only, "Oh, Baccio! Baccio!" hid his face again.

The eyes of the other filled with tears, as he answered, gently,—

"Nay, but, my brother, you are killing yourself. They tell me that you have eaten nothing for three days, and slept not for weeks; you will die of this grief."

"Would that I might! Why could not I die with him as well as Frà Domenico? Oh, my master! my dear master!"

"It is indeed a most heavy day to us all," responded Baccio della Porta, the amiable and pure-minded artist better known to our times by his conventual name of Frà Bartolommeo. "Never have we had among us such a man; and if there be any light of grace in my soul, his preaching first awakened it, brother. I only wait to see him enter Paradise, and then I take farewell of the world for ever. I am going to Prato to take the Dominican habit, and follow him as near as I may."

"It is well, Baccio; it is well," said Father Antonio; "but you must not put out the light of your genius in those shadows: you must still paint, for the glory of God."

"I have no heart for painting now," replied Baccio, dejectedly. "He was my inspiration; he taught me the holier way, and he is gone."

At this moment the conference of the two was interrupted by a knocking at the door, and Agostino Sarelli entered, pale and disordered.

"How is this?" he asked, hastily. "What devil's carnival is this which hath broken loose in Florence? Every good thing is gone into dens and holes, and every vile thing that can hiss, and spit, and sting is crawling abroad. What do the princes of Europe mean to let such things be?"

"Only the old story," replied Father Antonio—"Principes conveniunt in unum adversus Dominum, adversus Christum ejus."

So much were all three absorbed in the subject of their thoughts, that no kind of greeting or mark of recognition passed among them, such as is common when people meet after temporary separation. Each spoke out from the fulness of his soul, as from an overflowing bitter fountain.

"Was there no one to speak for him?—no one to stand up for the pride of Italy—the man of his age?" inquired Agostino.

"There was one voice raised for him in the council," replied Father Antonio. "There was Agnolo Niccolini: a grave man is this Agnolo, and of great experience in public affairs, and he spoke out his mind boldly.

He told them flatly, that, if they looked through the present time or the past ages, they would not meet a man of such a high and noble order as this, and that to lay at our door the blood of a man the like of whom might not be born for centuries was too impious and execrable a thing to be thought of. I'll warrant me, he made a rustling among them when he said that, and the Pope's commissary—old Romalino—then whispered and frowned; but Agnolo is a stiff old fellow when he once begins a thing: he never minded it, and went through with his say. It seems to me, he said, that it was not for us to quench a light like this, capable of giving lustre to the faith even when it had grown dim in other parts of the world; and not to the faith alone, but to all the arts and sciences connected with it. If it were needed to put restraint on him, he said, why not put him into some fortress, and give him commodious apartments, with abundance of books, and pen, ink, and paper, where he would write books to the honour of God and the exaltation of the holy faith? He told them that this might be a good to the world, whereas consigning him to death without use of any kind would bring on our republic perpetual dishonour."

"Well said for him!" exclaimed Baccio, with warmth; "but I'll warrant me he might as well have preached to the north wind in March, his enemies are in such a fury."

"Yes, yes," returned Antonio, "it is just as it was of old: the chief priests, and Scribes, and Pharisees were instant with loud voices, requiring he should be put to death; and the easy Pilates, for fear of the tumult, washed their hands of it."

"And now," put in Agostino, "they are putting up a great gibbet in the shape of a cross in the public square, where they will hang the three holiest and best men of Florence!"

"I came through there this morning," continued Baccio, "and there were young men and boys shouting, and howling, and singing indecent songs, and putting up indecent pictures, such as those he used to preach against. It is just as you say: all things vile have crept out of their lair, and triumph that the man who made them afraid is put down; and every house is full of the most horrible lies about him—things that they said he confessed."

"Confessed!" cried Father Antonio: "was it not enough that they tore and tortured him seven times, but they must garble and twist the very words that he said in his agony? The process they have published is foully falsified—stuffed full of improbable lies; for I myself have read the first draught of all he *did* say, just as Signor Ceccone took it down as they were torturing him. I had it from Jacopo Manelli, canon of our Duomo here, and he got it from Ceccone's wife herself. They not only can torture and slay him, but they torture and slay his memory with lies."

"Would I were in God's place for one day!" ejaculated Agostino, speaking through his clenched teeth. "May I be forgiven for saying so!"

"We are hot and hasty," said Father Antonio, "ever ready to call

down fire from heaven;—but, after all, ‘the Lord reigneth, let the earth rejoice.’ ‘Unto the upright there ariseth light in the darkness.’ Our dear father is sustained in spirit and full of love. Even when they let him go from the torture, he fell on his knees, praying for his tormentors.”

“Good God! this passes me!” exclaimed Agostino, striking his hands together. “Oh, wherefore hath a strong man arms and hands, and a sword, if he must stand still and see such things done? If I had only my hundred mountaineers here, I would make one charge for him to-morrow. If I could only *do* something!” he added, striding impetuously up and down the cell and clenching his fists. “What! hath nobody petitioned to stay this thing?”

“Nobody for him,” replied Father Antonio. “There was talk in the city yesterday that Frà Domenico was to be pardoned. In fact, Romalino was quite inclined to do it, but Battista Alberti talked violently against it, and so Romalino said, ‘Well, a monk more or less isn’t much matter,’ and then he put his name down for death, with the rest. The order was signed by both commissaries of the Pope, and one was Frà Turiano, the general of our order, a mild man, full of charity, but unable to stand against the Pope.”

“Mild men are nuisances in such places,” pronounced Agostino, hastily; “our times want something of another sort.”

“There be many who have fallen away from him even in our house here,” urged Father Antonio,—“as it was with our blessed Lord whose disciples forsook him and fled. It seems to be the only thought with some how they shall make their peace with the Pope.”

“And so the thing will be hurried through to-morrow,” murmured Agostino, “and when it’s done and over, I’ll warrant me there will be found kings and emperors to say they meant to have saved him. It’s a vile, evil world, this of ours; an honourable man longs to see the end of it. But,” he added, coming up and speaking to Father Antonio, “I have a private message for you.”

“I am gone this moment,” said Baccio, rising with ready courtesy; “but keep up heart, brother.”

So saying, the good-hearted artist left the cell, and Agostino continued—

“I bring tidings to you of your kindred. Your niece and sister are here in Florence, and would see you. You will find them at the house of one Gherardo Rosselli, a rich citizen of noble blood.”

“Why are they there?” inquired the monk, lost in amazement.

“You must know, then, that a most singular discovery hath been made by your niece at Rome. The sister of her father, being a lady of the princely blood of Colonna, hath been assured of her birth by the confession of the priest who married him; and being driven from Rome by fear of the Borgias, they came hither under my escort, and wait to see you. So, if you will come with me now, I will guide you to them.”

“Even so,” assented Father Antonio.



## CHAPTER XXXI.

## MARTYRDOM.

In a shadowy chamber of a house overlooking the grand square of Florence might be seen, on the next morning, some of the principal personages of our story. Father Antonio, Baccio della Porta, Agostino Sarelli, the Princess Paulina, Agnes, with her grandmother, and a mixed crowd of citizens and ecclesiastics, who all spoke in hushed and tremulous voices, as men do in the chamber of mourners at a funeral. The great, mysterious bell of the Campanile was swinging with dismal, heart-shaking toll, like a mighty voice from the spirit world ; and it was answered by the tolling of all the bells in the city, making such wavering clangors and vibrating circles in the air over Florence, that it might seem as if it were full of warring spirits wrestling for mastery.

Toll ! toll ! toll ! O great bell of the fair Campanile ! for this day the noblest of the wonderful men of Florence is to be offered up. Toll ! for an era is going out,—the era of her artists, her statesmen, her poets, and her scholars. Toll ! for an era is coming in,—the era of her disgrace, and subjugation, and misfortune !

The stepping of the vast crowd in the square was like the patter of a great storm, and the hum of voices rose up like the murmur of the ocean ; but in the chamber all was so still that one could have heard the dropping of a pin.

Under the balcony of this room were seated in pomp and state the Papal commissioners, radiant in gold and scarlet respectability ; and Pilate and Herod, on terms of the most excellent friendship, were ready to act over again the part they had acted fourteen hundred years before. Now has arrived the moment when the three followers of the Man of Calvary are to be degraded from the fellowship of His visible Church.

Father Antonio, Agostino, and Baccio stood forth in the balcony, and, drawing in their breath, looked down, as the three men of the hour, pale and haggard with imprisonment and torture, were brought up amid the hooting and obscene jests of the populace. Savonarola first was led before the tribunal, and there, with circumstantial minuteness, endued with all his priestly vestments, which again, with separate ceremonies of reprobation and ignominy, were taken from him. He stood through it all serene, as stood his master when stripped of his garments on Calvary. There is a momentary hush of voices and drawing in of breaths in the great crowd. The Papal legate takes him by the hand and pronounces the words, "Jerome Savonarola, I separate thee from the Church Militant and the Church Triumphant."

He is going to speak.

"What says he?" eagerly asked Agostino, leaning over the balcony.

Solemnly and clear that impressive voice which so often had thrilled the crowds in that very square made answer—

"From the Church Militant you *may* divide me; but from the Church Triumphant, *no*;—*that* is above your power!"—and a light flashed out in his face, as if a smile from Christ had shone down upon him.

"Amen!" ejaculated Father Antonio; "he hath witnessed a good confession,"—and turning, he went in, and, burying his face in his hands, remained in prayer.

When like ceremonies had been passed through with the others, the three martyrs were delivered to the secular executioner, and, amid the scoffs and jeers of the brutal crowd, turned their faces to the gibbet.

"Brothers, let us sing the *Te Deum*," cried Savonarola.

"Do not so infuriate the mob," pleaded the executioner; "for harm might be done."

"At least let us repeat it together," said he, "lest we forget it."

And so they went forward, speaking to each other of the glorious company of the apostles, the goodly fellowship of the prophets, the noble army of martyrs, and giving thanks aloud in that great triumphal hymn of the church of all ages.

When the lurid fires were lighted, which blazed red and fearful through that crowded square, all in that silent chamber fell on their knees, and Father Antonio repeated prayers for departing souls.

To the last, that benignant right hand, which had so often pointed the way of life to that faithless city, was stretched out over the crowd in the attitude of blessing; and so loving, not hating, praying with exaltation, and rendering blessing for cursing, the souls of the martyrs ascended to the great cloud of witnesses above.

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## CHAPTER XXXII.

### CONCLUSION.

A FEW days after the death of Savonarola, Father Antonio was found one morning engaged in deep converse with Agnes.

The Princess Paulina, acting for her family, desired to give the hand of Agnes to the Prince Agostino Sarelli, and the interview related to the religious scruples which still conflicted with the natural desires of the child.

"Tell me, my little one," said Father Antonio, "frankly and truly, dost thou not love this man with all thy heart?"

"Yes, my father, I do," replied Agnes; "but ought I not to resign this love for the love of my Saviour?"

"I see not why," pronounced the monk. "Marriage is a sacrament as well as holy orders, and it is a most holy and venerable one, representing the divine mystery by which the souls of the blessed are united to the Lord. I do not hold with Saint Bernard, who, in his zeal for a conventual life, seemed to see no other way of serving God but for

all men and women to become monks and nuns. The holy order is indeed blessed to those souls whose call to it is clear and evident, like mine; but if there be a strong and virtuous love for a worthy object, it is a vocation unto marriage, which should not be denied."

"So, Agnes," said the knight, who had stolen into the room unperceived, and who now boldly possessed himself of one of her hands—"Father Antonio hath decided this matter;" he added, turning to the princess and Elsie, who entered; "and everything having been made ready for my journey into France, the wedding ceremony shall take place on the morrow; and, for that we are in deep affliction, it shall be as private as may be."

And so on the next morning the wedding ceremony took place, and the bride and groom went on their way to France, where preparations befitting their rank awaited them.

Old Elsie was heard to observe to Monica that there was some sense in making pilgrimages, since this to Rome, which she had undertaken so unwillingly, had turned out so satisfactory.

In the reign of Julius II., the banished families who had been plundered by the Borgias were restored to their rights and honours at Rome; and there was a princess of the house of Sarelli then at Rome, whose sanctity of life and manners was held to go back to the traditions of primitive Christianity, so that she was renowned not less for goodness than for rank and beauty.

In those days, too, Raphael, the friend of Frà Bartolommeo, placed in one of the grandest halls of the Vatican, among the apostles and saints, the image of the traduced and despised martyr whose ashes had been cast to the winds and waters in Florence. His memory lingered long in Italy, so that it was even claimed that miracles were wrought in his name and by his intercession. Certain it is, that the living words he spoke were seeds of immortal flowers which blossomed in secret dells and obscure shadows of his beautiful Italy.

## The Wakeful Sleeper.

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WHEN things are holding wonted pace  
 In wonted paths, without a trace  
 Or hint of neighbouring wonder,  
 Sometimes from other realms a tone,  
 A thought, a vision, swift, alone,  
 Breaks common life asunder.

It fell so on one music-night,  
 Where men and women, cheerful, bright,  
 Wasted away their leisure;  
 For midst the city's noisy care,  
 The silent ear will claim its share  
 Of self-consuming pleasure.

They all are listening around,  
 As, gush on gush, the bubbling sound  
 Now breaks like spring o'erflowing,  
 Now wavers ebbing with its streams,  
 On which are floating waif-like dreams,  
 Still coming and still going.

When, silent as a tone itself  
 Before the finger frees the elf,  
 Bee-like, with honey laden,  
 The door comes open just ajar,  
 A little further, just as far,  
 As shows a tiny maiden.

Softly she comes, her wee pink toes  
 Daintily peeping, as she goes,  
 Her long night-gown from under.  
 All gazed with varied mien and look:  
 She glided through them all, and took  
 No notice of their wonder.

They made a path—she glided through:  
 She had her little stool in view,  
 Close by the chimney corner.  
 She turned—sat down before them all,  
 Stately as princess at a ball,  
 And silent as a mourner.

But as she turned her face anew,  
They saw what had escaped their view,  
As through them she came creeping:  
'Twas this—that though the child could walk,  
And on her sweet lips hovered talk,  
Not less the child was sleeping.

“Play on,” the mother whispered, “play;  
When she has enough, she’ll go away.”

They played, and she sat listening:  
Over her face the melody  
Floated like low winds o’er the sea;  
Her cheeks like eyes were glistening.

Her claspèd hands her bent knees hold;  
Like long grass drooping on the wold,  
Her sightless head is sleeping.  
She sits all ears, drinking her fill;  
Beneath her little night-gown still  
Her little toes out-peeping.

Ah, little maiden! listen so.  
Who knows what unto thee will go?  
What strength for future sorrow?  
What hope to help thee in the day  
When trouble creeps into thy play?  
For thou wilt wake to-morrow.

And little as thou then wilt know  
Whence comes the joy that meets the woe—  
Of what thou art partaker;  
No more we know what comes, when sleep  
Has bathed us all in stillness deep,  
And given us to our Maker.

Sleep on, or wake—to each resigned.  
Wake, and still hearing, thou wilt find  
The source of all the river;  
As we, when we awake at last,  
Shall hear old music that had passed,  
And see the unseen Giver.

GEORGE MACDONALD.

## Roundabout Papers.—No. XXI.

### THE NOTCH ON THE AXE.—A STORY À LA MODE. PART II.



OU will excuse me," I said to my companion, "for remarking, that when you addressed the—the individual sitting on the porcelain stool, with his head in his lap, your ordinarily benevolent features"—(this I confess was a bouncer, for between ourselves a more sinister and ill-looking rascal than Mons. P. I have seldom set eyes on)—"your ordinarily handsome face wore an expression that was by no means pleasing. You grinned at the individual just as you did at me when you went up to the cei—, pardon me, as I *thought* you did, when I fell down in a fit in your chambers;" and I qualified my words in a great flutter and tremble; I did not care to

offend the man—I did not *dare* to offend the man. I thought once or twice of jumping into a cab, and flying; of taking refuge in Day and Martin's Blacking Warehouse; of speaking to a policeman, but not one would come. I was this man's slave. I followed him like his dog. I *could* not get away from him. So, you see, I went on meanly conversing with him, and affecting a simpering confidence. I remember, when I was a little boy at school, going up fawning and smiling in this way to some great hulking bully of a sixth-form boy. So I said in a word, "Your ordinarily handsome face wore a disagreeable expression," &c.

"It is ordinarily *very* handsome," said he, with such a leer at a couple of passers-by, that one of them cried, "Oh, crikey, here's a precious guy!" and a child, in its nurse's arms, screamed itself into convulsions. "*Oh, oui, che suis très-choli garçon, bien peau, cerdainement,*" continued Mr. Pinto; "but you were right. That—that person was not very well pleased, when he saw me. There was no love lost between us, as you say; and the world never knew a more worthless miscreant. I hate him, *voyez-vous?* I hated him alive; I hate him dead. I hate him man; I hate him ghost: and he know it, and tremble before me. If I see him twenty tausend



years hence—and why not?—I shall hate him still. You remarked how he was dressed?"

"In black satin breeches and striped stockings; a white piqué waistcoat, a gray coat, with large metal buttons, and his hair in powder. He must have worn a pigtail—only——"

"Only it was cut off! Ha, ha, ha!" Mr. Pinto cried, yelling a laugh, which, I observed, made the policemen stare very much. "Yes. It was cut off by the same blow which took off the scoundrel's head—ho, ho, ho!" And he made a circle with his hook-nailed finger round his own yellow neck, and grinned with a horrible triumph. "I promise you that fellow was surprised when he found his head in the pannier. Ha! ha! Do you ever cease to hate those whom you hate?"—fire flashed terrifically from his glass eye, as he spoke—"or to love those whom you once loved. Oh, never, never!" And here his natural eye was bedewed with tears. "But here we are at the Gray's-inn Coffee-house. James, what is the joint?"

That very respectful and efficient waiter brought in the bill of fare, and I, for my part, chose boiled leg of pork and pease-pudding, which my acquaintance said would do as well as anything else; though I remarked he only trifled with the pease-pudding, and left all the pork on the plate. In fact, he scarcely ate anything. But he drank a prodigious quantity of wine; and I must say that my friend Mr. Hart's port wine is so good that I myself took—well, I should think I took three glasses. Yes, three, certainly. He—I mean Mr. P.—the old rogue, was insatiable: for we had to call for a second bottle in no time. When that was gone, my companion wanted another. A little red mounted up to his yellow cheeks as he drank the wine, and he winked at it in a strange manner. "I remember," said he musing, "when port wine was scarcely drunk in this country—though the Queen liked it, and so did Harley; but Bolingbroke didn't—he drank Florence and champagne. Dr. Swift put water to his wine. 'Jonathan,' I once said to him—— but bah! *autres temps, autres mœurs*. Another magnum, James."

This was all very well. "My good sir," I said, "it may suit *you* to order bottles of '20 port, at a guinea a bottle; but that kind of price does not suit me. I only happen to have thirty-four and sixpence in my pocket, of which I want a shilling for the waiter, and eighteen-pence for my cab. You rich foreigners and *swells* may spend what you like" (I had him there: for my friend's dress was as shabby as an old-clothes-man's); "but a man with a family, Mr. What-d'you-call'im, cannot afford to spend seven or eight hundred a year on his dinner alone."

"Bah!" he said. "Nunkey pays for all, as you say. I will what you call stant the dinner, if you are *so poor*!" and again he gave that disagreeable grin, and placed an odious crooked-nailed, and by no means clean finger to his nose. But I was not so afraid of him now, for we were in a public place; and the two half glasses of port wine had, you see, given me courage.

"What a pretty snuff-box!" he remarked, as I handed him mine, which I am still old-fashioned enough to carry. It is a pretty old gold box enough, but valuable to me especially as a relic of an old, old relative, whom I can just remember as a child, when she was very kind to me. "Yes; a pretty box. I can remember when many ladies—most ladies, carried a box—nay, two boxes—*tabatière* and *bonbonnière*. What lady carries snuff-box now, hey? Suppose your astonishment if a lady in an assembly were to offer you a *prise*? I can remember a lady with such a box as this, with a *tour*, as we used to call it then; with *paniers*, with a tortoise-shell cane, with the prettiest little high-heeled velvet shoes in the world!—ah! that was a time, that was a time! Ah, Eliza, Eliza, I have thee now in my mind's eye! At Bungay on the Waveney, did I not walk with thee, Eliza? Aha, did I not love thee? Did I not walk with thee then? Do I not see thee still?"

This was passing strange. My ancestress—but there is no need to publish her revered name—did indeed live at Bungay Saint Mary's, where she lies buried. She used to walk with a tortoise-shell cane. She used to wear little black velvet shoes, with the prettiest high heels in the world.

"Did you—did you—know, then, my great gr-ndm-ther?" I said.

He pulled up his coat-sleeve—"Is that her name?" he said.

"Eliza ———"

There, I declare, was the very name of the kind old creature written in red on his arm.

"You knew her old," he said, divining my thoughts (with his strange knack); "I knew her young and lovely. I danced with her at the Bury ball. Did I not, dear, dear Miss ———?"

As I live, he here mentioned dear gr-nny's maiden name. Her maiden name was ———. Her honoured married name was ———.

"She married your great gr-ndf-th-r the year Poseidon won the Newmarket Plate," Mr. Pinto drily remarked.

Merciful powers! I remember, over the old shagreen knife and spoon case on the sideboard in my gr-nny's parlour, a print by Stubbs of that very horse. My grandsire, in a red coat and his fair hair flowing over his shoulders, was over the mantelpiece, and Poseidon won the Newmarket Cup in the year 1783!

"Yes; you are right. I danced a minuet with her at Bury that very night, before I lost my poor leg. And I quarrelled with your grandf——, ha!"

As he said "Ha!" there came three quiet little taps on the table—it is the middle table in the Gray's-inn Coffee-house, under the bust of the late Duke of W-ll-ngt-n.

"I fired in the air," he continued; "did I not?" (Tap, tap, tap.) "Your grandfather hit me in the leg. He married three months afterwards. 'Captain Brown,' I said, 'who could see Miss Sm-th without loving her?' She is there! She is there!" (Tap, tap, tap.) "Yes, my first love——"

But here there came tap, tap, which everybody knows means "No."

"I forgot," he said, with a faint blush stealing over his wan features, "she was not my first love. In Germ—in my own country—there *was* a young woman——"

Tap, tap, tap. There was here quite a lively little treble knock; and when the old man said, "But I loved thee better than all the world, Eliza," the affirmative signal was briskly repeated.

And this I declare UPON MY HONOUR. There was, I have said, a bottle of port wine before us—I should say a decanter. That decanter was LIFTED UP, and out of it into our respective glasses two bumpers of wine were poured. I appeal to Mr. Hart, the landlord—I appeal to James, the respectful and intelligent waiter, if this statement is not true? And when we had finished that magnum, and I said—for I did not now in the least doubt of her presence—"Dear gr-nny, may we have another magnum?"—the table *distinctly* rapped "No."

"Now, my good sir," Mr. Pinto said, who really began to be affected by the wine, "you understand the interest I have taken in you. I loved Eliza ——" (of course I don't mention family names). "I knew you had that box which belonged to her—I will give you what you like for that box. Name your price at once, and I pay you on the spot."

"Why, when we came out, you said you had not sixpence in your pocket."

"Bah! give you anything you like—fifty—a hundred—a tausend pound."

"Come, come," said I, "the gold of the box may be worth nine guineas, and the *façon* we will put at six more."

"One tausend guineas!" he screeched. "One tausand and fifty pound, dere!" and he sank back in his chair—no, by the way, on his bench, for he was sitting with his back to one of the partitions of the boxes, as I daresay James remembers.

"*Don't* go on in this way," I continued, rather weakly, for I did not know whether I was in a dream. "If you offer me a thousand guineas for this box I *must* take it. Mustn't I, dear gr-nny?"

The table most distinctly said, "Yes;" and putting out his claws to seize the box, Mr. Pinto plunged his hooked nose into it and eagerly inhaled some of my 47 with a dash of Hardman.

"But stay, you old harpy!" I exclaimed, being now in a sort of rage, and quite familiar with him. "Where is the money. Where is the check?"

"James, a piece of note-paper and a receipt stamp!"

"This is all mighty well, sir," I said, "but I don't know you; I never saw you before. I will trouble you to hand me that box back again, or give me a check with some known signature."

"Whose? Ha, Ha, HA!"

The room happened to be very dark. Indeed, all the waiters were gone to supper, and there were only two gentlemen snoring in their respec-

"What a pretty snuff-box!" he remarked, as I handed him mine, which I am still old-fashioned enough to carry. It is a pretty old gold box enough, but valuable to me especially as a relic of an old, old relative, whom I can just remember as a child, when she was very kind to me. "Yes; a pretty box. I can remember when many ladies—most ladies, carried a box—nay, two boxes—*tabatière* and *bonbonnière*. What lady carries snuff-box now, hey? Suppose your astonishment if a lady in an assembly were to offer you a *prise*? I can remember a lady with such a box as this, with a *tour*, as we used to call it then; with *paniers*, with a tortoise-shell cane, with the prettiest little high-heeled velvet shoes in the world!—ah! that was a time, that was a time! Ah, Eliza, Eliza, I have thee now in my mind's eye! At Bungay on the Waveney, did I not walk with thee, Eliza? Aha, did I not love thee? Did I not walk with thee then? Do I not see thee still?"

This was passing strange. My ancestress—but there is no need to publish her revered name—did indeed live at Bungay Saint Mary's, where she lies buried. She used to walk with a tortoise-shell cane. She used to wear little black velvet shoes, with the prettiest high heels in the world.

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The room happened to be very dark. Indeed, all the waiters were gone to supper, and there were only two gentlemen snoring in their respec-

tive boxes. I saw a hand come quivering down from the ceiling—a very pretty hand, on which was a ring with a coronet, with a lion rampant gules for a crest. *I saw that hand take a dip of ink and write across the paper.* Mr. Pinto then, taking a gray receipt stamp out of his blue leather pocket-book, fastened it on to the paper by the usual process; and the hand then wrote across the receipt stamp, went across the table and shook hands with Pinto, and then, as if waving him an adieu, vanished in the direction of the ceiling.

There was the paper before me, wet with the ink. There was the pen which THE HAND had used. Does anybody doubt me? *I have that pen now.* A cedar stick of a not uncommon sort, and holding one of Gillott's pens. It is in my inkstand now, I tell you. Anybody may see it. The handwriting on the check, for such the document was, was the writing of a female. It ran thus:—"London, midnight, March 31, 1862. Pay the bearer one thousand and fifty pounds. Rachel Sidonia. To Messrs. Sidonia, Pozzosanto, and Co., London."

"Noblest and best of women!" said Pinto, kissing the sheet of paper with much reverence; "my good Mr. Roundabout, I suppose you do not question *that* signature?"

Indeed, the house of Sidonia, Pozzosanto, and Co. is known to be one of the richest in Europe, and as for the Countess Rachel, she was known to be the chief manager of that enormously wealthy establishment. There was only one little difficulty, *the Countess Rachel died last October.*

I pointed out this circumstance, and tossed over the paper to Pinto with a sneer.

"*C'est à bredre ou à laisser,*" he said with some heat. "You literary men are all imbrudent; but I did not tink you such a fool *wie* dis. Your box is not worth twenty pound, and I offer you a tausend because I know you want money to pay dat rascal Tom's college bills." (This strange man actually knew that my scapegrace Tom has been a source of great expense and annoyance to me.) "You see money costs me nothing, and you refuse to take it! Once, twice; will you take this cheque in exchange for your trumpery snuff-box?"

What could I do? My poor granny's legacy was valuable and dear to me, but after all a thousand guineas are not to be had every day. "Be it a bargain," said I. "Shall we have a glass of wine on it?" says Pinto; and to this proposal I also unwillingly acceded, reminding him, by the way, that he had not yet told me the story of the headless man.

"Your poor gr-ndm-ther was right just now, when she said she was not my first love. 'Twas one those *banales* expressions" (here Mr. P. blushed once more) "which we use to women. We tell each she is our first passion. They reply with a similar illusory formula. No man is any woman's first love; no woman any man's. We are in love in our nurse's arms, and women coquette with their eyes before their tongue can form a word. How could your lovely relative love me? I was far, far too old for her. I am older than I look. I am so old that you would not



believe my age were I to tell you. I have loved many and many a woman before your relative. It has not always been fortunate for them to love me. Ah, Sophronia! Round the dreadful circus where you fell, and whence I was dragged corpse-like by the heels, there sate multitudes more savage than the lions which mangled your sweet form! Ah, tenez! when we marched to the terrible stake together at Valladolid—the Protestant and the J——. But away with memory! Boy! it was happy for thy grandam that she loved me not.

"During that strange period," he went on, "when the teeming Time was great with the revolution that was speedily to be born, I was on a mission in Paris with my excellent, my malignant friend, Cagliostro. Mesmer was one of our band. I seemed to occupy but an obscure rank in it: though, as you know, in secret societies the humble man may be a chief and director—the ostensible leader but a puppet moved by unseen hands. Never mind who was chief, or who was second. Never mind my age. It boots not to tell it: why shall I expose myself to your scornful incredulity—or reply to your questions in words that are familiar to you, but which yet you cannot understand? Words are symbols of things which you know, or of things which you don't know. If you don't know them, to speak is idle." (Here I confess Mr. P. spoke for exactly thirty-eight minutes, about physics, metaphysics, language, the origin and destiny of man, during which time I was rather bored, and, to relieve my ennui, drank a half glass or so of wine.) "Love, friend, is the fountain of youth! It may not happen to me once—once in an age: but when I love, then I am young. I loved when I was in Paris. Bathilde, Bathilde, I loved thee—ah, how fondly! Wine, I say, more wine! Love is ever young. I was a boy at the little feet of Bathilde de Béchamel—the fair, the fond, the fickle, ah, the false!" The strange old man's agony was here really terrific, and he showed himself much more agitated than he had been when speaking about my gr-ndm-th-r.

"I thought Blanche might love me. I could speak to her in the language of all countries, and tell her the lore of all ages. I could trace the nursery legends which she loved up to their Sanscrit source, and whisper to her the darkling mysteries of Egyptian Magi. I could chant for her the wild chorus that rang in the dishevelled Eleusinian revel: I could tell her, and I would, the watchword never known but to one woman, the Saban queen, which Hiram breathed in the abysmal ear of Solomon.—You don't attend. Psha! you have drunk too much wine!" Perhaps I may as well own that I was *not* attending, for he had been carrying on for about fifty-seven minutes; and I don't like a man to have *all* the talk to himself.

"Blanche de Béchamel was wild, then, about this secret of Masonry. In early, early days I loved, I married a girl fair as Blanche, who, too, was tormented by curiosity, who, too, would peep into my closet—into the only secret I guarded from her. A dreadful fate befel poor Fatima. An *accident* shortened her life. Poor thing! she had a foolish sister who urged her on.

I always told her to beware of Ann. She died. They said her brothers killed her. A gross falsehood. *Am I dead?* If I were, could I pledge you in this wine?"

"Was your name," I asked, quite bewildered, "was your name, pray, then, ever Blueb——"

"Hush! the waiter will overhear you. Methought we were speaking of Blanche de Béchamel. I loved her, young man. My pearls, and diamonds, and treasure, my wit, my wisdom, my passion, I flung them all into the child's lap. I was a fool! Was strong Sampson not as weak as I? Was Solomon the Wise much better when Balkis wheedled him? I said to the king——But enough of that, I spake of Blanche de Béchamel.

"Curiosity was the poor child's foible. I could see, as I talked to her, that her thoughts were elsewhere (as yours, my friend, have been absent once or twice to-night). To know the secret of Masonry was the wretched child's mad desire. With a thousand wiles, smiles, caresses, she strove to coax it from me—from *me*—ha! ha!

"I had an apprentice—the son of a dear friend, who died by my side at Rossbach, when Soubise, with whose army I happened to be, suffered a dreadful defeat for neglecting my advice. The young Chevalier Goby de Mouchy was glad enough to serve as my clerk, and help in some chemical experiments in which I was engaged with my friend Dr. Mesmer. Bathilde saw this young man. Since women were, has it not been their business to smile and deceive, to fondle and lure? Away! From the very first it has been so!" And as my companion spoke, he looked as wicked as the serpent that coiled round the tree, and hissed a poisoned counsel to the first woman.

"One evening I went, as was my wont, to see Blanche. She was radiant: she was wild with spirits: a saucy triumph blazed in her blue eyes. She talked, she rattled in her childish way. She uttered, in the course of her rhapsody, a hint—an intimation—so terrible that the truth flashed across me in a moment. Did I ask her? She would lie to me. But I know how to make falsehood impossible. And I ordered her to go to sleep."

At this moment the clock (after its previous convulsions) sounded TWELVE. And as the new Editor of the *Cornhill Magazine*—and *he*, I promise you, won't stand any nonsense—will only allow seven pages, I am obliged to leave off at THE VERY MOST INTERESTING POINT OF THE STORY.

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JUDITH AND HOLOFERNES.

